The Saturday Evening POST

August 23, 1958 — 15¢

SEP 9 '58

From Dead-End Harlem to Wimbledon:
"I Wanted to be Somebody"
By ALTHEA GIBSON

A Compulsive Gambler Tells How He Quit

SEP 6 '58

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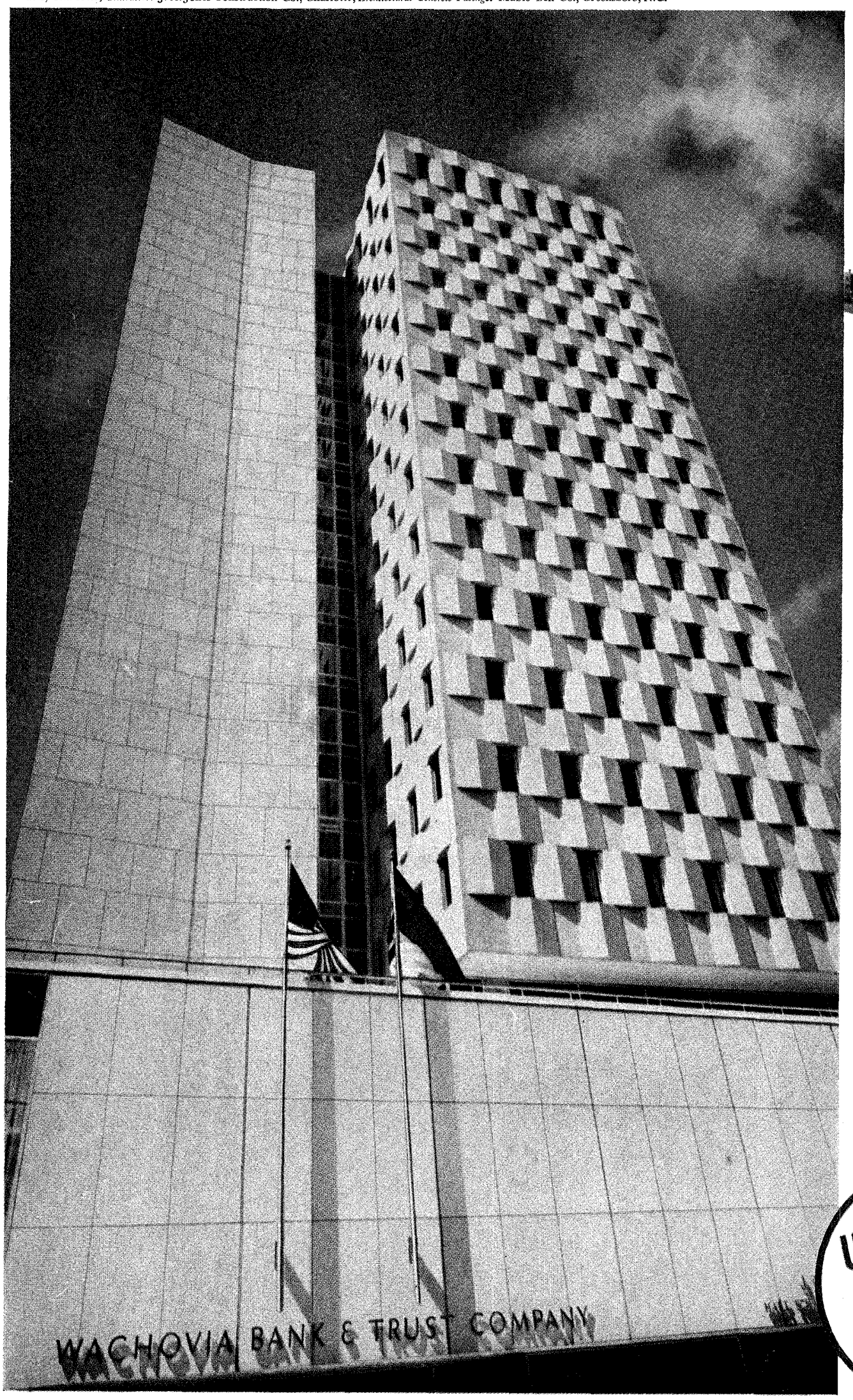

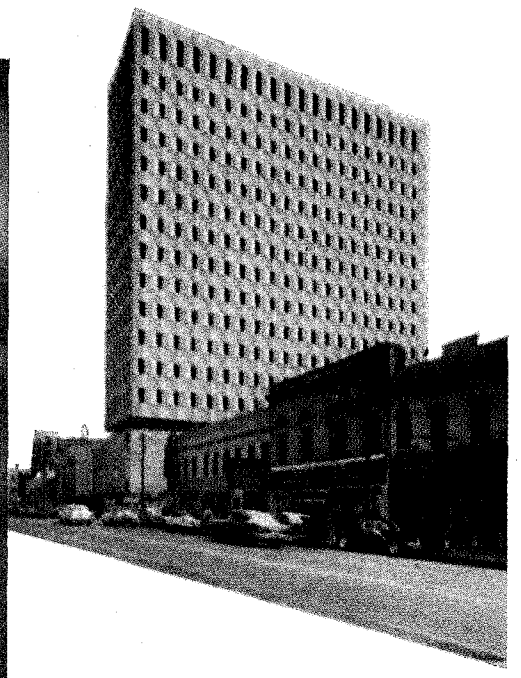

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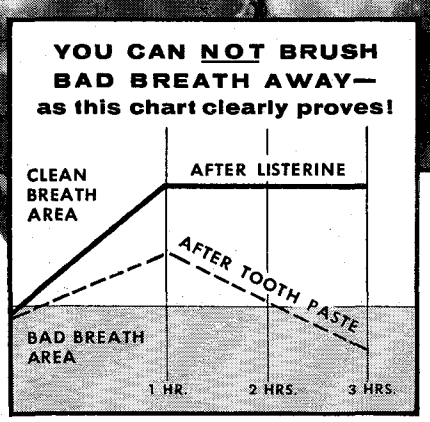

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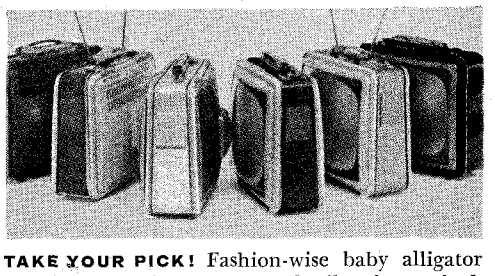

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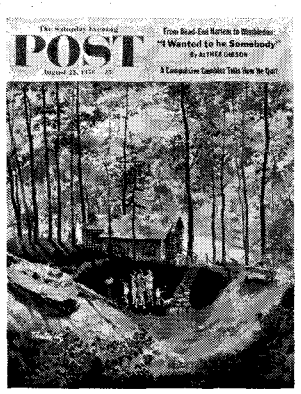

THE COVER

This would be a lonely world if nobody had any friends. That being settled, let's face a fact or two. It was charming to have those traveling Joneses pop in for an unexpected visit with bag and baggage; yet after they had stayed awhile, then awhile longer, it was equally charming to have them resume traveling. "Good-by! Good-by! *So* glad you came!" Now the Hideouts can enjoy themselves being lonely; they can blissfully — But goodness gracious, to coin an understatement, look what's heaving over the hill. Oh, no! Oh, yes. The traveling Smiths, bag and baggage. Artist Thornton Utz fears that if the Joneses see their home-town friends, the Smiths, they'll come back again. He isn't pessimistic enough to fear that a third car is approaching beyond the bend in the road.

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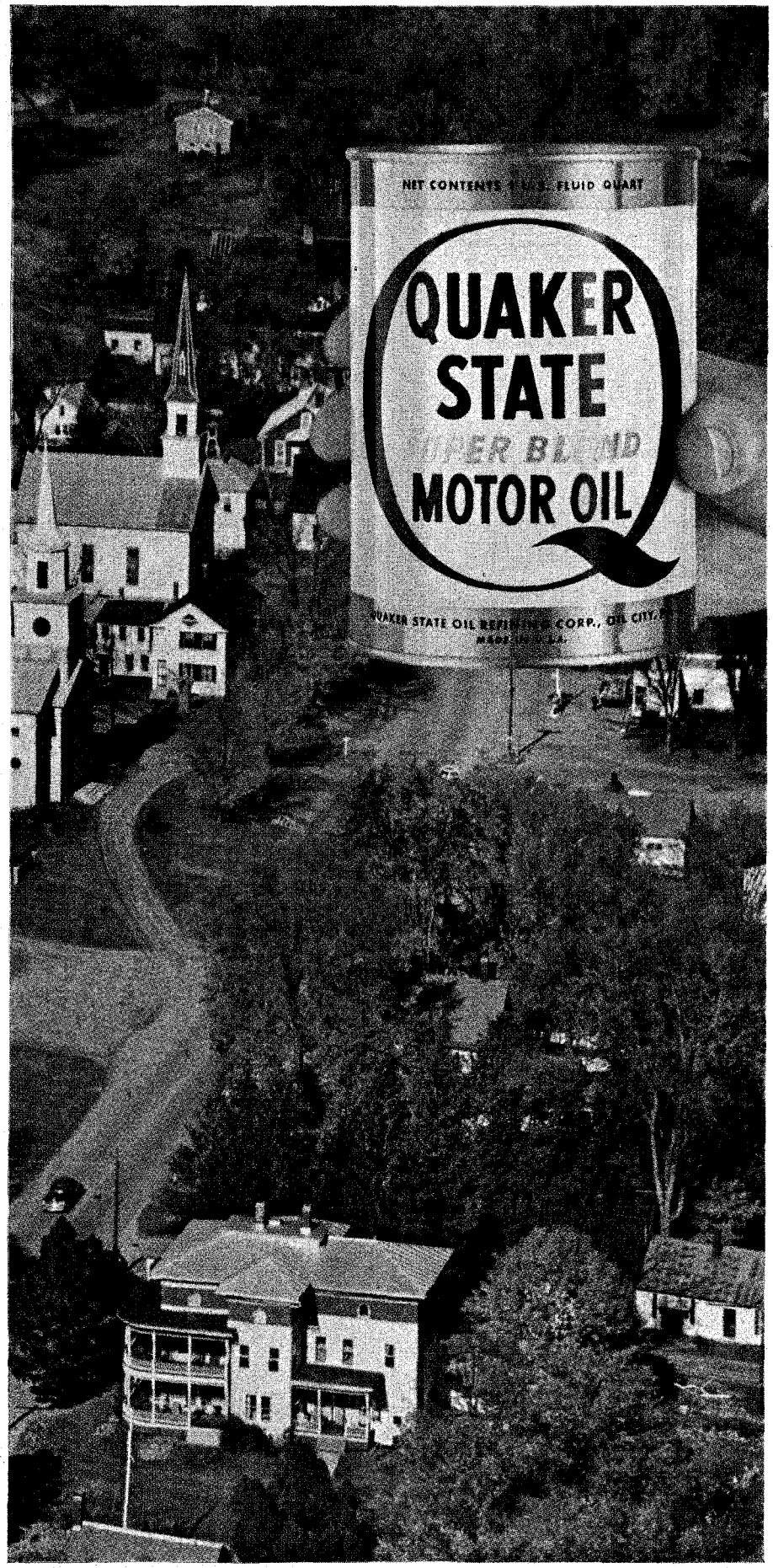

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Letters

W.I.F., Not B.W.I.

Dear Sirs:

In issue of July 19, THIS DIRT IS WORTH MILLIONS, by J. C. Furnas, page 31, line 2, you say "British West Indies." You should use correct name, "West Indies Federation," or the short form, "W.I.F."

EDGAR H. STUART
Toronto, Ontario

● *The British West Indies became the West Indies Federation on January 3, 1958.* —ED.

On Nixon and Debating

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's researches [on THE MYSTERY OF RICHARD NIXON, July 12] apparently did not extend to college debating, which he belabors with surprising misinformation. What view of debating holds that ability to "kind of slide around arguments" is an attribute of championship debaters? . . . . In what league did Mr. Alsop do his debating? . . .

You must pardon my rhetorical questions, which Mr. Alsop labels "sleazy debater's tricks." He should re-read Lincoln's First Inaugural Address: "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right?" Imagine—three "sleazy" rhetorical questions in succession. But what can one expect from a championship debater?

JAMES H. MC BATH
Associate Professor of Speech
University of Southern California
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *Alsop's rebuttal: "My point was that there is a basic difference between the techniques of college debate, in which the debater must be prepared to take either side of an argument, and the function of a responsible politician in a free society.*

"If Professor McBath can see no difference in style and political intent between the moving words he quotes from Lincoln's First Inaugural and Nixon's rhetorical question—'And incidentally, in mentioning Secretary Dulles, isn't it wonderful finally to have a Secretary of State who isn't taken in by the Communists?'—then he merely proves my point." —ED.

Dear Sirs:

May we remind Mr. Alsop that the rhetorical question is a standard literary device, taught in all composition classes. . . . Its chief use is by journalists, orators, rabble-rousing politicians—but not by debaters who have received creditable training. . . .

No good debater "slides around" an argument. He meets it head on and he destroys it with counter evidence—or he ignores the argument and hopes the judge misses it! . . .

No, Mr. Alsop, debate today discourages the very evils you attribute to it.

L. D. HANKS, *Speech Instructor*
John Marshall High School
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is not a college debater's function to win by "scoring . . . points, often specious ones." Most debate coaches spend considerable time developing a sense of ethical responsibility in their students, as well as developing their skills so that they may identify and answer the specious argument.

MILTON DOBKIN, *Chairman*
Northern California Forensic Assn.
Humboldt State College
Arcata, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Nixon . . . abandoned the debater's old precept: Take either side of the question. Nixon always takes the expedient side—the opportunist's side. That policy requires utterly, tragically no conviction.

CHARLES E. PLUMMER
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

That's what America will need in 1960. A man who will always be on the offensive. A man who will win the debate and not give the enemy a break.

FERDINAND J. SCERBO
Jersey City, N.J.

The Broken-Jawed Boys

Dear Sirs:

Please excuse me for taking exception to the use of the word "eating" in the title of Bob Cerv's article [as told to Al Hirshberg], I PLAYED WITHOUT EATING, July 19 issue.

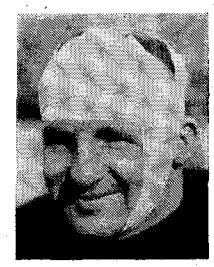
My dictionary says eating is "to take into the mouth and swallow for nourishment." Granted Cerv was unable to masticate (chew) but seems to me he was quite well nourished.

MRS. BARBARA WARD, R.N.
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Cerv's performance is not without precedent.

I quote from the [1927] textbook of S. L. Silverman, D.D.S.: "Recently the writer was called upon to not only correct a broken jaw . . . but to so ensconce the fractured parts as to immediately permit the patient to continue in what may be considered the most hazardous game known to sportdom, namely, varsity football.



"Red" Barron.

"This patient, 'Red' Barron, was one of Georgia Tech's football stars of 1920. . . . And he accomplished . . . this while living on liquid diet for six weeks, his jaws being firmly wired together. . . .

"Mr. Barron played in every game and at the end of the season the wires were removed."

W. H. YOUNG, D.D.S.
Burgaw, N.C.

Lo, the Poor Savages

Dear Sirs:

I especially enjoyed Robert Yoder's article, "SAY, RANGER . . ." in the July 12 issue, because I was a savage (park employee) in Yellowstone for one summer. . . . One evening a couple of dudes (tourists) stopped me and asked, "Where are the hot springs?"

"Over there," I said, motioning toward the hill. Seeing no lights on the hill, one of them replied, "Are they locked for the night?"

EARL ZENTZIS
Boise, Idaho

(Continued on Page 6)

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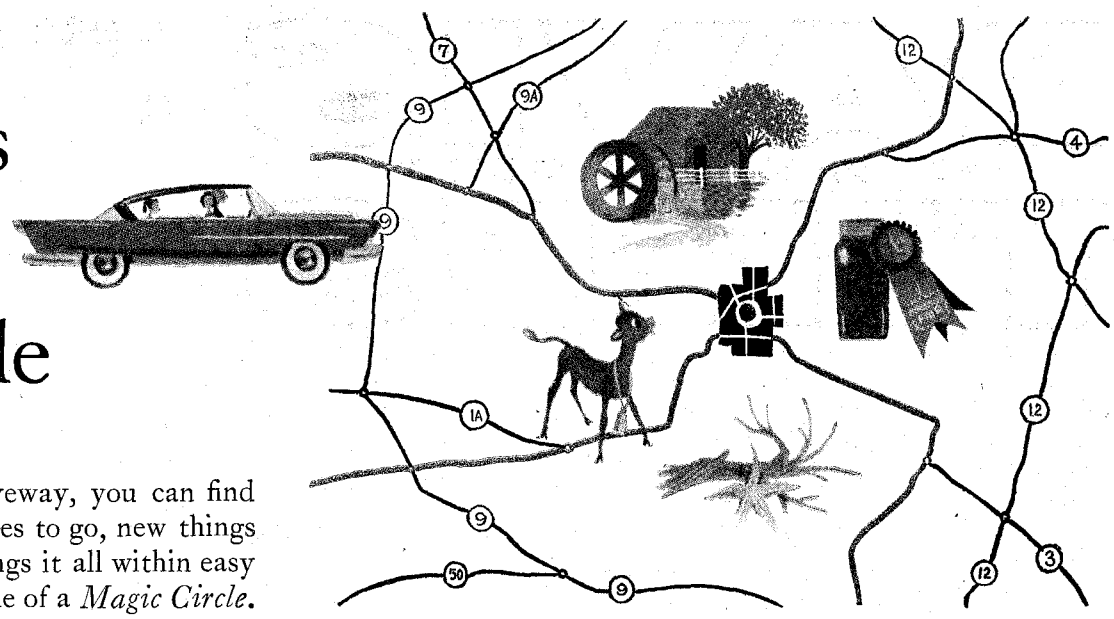
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

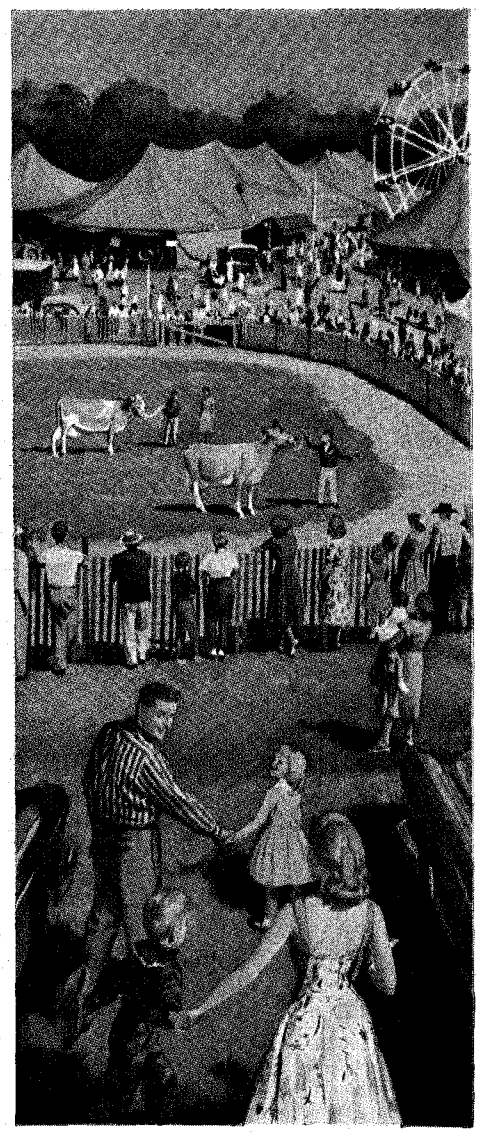


In any direction from your driveway, you can find mile upon mile of fun—new places to go, new things to do. And because your car brings it all within easy reach, it's like living in the middle of a *Magic Circle.*

Explore the late-summer countryside. Let yourself get lost—deliberately. The driving is easy and relaxing, the scenery is fascinating, and you'll find delightful spots you never dreamed existed...everywhere you go.

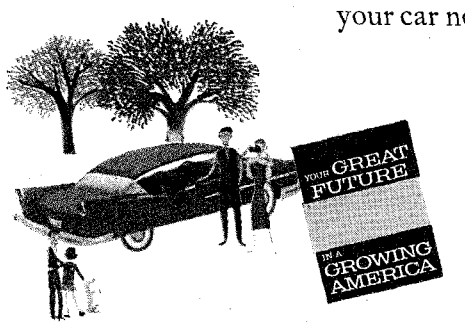
Give the children a day in the country. Remember when *you* were that young—and how thrilled you always were when you met the wonders of nature face-to-face?

Share a beach with the sun. Anywhere there's a stretch of sand, there's a road. And that means your car can take you there.



One turn of the wheel may lead to another. Head your car for the Ferris wheel, and the fun of a country fair.

At summer's end—any time—your Magic Circle surrounds you with a worldful of things to enjoy. It makes your car not just a way to go, but a wonderful way of life.



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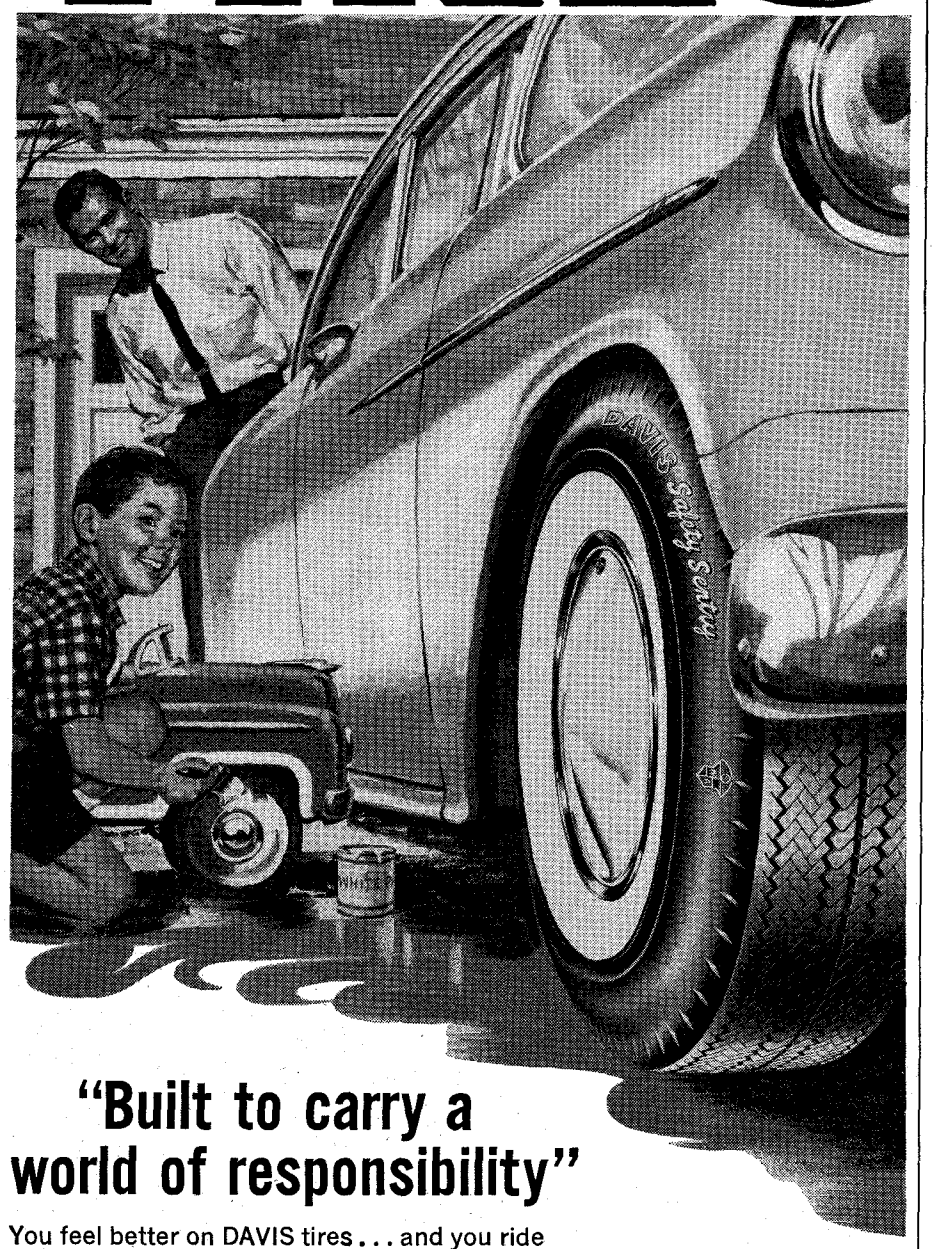

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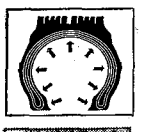

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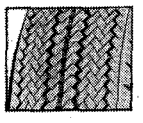

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Last summer I was a savage in Yellowstone Park. . . .

Two old-maid school teachers drove up to the North Gate and asked where the path around the park began. (It is over 300 miles around the park.)

KITTIE JEPSEN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

A woman from Florida whom we met while vacationing at beautiful Lake McDonald in Glacier National Park . . . decided the park wasn't at all to her liking because she couldn't see any scenery—the mountains got in the way!

MRS. H. S. HANSON
Billings, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

While visiting the Hoover dam, I heard a tourist ask the guide if it was the same river above and below the dam! A bus driver at the Grand Canyon told us about a tourist who was sure that all those colored rocks in Bryce Canyon were put up there by the Kodak company so they could sell more film.

J. F. BRUINS
Boise, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

Too bad the author was not present on a tour of Boulder Dam in February, 1938. After a description of the intake valves, a lady asked, "What do they do with the water after they take the electricity out of it?"

KEN MORRIS
Lakefield, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

My husband's reaction to Robert Yoder's article . . . was that on our sojourns, someone has been surreptitiously following us with a pad and pencil.

MRS. SHIRLEY WIXOM
Hemet, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was once one of a U. S. Geological Survey party surveying in Mammoth Cave, Ky. The guide, on one of our first trips into the cave, pointed out to us several small dwellings, built deep inside the cave, to house tubercular patients, in an experiment to test whether or not by living in the confines of the cave a cure might be effected. I asked him if the experiment was a success. "I don't know," he replied. "They all died."

C. R. MASON
Arlington, Va.

OOT O' STEP

Dear Sirs:

David Niven, Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry . . . Sandhurst graduate, OUT OF STEP.

COL. T. F. MCCARTHY
Berkeley, Calif.

From I'M ALWAYS SURPRISING MYSELF, *by David Niven, July 19.*

Dear Sirs:

When this was snapped four of these Highlanders were on the LEFT-right down beat. The two at left front, on the contrary, were off-beat with a RIGHT-left. But do ye ken Niven? He's oot o' step wi' a' of them.

HARRY MACPHERSON
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I suppose that is all you can expect of a Scot low enough to hire himself out to England.

STEPHEN S. MACNAUGHTON
Bath, Maine

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COMPLYING WITH YOUR REQUEST, WE HAVE RUN TESTS TO DETERMINE THE NUMBER OF INDIVIDUAL FIBERS OR "FILTER TRAPS" IN A SINGLE "HIT PARADE" FILTER.

EIGHT COMPOSITE SAMPLES WERE RUN

THE HIGH COUNT WAS 597,000
THE LOW COUNT WAS 459,000
THE AVERAGE WAS 541,000

IN OUR OPINION, IT IS CONSERVATIVE TO STATE THAT EVERY "HIT PARADE" FILTER CONTAINS WELL OVER 400,000 FILTER TRAPS.

RESPECTFULLY,

FROEHLING & ROBERTSON, INC.

USING THE NEW AND SUPERIOR METHOD OF TESTING FOR FILTRATION, **FROEHLING & ROBERTSON, INC.**, ALSO REPORTS:

Now Hit Parade filters best of all leading filter cigarettes!

Using the latest method of testing that traps and weighs total smoke solids that ordinarily would reach the smoker's mouth, here is the most recent report based on analyses by Froehling & Robertson, Inc. This is the second independent laboratory to confirm that now Hit Parade filters best of all leading filter cigarettes!

With its radically new filter, Hit Parade gives you:

15% higher filtration than brand **A**
20% higher filtration than brand **B**
27% higher filtration than brand **C**
34% higher filtration than brand **D**
35% higher filtration than brand **E**
37% higher filtration than brand **F**
40% higher filtration than brand **G**
40% higher filtration than brand **H**
43% higher filtration than brand **I**

The two sizes of Hit Parade (King-Size in the familiar pack and Long-Size in the crush-proof box) were tested against competitive brands of equal length

From a report dated June 20, 1958, by
FROEHLING & ROBERTSON, INC.,
a leading independent consulting laboratory

And best of all...the flavor's all there!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

Sorry! Please be patient if your dealer is temporarily out of stock . . .

So many smokers are switching to Hit Parade, many stores have exhausted their supply. Fresh shipments of Hit Parade are on the way!

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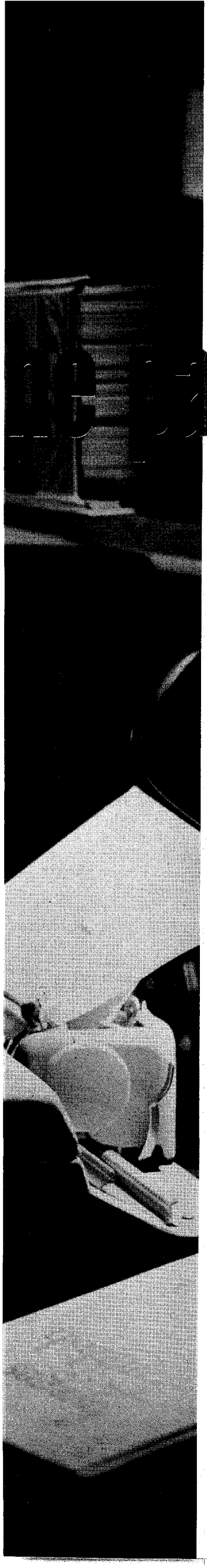

arents of America

A Smith-Corona Portable can help your child's educational development seven important ways!

"From the elementary grades on through the college years, nothing promotes a student's ability, capacity, and desire to learn so much as the typing habit."
DR. JOHN L. ROWE, Chairman of the Business Education Department, University of North Dakota.

1. Improves Attitude Toward Learning. Typing on a Smith-Corona Portable gives the student an immediate sense of pride and accomplishment; makes concentration easier, learning much more enjoyable. Since it is the easiest of typewriters to operate, a Smith-Corona Portable helps a student complete assignments faster, encourages greater progress throughout every stage of learning.

2. Increases Reading Skill. Typing on a Smith-Corona Portable improves reading speed and aids comprehension by helping to familiarize a student with the overall appearance and proper meaning of the printed word.

3. Improves Spelling. With the Smith-Corona Portable, errors in spelling can be more readily seen and immediately corrected. Because of the print-like appearance of every word, the student is constantly encouraged to pay particular attention to its correct spelling.

4. Teaches Punctuation. Smith-Corona's full 88-character keyboard contains *all* the required marks of punctuation and encourages their correct use, helping the student become more aware of proper sentence structure.

5. Encourages Creative Expression. New thoughts can be typewritten on a Smith-Corona Portable almost as quickly as they are conceived. World's *fastest* portable, the Smith-Corona keeps pace with the above-average mind, helps instill self-confidence in the slower student.

6. Increases Vocabulary. Light enough for a child to carry easily, a Smith-Corona Portable goes wherever a student's interests lie, letting him write while ideas are fresh, while words are new.

7. Aids Coordination. With its light, easy touch and full-size keyboard, a Smith-Corona Portable Typewriter helps even younger children develop muscular control and coordination without fatigue.

• • •

Today, millions of students in the United States are already enjoying the important benefits that a Smith-Corona Portable offers. Don't deny your son or daughter the educational help that a Smith-Corona can give. A Smith-Corona Portable is an investment in your child's education...one which will serve him not only in school but throughout his adult life as well.

See the complete line of Smith-Corona Portable Typewriters at your SMITH-CORONA dealer's. Most models only $5 down, up to 24 months to pay.

More People Buy Smith-Corona Portables
Than Any Other Portable In America!

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Editorials

We Should Do More to Attract Foreign Tourists

By NORBERT MUHLEN

When you talk with young people in Europe about America these days, you can be certain that, at one point or other of the discussion, they will sigh, "Oh, how I would love to see it for myself!" They are reluctant to reject the ubiquitous Moscow lies and other anti-American propaganda until they have had a chance to make up their own minds, preferably by a look-see. Unfortunately, few find such a chance.

This may seem amazing since foreign travel has become the vogue in present-day Europe. What seems even more amazing is that this country does so little to encourage visits by these would-be tourists from abroad. They would bring returns in cold cash as well as gains in cold warfare. Visitors to this country have a tendency to turn into firm friends of this country.

Today, thousands of Europeans who are willing to pay their own way are eager to visit us. But most Americans have not yet fully realized that, in these days of relatively cheap and easy trans-Atlantic travel and of recent prosperity in Europe, America attracts foreign tourists as much as foreign immigrants. To take advantage of this interest, this country must let potential tourists know that they are welcome.

One way to put America on the world's vacation map would be to offer to foreign tourists those privileges and special facilities which other countries are offering them. England, for instance, exempts purchases by foreign bona fide tourists from sales taxes and city taxes; Italy grants its foreign visitors a bonus on gasoline; Switzerland presents them with a reduction on the price of rail tickets. Even the Soviet Union, as Prof. Gerhart Niemeyer, of Notre Dame, reports in the conservative Modern Age, "has most recently come to encourage the influx of foreign tourists by offering them substantial advantages."

Too many Europeans who have toured this country report that they found no welcome mat either at American consular offices abroad or at our ports of entry. While other countries roll out the red carpet for visitors, here they are often made to feel rather like suspects on a police line-up. Many have been kept away by the bureaucratic battery of applications, interviews and cross-questionings which are at least a nuisance. Surely this country must protect itself by all means at its command against subversives. But one wonders whether so many interrogations are necessary. Probably no other country has succeeded in keeping out subversives and illegal immigrants better than Switzerland, which welcomes tourists with open arms.

If we make foreign travel a two-way street, tourists from Paris, Munich and London will find our country as beautiful as theirs seem to us. They may expect to find starving workers, Wall Street dictators, cultural deserts and all the other horrors of anti-American propaganda. What they will find instead will turn them into friends and allies of America.

"Full Employment" by Law Would End Economic Freedom

A number of "liberals," including some labor leaders, are critical of what they term the Administration's failure to carry out a solemn obligation of the Government. According to their story, the United States in 1946 promised by law to maintain "full employment" of its citizens at all times.

This is a distortion of the record. The bill they refer to was originally framed in 1945 to head off a calamitous depression which never materialized.

The reasoning of economic experts, as the war drew to a close, was highly plausible. There were more than 12,000,000 Americans in the armed services. Nine or ten million would be thrown back on the labor market within a year, and it was supposed that this would mean a return to mass unemployment.

The Wagner-Murray Bill for "full employment," introduced in 1945, gave extraordinary powers and responsibilities to the Federal Government. Philip Murray, then head of the C.I.O., reflected the left-wing opinion behind the proposal when he said that the Government should take over and operate idle factories. The original text of the bill declared that it was the Government's duty to furnish employment to all who sought work, on the farm or in mines, mills and manufacturing. Putting it into practice would have required close controls and the nationalization of key industries.

When the bill passed in February, 1946, it was called the Employment Act. Congress had removed its radical clauses, in spite of President Truman's strong support for the first version. What the law now says, and all it says, is that the President shall have a Council of Economic Advisers to aid him by continuous study in the preparation of an economic report to Congress at the beginning of each regular session. In addition, the law establishes the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, made up of seven members from each house, who are to make their own investigations and offer informed judgments on the President's economic proposals.

These are useful provisions, but they are very far from anything like a "full employment" act. What had happened between the spring of 1945 and the spring of 1946 to tone down even Mr. Truman's enthusiasm for a planned economy? Nothing, except that the dire predictions of mass unemployment failed to come true. Faced by the shortages created by the war—in housing, cars, raw materials and consumer goods—the nation rolled up its sleeves and went to work.

It is sometimes tedious to recall facts, rather than nourish fancies, but too much is at stake in the preservation of the American system to encourage any delusion that the Government can guarantee "full employment" without paralyzing controls that would put an end to American economic freedom.

The Reds Have Made Vagrants of Chinese Farmers

In pre-Communist days travelers in China noted the number of men, women and children feverishly busy in the fields. Surprising was the great number of able-bodied men loitering in the villages. Who were all these idlers? Some were petty merchants and craftsmen, cartmen, muleteers or boatmen. But the majority of the drones were landless, unemployed farm hands.

Those who remember such scenes will be puzzled to read Red China's frequent revelations of a labor shortage on the land. What has become of those swarms of busy people in the fields and of idle people in the villages? The answer seems to be that they have gone to town, partly as disgruntled runaways from the collective farms and partly because the Red "cadres" take so much of the crops that the rustics imagine that food in the towns is plentiful.

Early in 1944, when the Mao dictatorship's statisticians began working over the fruits of their great census, they told the world that the population of all China's big cities had increased by 40 per cent within a few years. The outer world was supposed to get the impression that the great new industries, set up under Soviet patronage, were employing surplus manpower from the villages. But one soon began to read of the expulsion of tens of thousands of idle, hungry rustics from such cities as Shanghai and Tientsin. This two-way movement has been going on ever since—the into-town movement to escape forced farm collectivization and the out-of-town expulsion system.

This, of course, explains the labor shortage on the land, as well as Red China's inability to deliver rice to Ceylon against rubber. It also accounts for the serious domestic food problem. To such problems a Red despotism has its characteristic answers. Thousands of students, teachers, journalists, employees in the Red bureaucracy and what not are being sent into penal servitude on the collective farms. Moving condemned dissidents into farm areas where their physical usefulness will be scant indeed, but where they must be fed, certainly cannot promote love of Marxism-Leninism among the remaining rustics nor make Communists out of the uprooted intellectuals. If throwing the biggest single body of humanity on earth into confusion and misery is the criterion of Communist achievement, Red China is certainly tops.

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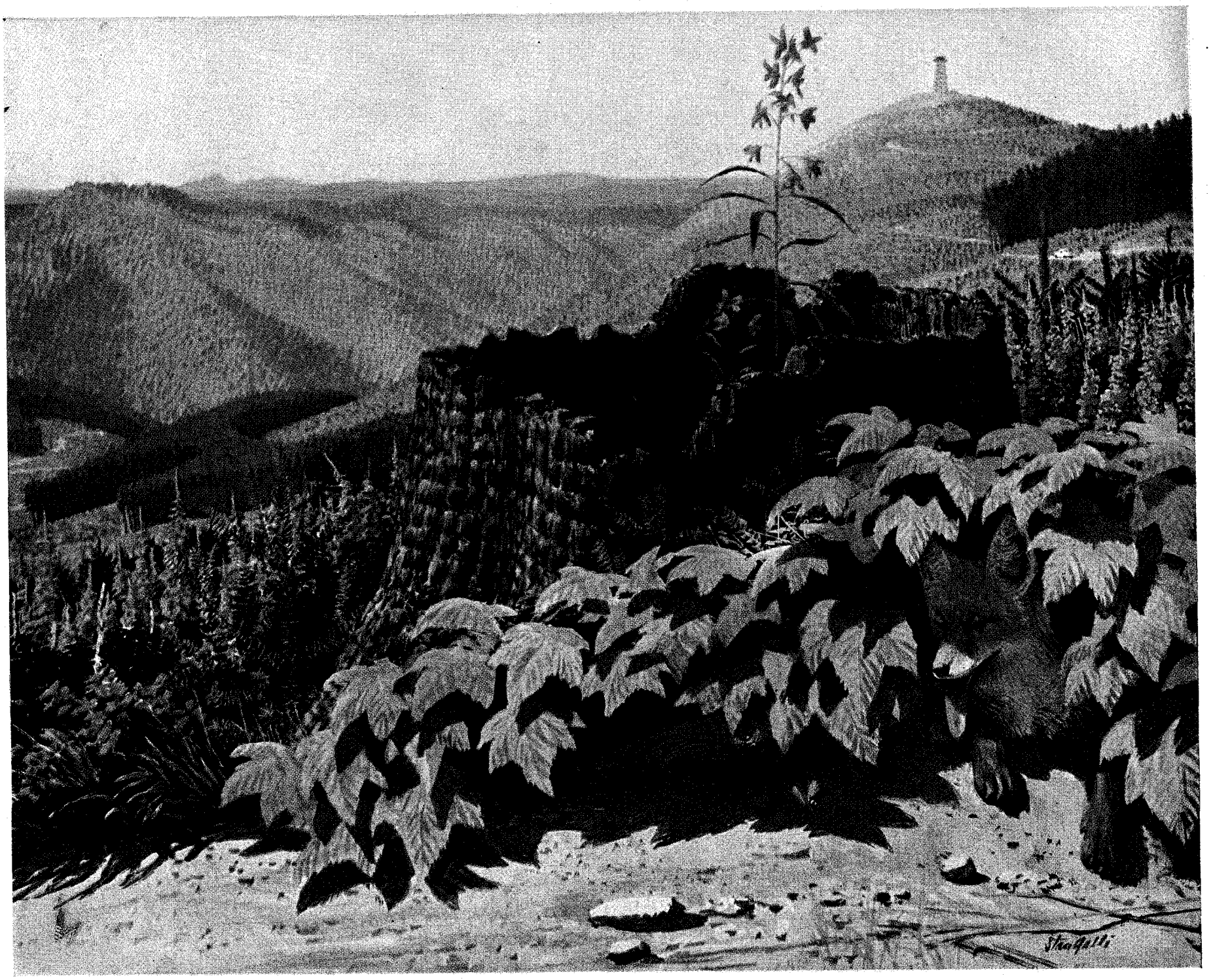
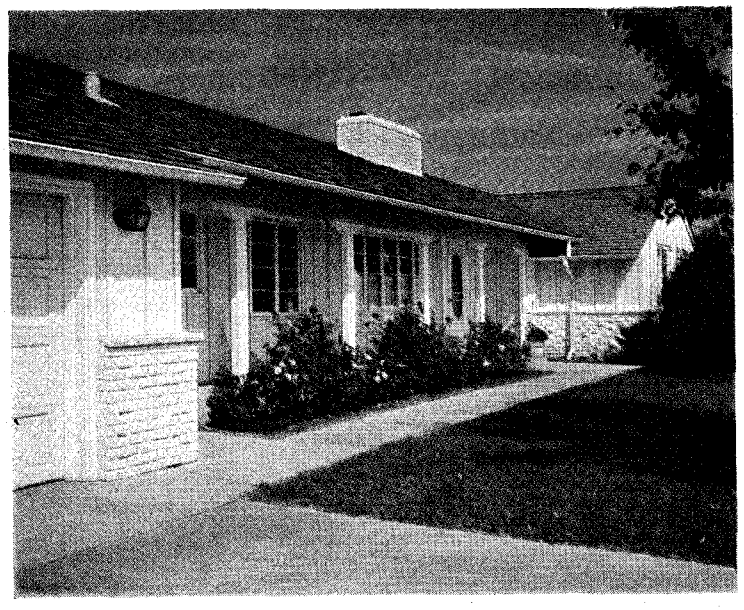


fire weather... a time for care and vigilance in the forest

Beautiful homes of wood are still America's best building buy. For fine quality west coast woods, select from the many species marketed nationwide under Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square trademark.



When summer heat, scorching winds and low humidity parch the earth, the stage is set for disaster in the woods. As the hot, dry air evaporates moisture from every twig, bush and tree, a forest is converted into an explosive tinder box. This is *fire weather*... an ominous period for which tree farmers must be prepared.

During critical fire weather, operations are halted on Weyerhaeuser tree farms and danger areas are closed to all visitors to minimize the chance of accidental fire. Men in radio-equipped vehicles ceaselessly patrol company roads, searching for the first wisp of smoke. Meanwhile, trained fire fighting crews with special equipment stand by around the clock, ready to extinguish fire wherever reported. Such fire prevention, detection and suppression activities are essential to our long-range plans for managing timber as a continuous, repeated crop.

In recent years, increased cooperation among private companies, the public and government forest agencies has reduced forest fire losses nationally. This trend must continue if present and future demands for wood are to be met. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Wash., for a free booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making forestlands serve America better by scientific management

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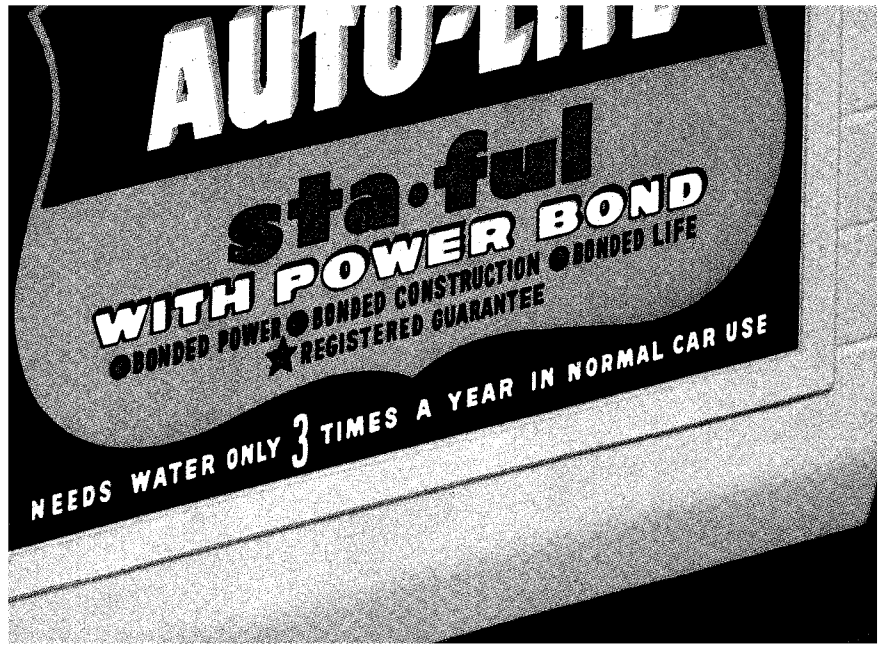
AUTO-LITE
sta·ful
WITH POWER BOND
●BONDED POWER ●BONDED CONSTRUCTION ●BONDED LIFE
★REGISTERED GUARANTEE
NEEDS WATER ONLY 3 TIMES A YEAR IN NORMAL CAR USE

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ANNOUNCING

A battery that eliminates mechanical failure even in the most severe service!

Auto-Lite sta-ful with Power Bond*
. . . a great new advancement
in battery engineering

Power Bond, an exclusive new Auto-Lite development, eliminates a major cause of battery failure . . . plate-destroying vibration. Unique Power Bond construction works three ways to protect full starting power—

1. Power-producing plates, protected by fibre-glass, are firmly *anchored in place* by plastic bonding. Even the most severe service can't shake power-producing material loose.

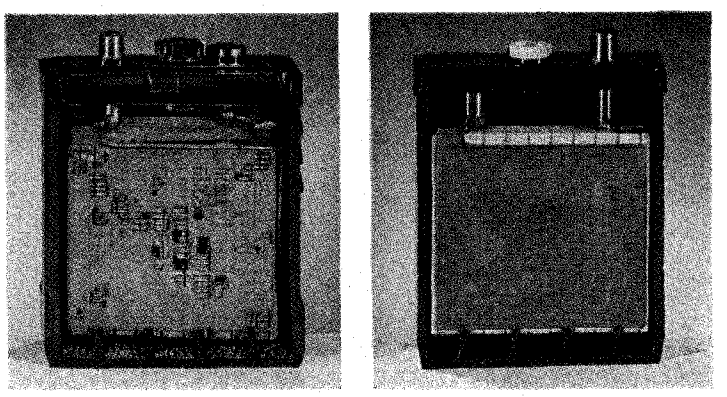
2. Power Bond construction *eliminates leakage points* found in ordinary batteries. Permanent resin seal bonds top to battery case, fully covers and protects power-conducting intercell connectors. Leakage failures are eliminated. Battery stays sealed and powerful.

3. Rigid *sealed-box construction* gives maximum strength. Over-tight hold-down brackets and extreme under-hood temperatures can't distort case and cause corrosive and power-robbing leakage.

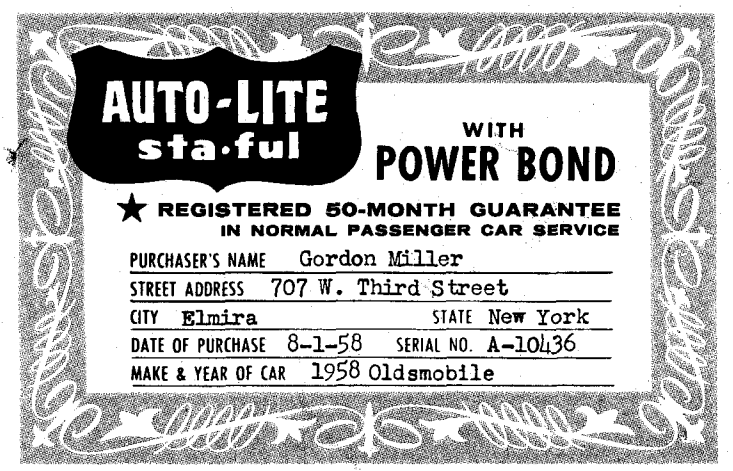
And new Power Bond incorporates the famous Sta-ful extra liquid reserve . . . needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use!

Every Auto-Lite Sta-ful with Power Bond is *registered at the factory by serial number in the owner's name!* Both your Auto-Lite Dealer and the factory stand behind the superior Power Bond Guarantee. Ask for the new Auto-Lite Sta-ful with Power Bond. At Auto-Lite Battery Dealers everywhere.

*PATENT APPLIED FOR



"BREAKDOWN" TEST *toughest ever made on batteries!* Ordinary battery plates (left) have lost vital power-producing material and failed after only 55 hours of vibration testing. Auto-Lite Sta-ful with Power Bond (right) shows no damage at all after 1000 hours in same test! Plates are still intact and delivering *full starting power!*



50-MONTH GUARANTEE! All owners of Auto-Lite Sta-ful Batteries with Power Bond receive a 50-month Guarantee card in wallet size that will be honored by any Auto-Lite Battery Dealer in the world.

AUTO-LITE sta-ful WITH POWER BOND

DRY CHARGED . . . FRESH WHEN YOU BUY! • FOR MOST 12-VOLT SYSTEMS

AUTO-LITE *manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.*

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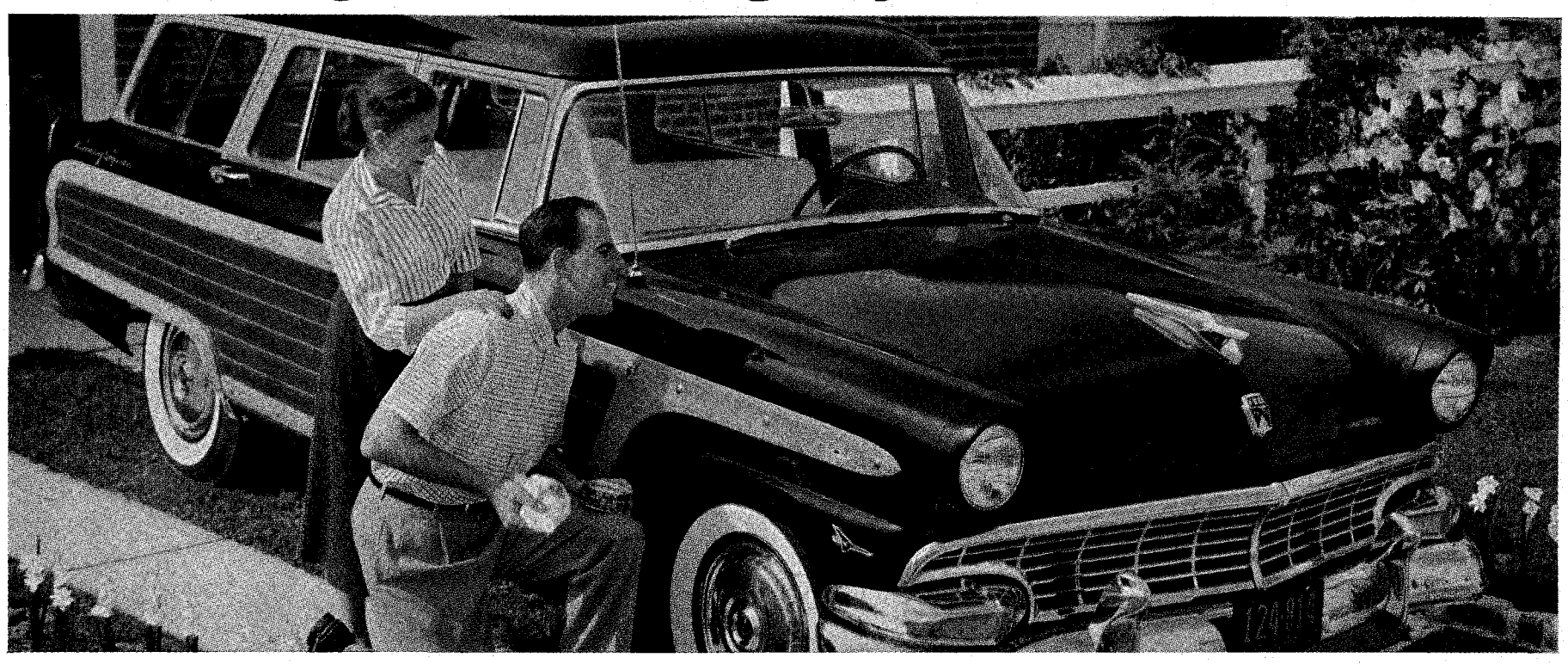
"Cleaning and waxing my car took 1¼ hours



with Du Pont's NEW CAR WAX

...it's still sparkling after 6 months"

says Bill Dec of Huntington, N. Y., after waxing his '56 Ford with Du Pont New Car Wax. Bill discovered that this new paste wax is as easy to use as a liquid polish, because it cleans, waxes and glazes—all in *one easy application*. Yet it protects with real Carnauba wax, *the toughest wax known*. Proof of protection is the long-lasting gleam. Six months, 12 car washings later, the finish still shows clear reflections of Bill and his wife! Try Du Pont New Car Wax—it makes any good finish look new! At service stations and auto supply stores. Only $2.00.

DU PONT
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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ARMSTRONG TIRES'

"Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life

PATENTED SAFETY DISCS STOP DEADLY SKIDS

. . . as no other tires can!

- **ONLY ARMSTRONG TIRES** have Safety Discs between tread ribs (arrow).
- They keep the tread ribs apart, just as discs in the fist above keep the fingers apart. Tread can't squeeze shut!
- Result: No matter how hard you brake, Armstrong tread stays open, always ready to grip the road to stop deadly skids.

- **COMPARE ORDINARY TIRES,** with no Safety Discs to keep the tread open.
- Braking pressure can squeeze tread ribs together, like the fingers above.
- Result: Gripping edges disappear . . . tread becomes smooth, slippery . . . and you skid! Only Armstrong Tires have Safety Discs to stop deadly skids.

LIFETIME ROAD HAZARD GUARANTEE! — not 12, 18, 24 months, but for as long as you use the tire

Compare the Guarantee Armstrong gives you with that on ordinary tires! "Rhino-Flex" construction makes Armstrong Tires so rugged they are guaranteed *for the entire lifetime of the tire* (adjustment, prorated for used tire tread) . . . even against such extreme road hazards as spikes, potholes, etc. Armstrong Tires cost no more.

ARMSTRONG Rhino-Flex TIRES

Find Your Armstrong Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG *Pure-Foam* FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING—HOME OFFICE, WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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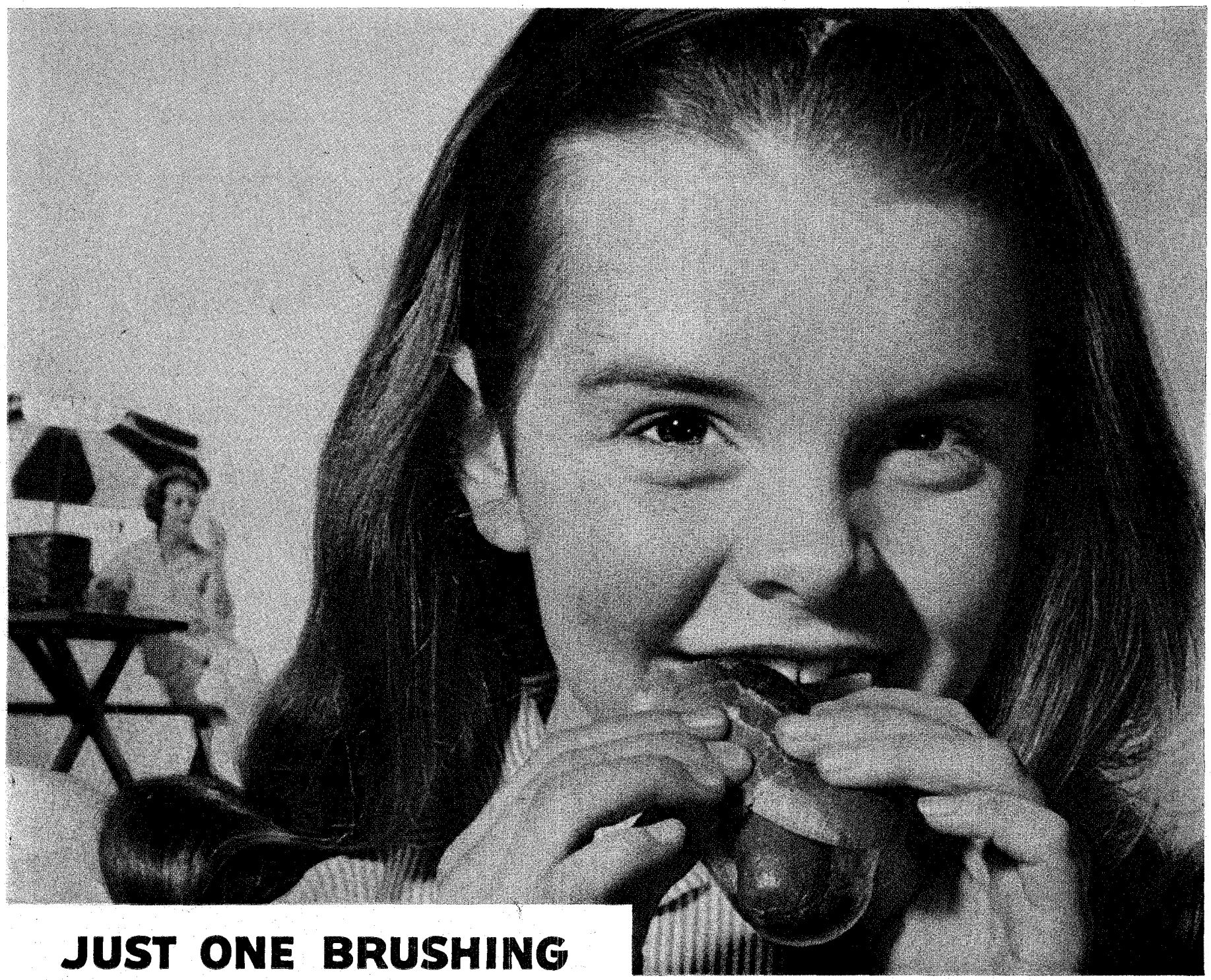
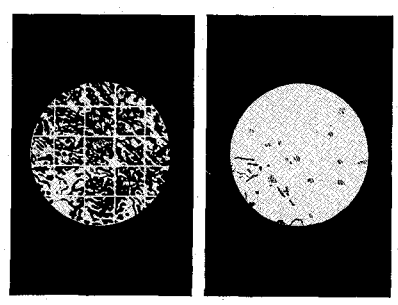
She uses only **GLEEM** *-the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF –
destroys decay bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF –
stops mouth odor all day

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like Mary, can't brush after meals—even though it's best—take a tip from Mary's mom. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause decay and mouth odor. So she makes sure her family starts each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on refreshing Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing.

Only GLEEM has *GL-70*
to fight decay and mouth odor

NOW IN BOTH TUBE AND NEW PUSH-BUTTON PACK

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The Saturday Evening POST

I Wanted to be Somebody

By ALTHEA GIBSON

The world's greatest woman tennis player tells the story of her astonishing climb from delinquency in Harlem to triumph at Wimbledon.

First of Three Parts

I always wanted to be somebody. I guess that's why I kept running away from home when I was a kid, even though I took some terrible whippings for it. It's why I took to tennis right away and kept working at it, even though I was the wildest tomboy you ever saw.

It's why I've been willing to live like a gypsy all these years, always being a guest in other people's houses and doing things the way they said, even though I craved to live in a place of my own with nobody to answer to.

It's why I've worshiped Sugar Ray Robinson ever since I was a wild, arrogant girl in my teens, playing stickball and basketball and baseball and paddle tennis in the streets all day, and hanging around bowling alleys half the night. Ray was somebody, and I was determined that I was going to be somebody too—if it killed me.

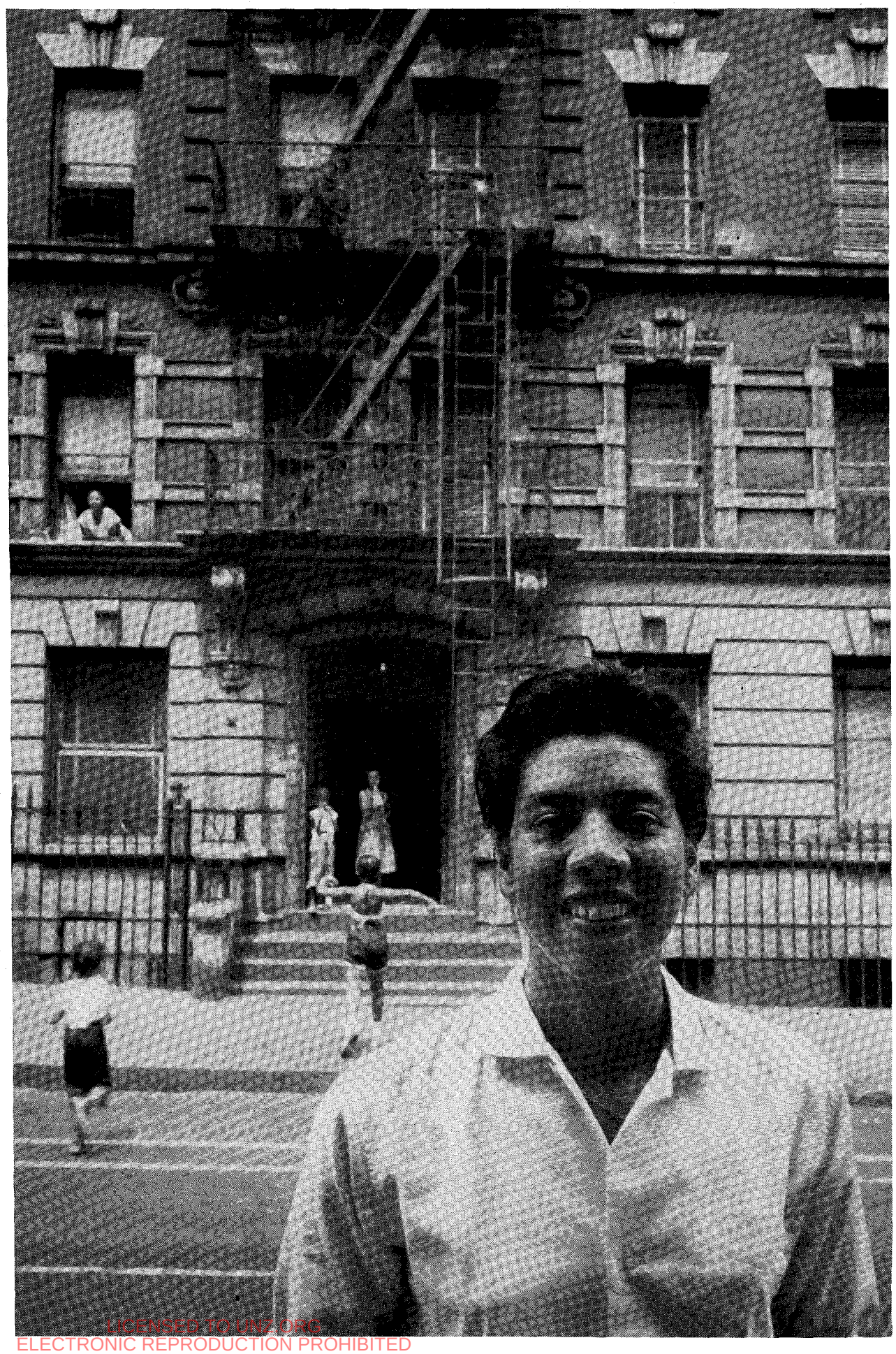
If I've made it, it's half because I was game to take a wicked amount of punishment, and half because an awful lot of people cared enough to help me. Not many people know the real story of my life before I got into the newspapers as a tennis star. I'm going to try to put it all down here. If you get to thinking it isn't all pretty, remember, I never said it was.

They tell me I was born on August 25, 1927, in a small town in South Carolina called Silver. I don't remember anything about Carolina; all I remember is New York. But my daddy talks about Silver a lot. He describes it as a three-store town, meaning that it wasn't quite as small as towns that have only one store.

My mother and father lived in a cabin, helping one of my uncles sharecrop cotton and corn, and there was plenty of hard work. Daddy is a powerfully built man—he looks a lot like Roy Campanella, the famous Dodger catcher—and Mom is a strong woman; they had no trouble meeting the requirements.

I was the first child in the family, and I weighed a solid eight pounds. "You were what you call a big fat one," Mom says. It's too bad I wasn't big enough to be of some help on the farm. They could have used me. Daddy and my uncle only had five acres of land. Bad weather ruined the crops three years in a row.

"I worked three years for nothin'," Daddy says. "That third year, all I got out of it was



Althea Gibson learned to play paddle tennis on the street in front of this Harlem tenement where she spent her childhood. Her parents still live here, but Althea now has an apartment on Central Park West.

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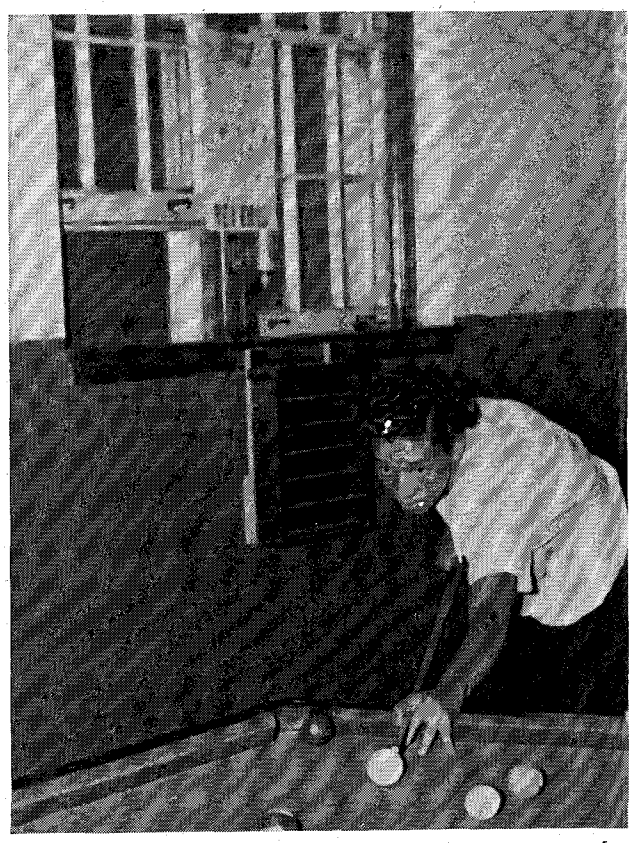
When her parents heard of Althea's unprecedented Wimbledon victory in 1957, her mother said, "I didn't think a Negro girl could go that high." Her father said, "I knew she would. I knew she had the strength."



Althea at the pool table, in a recreation room at Florida A. and M. College. She was a scholarship student.

a bale and a half of cotton. I made seventy-five dollars for the year's work. I had to get out of there, and when Mom's sister, Sally Washington, came down from New York for their sister Blanche's funeral, I made up my mind it was time."

Daddy agreed to let Aunt Sally take me back to New York with her on the understanding that he would come up a couple of months later and get a job. Then he would send for Mom.

I never get tired of hearing Daddy tell about arriving in New York. He had been talking to this porter on the train, and asked him how to get to Harlem. The porter said that he could spare an hour to guide him if Daddy wanted to pay five dollars. Daddy agreed, and the porter put him on the subway, led him out on the sidewalk at 125th Street, and said, "Here you are, Mr. Gibson. This is Harlem." And so Daddy started his life in the big city by paying five dollars for a nickel ride.

"But that was all right," I remember Daddy saying at a party once. "I got me a job right away, handyman in a garage, for big money. Ten dollars a week. I sent for my wife."

We all lived in Aunt Sally's apartment for quite a while before Daddy and Mom got an apartment. Aunt Sally made good money selling bootleg whisky. There was always lots of food to eat, the rent was always paid on time, and my aunt wore nice clothes every day in the week.

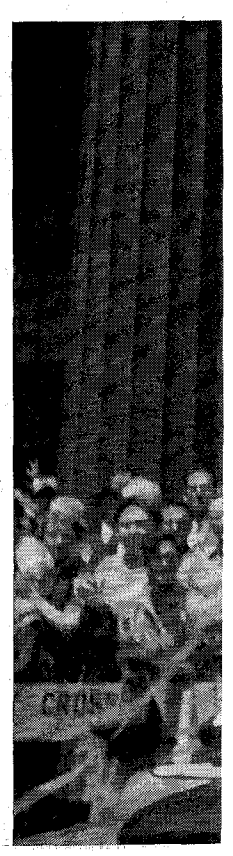
There was one time when her business was bad for me. I was in my bedroom sleeping, and Aunt Sally was in the parlor with company. I woke up feeling awful thirsty and went to the kitchen. I noticed a big jug on the table, grabbed it and turned it up. The next thing I can remember is Aunt Sally holding me down in the bed while the doctor pumped my stomach out.

According to Daddy, that was far from the last time in my kid days that I put away a lot of whisky. Some of my uncles used to take me out with them for the afternoon, and naturally they would end up drinking whisky. So would I. I don't recommend this kind of childhood training, but I will say one thing for it—I don't think I'll ever disgrace myself by getting drunk in public. I've built up a sort of immunity.

I didn't start getting into real trouble until the Gibson family settled into the apartment on West 143rd Street in which my mother and father, my sisters, Millie and Annie and Lillian, and my brother, Daniel, still live. I was ten years old, and I hated to go to school.

Queen Elizabeth presented the 1957 Wimbledon trophy to Althea, the first Negro to attain this highest honor in women's tennis. At left is runner-up Darlene Hard.

Althea and men's champ Lew Hoad led off the 1957 Wimbledon Ball. She bought her victory gown a week before she won.



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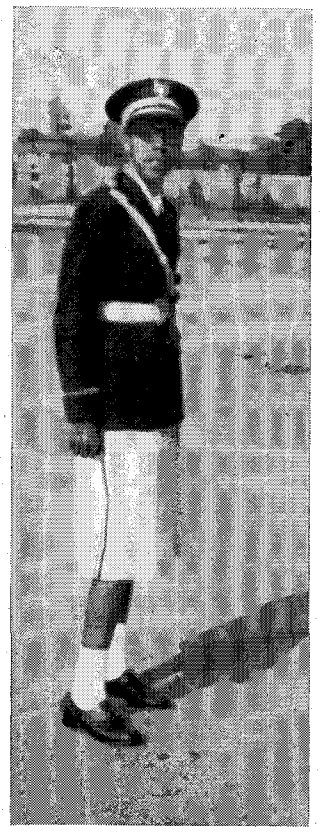
Fred Johnson (left), Althea's first teacher; Dr. Arthur Francis, Negro tennis official, and Althea at the Merion Cricket Club, where she won the 1955 Pennsylvania State title.



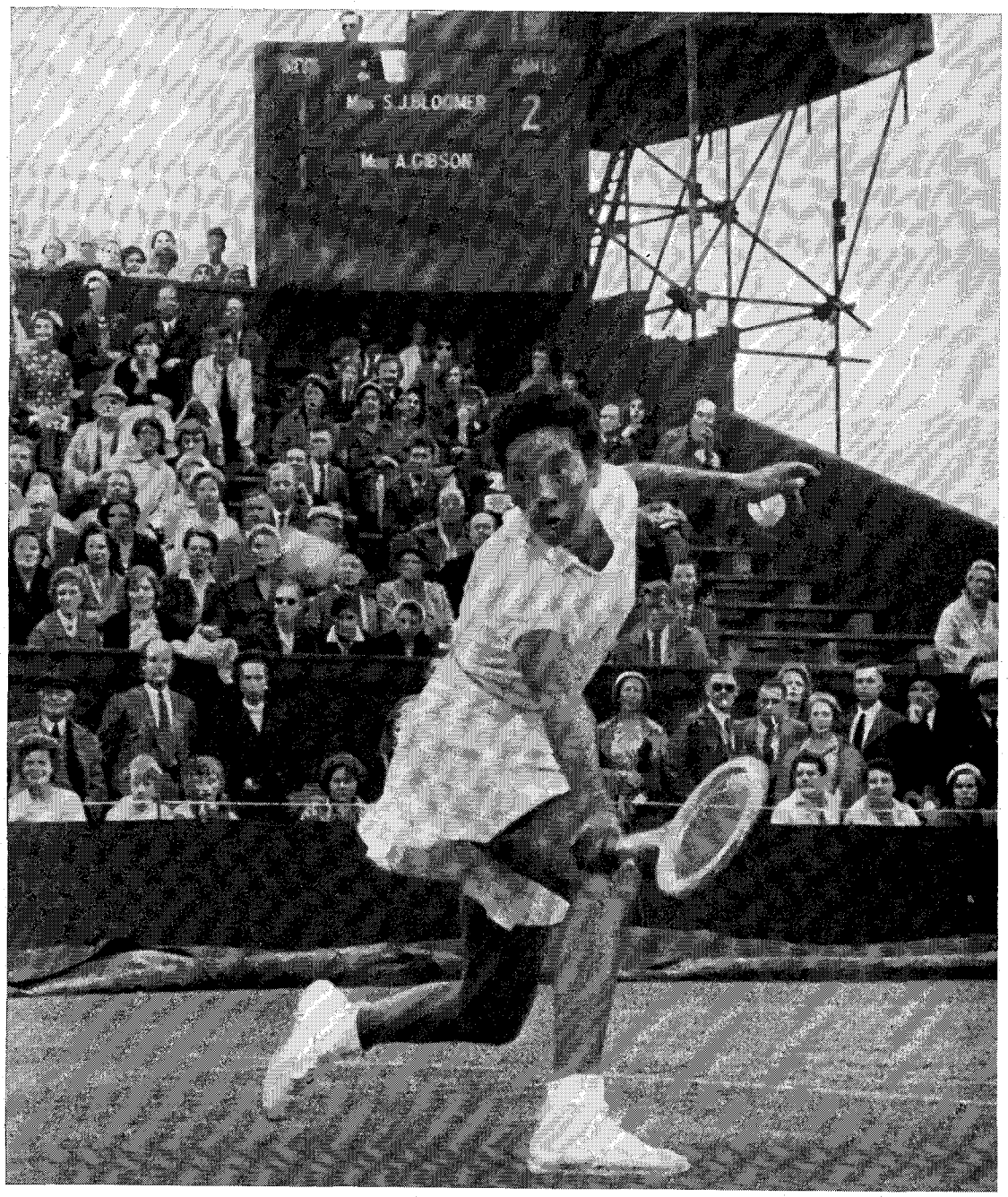
Althea played sax in the high-school band.

Dr. Hubert Eaton befriended Althea and took her into his Wilmington, N.C., home.

What's more, I didn't like people telling me what to do.

I played hooky all the time. It was a habit I never lost. The teachers would even spank me right in the classroom, but it didn't make any difference. Daddy would whip me, too, with a strap on my bare skin. Sometimes I would go to the police station on 135th Street and tell them that I was afraid to go home because my father was going to beat me up.

The only thing I really liked to do was play ball. Basketball was my favorite. If I had gone to school steadily, Daddy wouldn't have minded my being a tomboy. In fact, he wanted a son, so he treated me like one. Once he wanted me to be a prize fighter. He really did. "You would have been the champion of the world," he says. "You were big and strong and you could hit." (Continued on Page 69)



Last month Althea repeated her hard, poker-faced playing to win at Wimbledon again.

Left: She came back from her 1957 Wimbledon victory to a New York ticker-tape parade.

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Betty knew that he was on the verge of proposing.

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By JOHN DE MEYER

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION

To say yes might be a mistake—but to say no might be a regret forever.

Julius Lansdown peered anxiously out his front window, for today was a special day. His eighteen-year-old daughter Betty was coming home from college, riding with a friend. Julius hoped a little desperately that she hadn't been homesick. Security bathed the Lansdown family and Julius was proud that he had been able to provide for himself and his family a solid stature in the world, but he still thought of his daughter as a little girl. For the rest of his life he would remember her best in pigtails.

Suddenly an incredible sight, emitting an equally incredible sound, caused Julius to forget all about his daughter, or even that she was coming home today.

"Helen!"

His wife hurried in from the kitchen. "Is something wrong, dear?"

Julius hardly needed to point, for now the object of his concern was parked, ding-donging in front of his own house. "Will you tell me what that monstrosity is out there?" he demanded.

Helen looked and grinned. "Why, it's a hearse!"

"But what is it doing in front of our house?" Julius sputtered.

Helen pursed her lips judiciously. "Offhand, I would say that our Betty has arrived."

Julius' voice absolutely refused to function. For indeed the raucous vehicle was a hearse, and it was right in the middle of Julius' own beloved neighborhood—largely composed of bankers, insurance men, a college president, a well-known journalist and the mayor. The hearse was clearly a vintage model and it was decorated with white-side-wall tires which in turn were copiously decorated with bright red patches. Worse, on the front of the hood where there must have once been a radiator cap there was a large brass bell, presumably a relic from an ancient locomotive. As the hearse stood at rest the brass bell ding-donged lazily, as if waiting at a depot. Just forward of the left front door there was a receptacle for a buggy whip. The buggy whip itself had a gorgeous red tassel at the end of it. At the wheel of the hearse there was a young man in correct black, including a derby. The young man nodded toward the house with proper solemnity, but from inside the hearse came unmistakable sounds of young females firmly in the grip of hilarity.

Helen began to hop up and down. "Julius, it really is Betty! I can see her!"

But Julius was thinking of the monstrosity in front of his house. "And right in front of the whole neighborhood!" he mourned.

Now the young man in black stepped out of the hearse with the utmost dignity, while someone inside kept the brass bell ding-donging rhythmically. Presently Julius saw his daughter, burdened with a suitcase and an armful of books.

"Betty!" Helen shrieked. "Betty, darling!"

"Helen, will you please stop that shrieking?" Julius pleaded.

The young man in black decorously took Betty's suitcase, offered her an arm and then escorted her up to the front door with all the tenderness appropriate to an old, old lady. Once there, he bowed gravely and turned back to the hearse.

Helen flung open the front door. "Betty, darling!"

Julius didn't budge. Not for the world would he have ventured an inch closer to the unspeakable monstrosity in front of his house.

"Mamma!" Betty squealed, pointing at the monstrosity. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Julius didn't think it was wonderful at all and he watched dismally as the incredible hearse with its bederbied driver at the wheel began to move down the street, its large brass bell ding-donging and its left front fender being lashed firmly by a determined young man with a red-tasseled buggy whip. Eventually, the hearse turned the corner and Julius went limp with relief, even though he was certain that the eyes of the whole world were on the Lansdown house.

Helen and Betty were now hugging each other luxuriously on the front porch, and Julius was about to make all sorts of stern male-parent comments when he felt suddenly lonely and forgotten. "Hey!" he said. "Hey!"

"Daddy!" his daughter cried, and flung herself into his arms.

Under such circumstances it was difficult to think about collegiate prankishness. "How's my little girl?" Julius said, squeezing her. "How's my little girl?"

Almost immediately it developed that Betty was at the point (Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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The Face of AMERICA

The Chinese-Americans

Once upon a time the Chinese began their New Year when the Emperor mounted the "Dragon Throne" in Peking's Forbidden City, while princes and nobles prostrated themselves before "The Lord of Ten Thousand Years" until their foreheads touched the ground. And outside the Forbidden City boundless rejoicing

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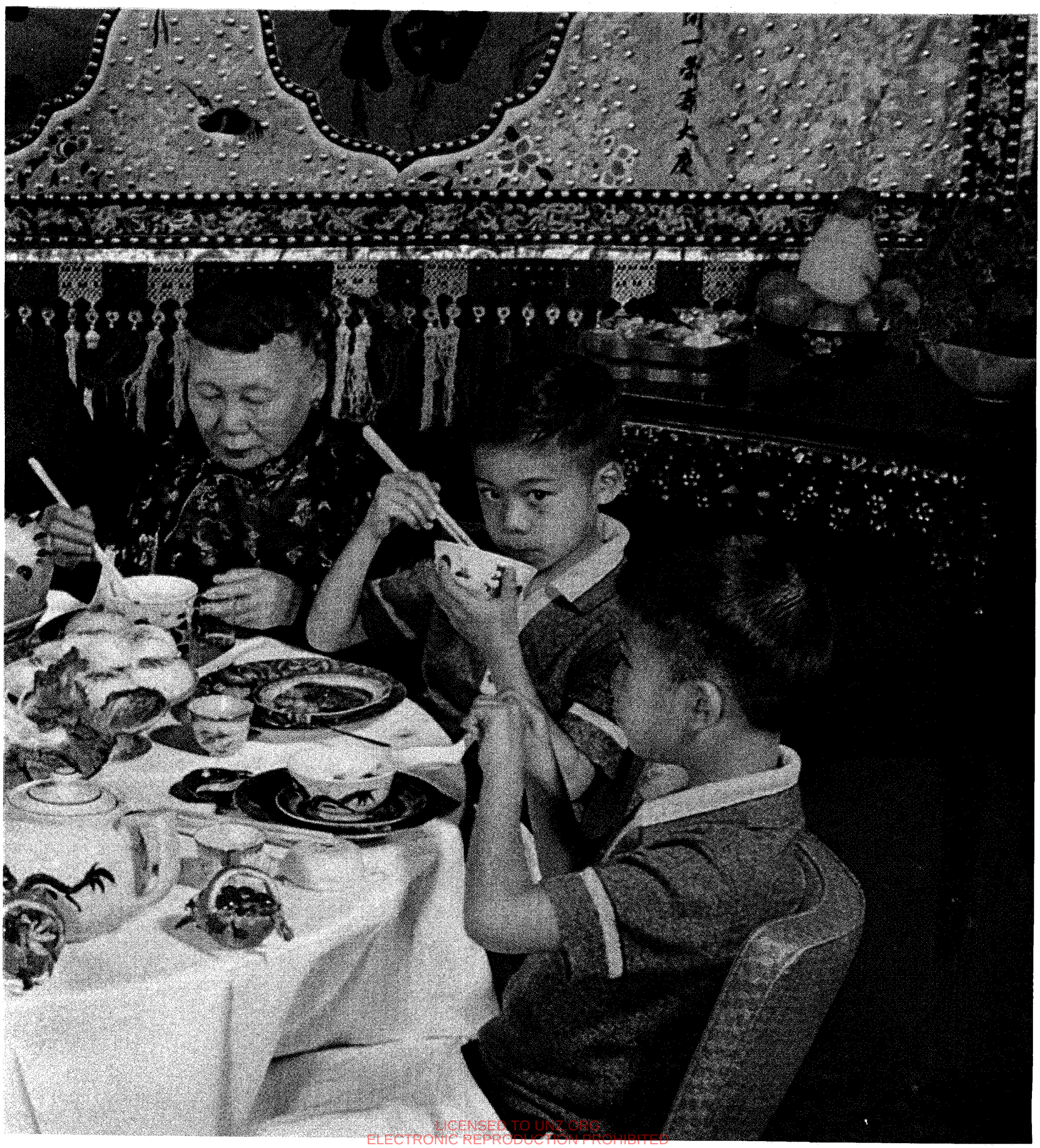
reigned—fairs and feasting lasted for weeks. Chinese don't begin their New Year exactly that way today. But those in San Francisco's Chinatown, the largest Chinese community outside of the Orient, still feast mightily. Here on last Chinese New Year's Eve (Feb. 17, 1958, on our calendar, The Year of The Dog, 4656, according to the Chinese lunar calendar) you see the Rev. Bing Yee Leong, seventy-nine (Congregationalist), in the center of a very festive board in the famous Shanghai Low restaurant. The oldest minister in Chinatown is surrounded by his wife, son, daughter-in-law and grandchildren. He is also surrounded by nine choice Chinese dishes served to the three generations of Leongs. Here's the menu: Winter melon cup, Peking duck, sweet-and-sour pork, pan-fried shrimps, steamed fish Cantonese, mixed vegetables and oysters, chicken Cantonese, thousand-layer bun, and preserved kumquats. • Photograph by Jack Fields



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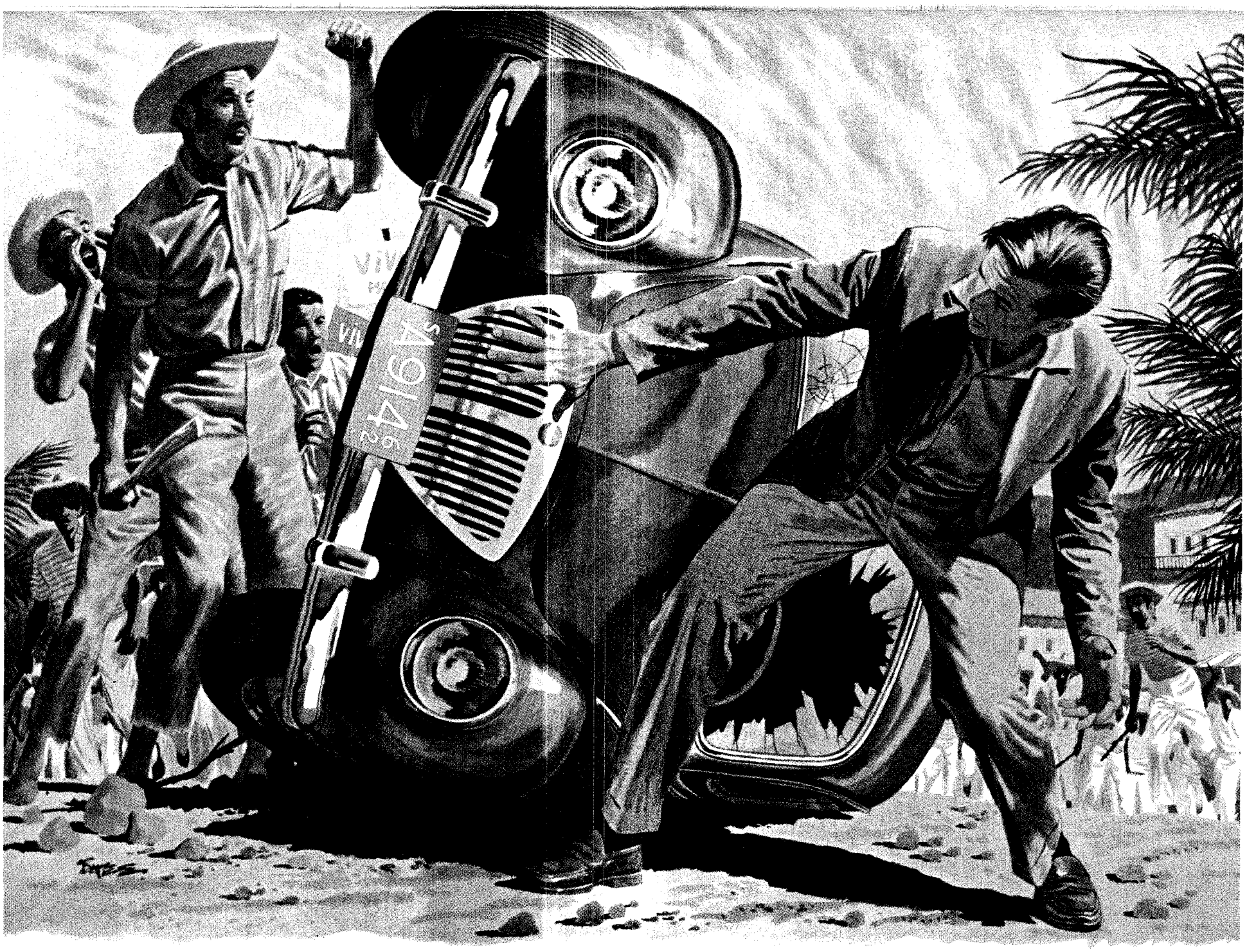

The little car suddenly went over on its side with a crash.

MOB VICTIM

How could he tell the angry crowd that it had made a mistake?

By HUGH B. CAVE

He had left San Marlo City before daybreak, when the road was deserted, except for a few country women padding along like ghosts under their head loads of produce, bound for the city markets. Now, as he returned to the capital at four, after a talk with the mining-company officials and a look at their jungle airstrip, the road was lined with people. Some of them yelled insults and shook their dark fists at his car.

Boyd Vernon was not exactly startled. Politics in these Caribbean countries often set fire to people's emotions, and here in San Marlo the situation was peculiarly difficult just now. The last president had fled the country before his successor could be named, accused of trying to postpone the election and prolong his stay in office. At the moment, there was no government at all, really; just a group of powerful men ruthlessly maneuvering for an advantage.

Still, of all the West Indian countries he had known while in the Air Force, this was normally one of the friendliest, especially to foreigners. Why the insults, then? Did these dark-skinned peasants think him a light San Marloan, a member of the wealthy upper class, because he was driving a car with San Marlo's bright red plates? Was some politician criminally stirring up class and color conflicts?

Boyd shook his head. This sort of thing could be dynamite. Still, he was surely in no real danger. He drove slowly, pondering his own problem. It was enough to think about. It was a problem he had to solve before he and Paula arrived in New York, and they would be leaving San Marlo just as soon as the planes began landing again.

There were no planes now. With the city caught in the strait jacket of a general strike and more trouble brewing, the airlines were by-passing the country. But it wouldn't be for long.

When he and Paula stepped off the plane at Idlewild, her father would be waiting. He would want an answer and had a right to expect one. He had given them this three-week trip through the islands, this "extra honeymoon," as he called it, so they could find an answer. The shape of Boyd's future

(Continued on Page 50)

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I Was a Compulsive Gambler

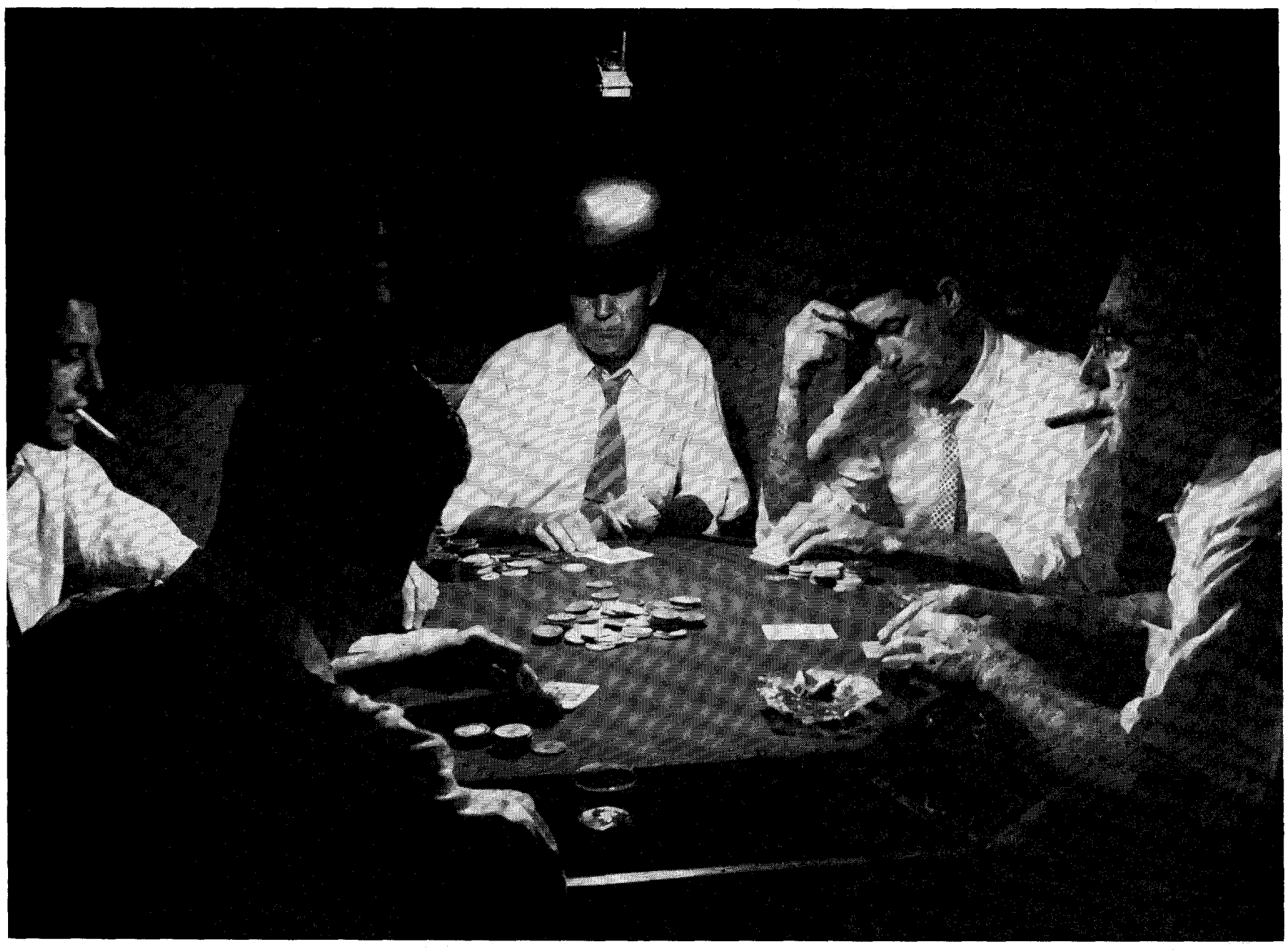
For ten wretched years the author lived on the edge of ruin. He tells anonymously how he became a gambling addict, and how he finally licked the "tiger on his back."

Drug addicts say they have monkeys on their backs. For ten years I had a tiger on mine. I was a gambling addict. During that time, out of an income that varied between $5000 and $10,000 a year, I lost more than $25,000 in bets. At that, I was lucky. Time and again, driven by the gambling fever, I risked public disgrace, even jail.

The statistics on narcotics addiction vary with the source of information. Perhaps there are 50,000—perhaps there are 100,000. I have no statistics on gamblers, but I have been one and I have known others by the hundreds. It is reasonable to assume that half of the people in this country gamble at one time or another. If only a third of them gamble, the total will still approach 60,000,000. I would estimate that 10 per cent of these are compulsive gamblers—the term is my own—and they are as dangerous to themselves, their families and their communities as the worst of narcotic addicts. Six million of them. If you wish to be ultraconservative and accept 1 per cent as being compulsives, the total will still be more than half a million.

This article is in no sense a moralization. A great many people can go to the race tracks, to bingo games, to card parlors, and have a good time while winning or losing a reasonable amount of money. For them, gambling is a diversion. They parallel the vast majority of people who can drink their social highball or their friendly glass of beer and can stop there. But, just as the confirmed alcoholic must avoid that first glass as if it were straight poison, there are some gamblers who must stay away from any betting—even for tiny stakes—as if it were a deadly contagion. I know. I was such a gambler. I paid that $25,000—the price of a good home—to find out. I got the tiger off my back. I just might be able to help you keep him off yours.

The first thing to find out about the tiger is this: Is he already on your back, or is he in the jungle ready to spring? If you borrow money to go to the races, or if you borrow from predatory loan companies to replace money that you took from your pay check to gamble with, you've got your tiger, heaven help you. If you have more than once spent more than you should have out of that same pay check and gone without something you needed rather than borrow, he isn't on your back—but he is (Continued on Page 63)



"Gambling is a weakness, and a loathsome one. It is a form of masochism."

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A kiss for the adored leader. The Egyptian masses live in impoverished misery, but Nasser feeds their pride with a fanatic Arab nationalism.

The hasty landing of U.S. Marines in Lebanon was a result of Nasser's ability to sway the Arab people.

Can Nasser Take it All?

How far will the fiery Egyptian go?
Will he create a warlike new Moslem empire?
A Post editor's report from Cairo.

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

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CAIRO (UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC).

As a student at Cairo's Al Nahda High School in 1935, seventeen-year-old Gamal Abdel Nasser took the then-classical curriculum for a patriotic young Egyptian—reading, writing and rioting against the British. Once during his senior year he was expelled, much to his father's wrath, and went to live in the house of a sympathetic uncle. Here he began to write a historical novel.

With a romantic and swashbuckling sense of history he has never lost, the neophyte novelist read up on that critical moment in his country's history when Egypt had its first testy contact with modern Europe—Napoleon's 1798 expedition to the pyramids with the British in hot pursuit. Gamal chose to highlight a special angle. A few years after the British outflanked Napoleon, they tried a small landing at Rashid, a town near Alexandria, and were repulsed in a skirmish by Egyptian irregulars under the Vali, the Arab governor of Alexandria.

Chapter I opens with this famous victory, and by Chapter III a romantic love interest is building up between one of the Egyptian soldiers and the Vali's beautiful daughter. Then novelist Nasser lost interest. He told friends he was having plot trouble.

Since then the president of the United Arab Republic of Egypt and Syria has had no trouble hatching plots—big and small. In a century of champion plotters—Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Khrushchev, to name a few—he must be given a high plotting rating, at least at this writing. Mouthing noble aims, and using General Naguib as a decoy, he threw out fatheaded King Farouk in the revolution of 1952, a revolt for which some Egyptians had such high hopes they called it "The Blessed Movement." Then he grabbed Suez. And only last month Gamal Abdel Nasser's conspirational attack toppled what was thought to be the strong government of Iraq, through bloody assassinations. With his stanch supporter Brig. Gen. Abdul Karim Kassem in power in Bagdad it appeared that Nasser was in a position to divert or even expropriate Iraq's rich oil and go on to take over the Arab world.

But that is only half of the story. These plotting triumphs have left Nasser haunted by dilemmas, serious ones. Unexpectedly, Premier General Kassem made it plain that he had no intention of being swallowed up by Nasser and his impoverished Egyptians. Moreover, through his Iraq plotting, Nasser lost for once and all whatever trust the West had in him. That perhaps did not disturb him, but one dilemma which must haunt him is the fact that through playing footsie with the Kremlin ever more ardently he has put himself on a spot where he may experience the suffocating embrace of the bear that walks like a man. Finally, there is his dilemma right at home, for when he looks over his shoulder to see if things are gaining on him, he sees ghosts coming up from the Valley of the Nile.

And what is more, these ghosts are breeding. Since the days of Herodotus, visiting reporters have stressed what a unique country Egypt is—"an acquired land, the gift of the river"—unique in its antiquity, its turbulent history, its millennial tradition of bad government. Most striking is its geography. On world maps, Egypt may appear as a large quadrangle in the northeast corner of Africa, almost half again the size of Texas. In reality it is an inhospitable desert where the only life-giving source is the Nile, watering only 13,000 of 380,000 square miles, or about 3 per cent.

Seen from high in the air, Egypt resembles a date palm, or a fan. At the top, the fan-shaped Delta. At the clasp of the fan, the great city of Cairo. Then the long thin trunk or handle, nearly a thousand miles of monotonous, Nilotic mud-hut villages. Of Egypt's teeming 23,000,000, only 5,000,000 live in the few large cities (Cairo, Alexandria, Port Said). The real masses are the 18,000,000 fellahin, wretched riverine farmers born to live and die within sight of the life-bringing, death-bringing Nile.

These demographic figures may look grim enough on the pages of the Statesman's Yearbook, but when seen in human flesh by any voyager into the Delta, or up the Nile from Cairo to Aswan, they are terrifying. Here is a fertility cult that has become a dance of death. With a population pressure of 1500 per square mile, almost three mouths for every acre, the savage irony is that this country of intense agriculture, of high yield per acre, cannot feed itself. One little Egyptian is born every minute, bred for his cotton-picking fingers. One in seven dies in infancy. The death rate in the Nile Valley, 43 per thousand per annum, is one of the world's highest.

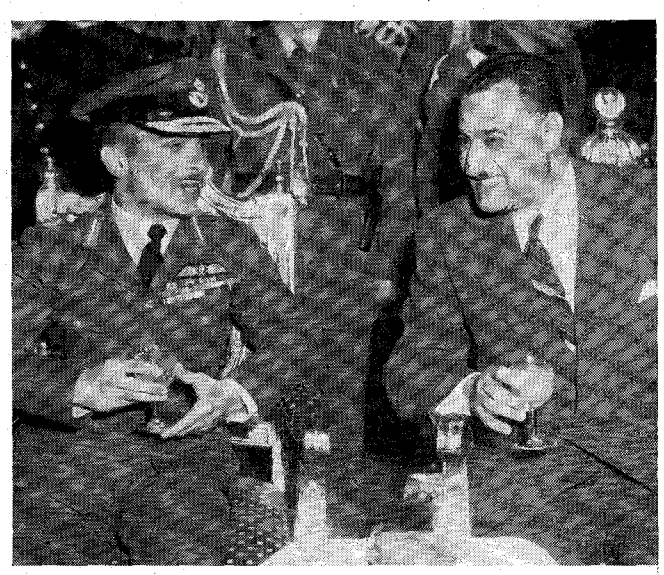
The average fellah, working ten hours a day every day in the year, has an annual income of about $150. Four in five are illiterate. The majority suffer from Bilharzia, a water-snail blood-fluke parasite peculiar to the Nile, which racks such organs as the kidneys and liver, producing lethargy, torpor and early death. Most fellahin are feeble at forty and dead before fifty.

Out of this slimy nightmare, a few years ago one jolting statistic (Continued on Page 66)

Syria: More kisses for the great man.
But the fusion of Egypt and Syria has become a headache for Nasser, says the author.

Iraq: Flaunting a portrait of their hero, whom they regard as father of their revolution, young Bagdad hotheads jeer at the British embassy.

May, 1957: Nasser visits Moscow. In the last two years, the Soviet has lent him $175,000,000.



What of Jordan's fate? In July Nasser demanded the assassination of its king, Hussein (left, at Cairo in 1957), cousin of Iraq's murdered King Feisal.

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Once a ragged band of marauders, trapped behind enemy lines, took on a whole German regiment. This is the story of the incredible

BAGPIPE BRIGADE

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Lt. Claude Bearpaw, flying an ancient P-40 fighter-bomber, skimmed across a low ridge, and there the kraut column was, fat and sassy, moving north along Highway 6. Cassino, its bastions guarding the valley of the Rapido, lay to the south, dimly seen through the haze of the overcast May afternoon. Running into a column in daylight like this was pure gravy, Claude decided.

He murmured happily, "Company, girls," and went down, his wing guns blazing.

His first pass scattered men into the bushes and left a half dozen trucks burning, and Claude should have called it a day and headed home. His ammo was almost gone and he was A.W.O.L. from a hospital back in Naples, anyway. The P-40 wasn't even his own—he'd borrowed it from a rear echelon when no one was looking, because he'd been fed up with the hospital and the rear area in general.

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So now he whipped the P-40 around and went back, flying fifty feet above the ground, and saw that he had goofed. There was some mobile A.A. stuff in the column and the kraut gunners were back in their seats now and shooting. Good shooting, too, because Claude could feel the jar of explosive bullets going through the fuselage and the motor began to hiccup wheezily.

"You better scram out of here, Bearpaw," he said aloud—the hospital had got him to the place where he was talking to himself. "You'll be a dead Injun if you don't."

The ridge was ahead of him again and he cleared it with nothing to spare, turning east up a little valley to get away from Highway 6—the Via Casilina which led to Rome and was the German main supply road. Dimly ahead he could see the snow-capped peaks of the Abruzzi e Molise, that wild section of South Central Italy which lies—fang-toothed with Apennines—north and east of Cassino. Claude was in no mood to admire the scenery as his ship limped up the narrowing valley, beginning to lose altitude fast now.

A patch of clearing showed ahead and Claude breathed a fast prayer to his Cherokee ancestors—especially his grandpappy, Big Chief Benbow—and muttered, "Here goes nothing," and shoved the stick forward. Metal screeched with shrill anguish and the P-40 bucked like a horse, but finally came to a stop, still right side up, and Claude hit the ground running, just in case the thing should explode. A fir clump made a dark patch against the hillside fifty yards away and Claude stopped there; he caught his breath while he looked back philosophically at the heap of junk he'd left behind.

"Scratch one P-Forty," he murmured. "Wonder whose it was? Oh, well, such things happen, Bearpaw. You got to take the bitter with the sweet, I guess."

Back in Oklahoma, Claude owned more oil wells than he could count and he'd attended a football college before coming out here to look in on the war. He was a tall, lanky youth with the bronze planes of his face tightly joined and his eyes bright and inquisitive above the Cherokee beak of his nose. His uniform was considerably nonregulation even in an organization as informal in the matter of dress as the U.S. Army Air Force. A long-billed baseball cap was canted onto the back of his head and the snappy, fur-collared jacket that he wore was one he'd liberated from an S.S. colonel in North Africa.

Claude had been out here in the Mediterranean for a long time now and he'd flown enough combat missions to be a one-man air force. When (Continued on Page 55)

It was too much for the Germans—that skirling bagpipe shriek and the scarecrow devils who charged through it.

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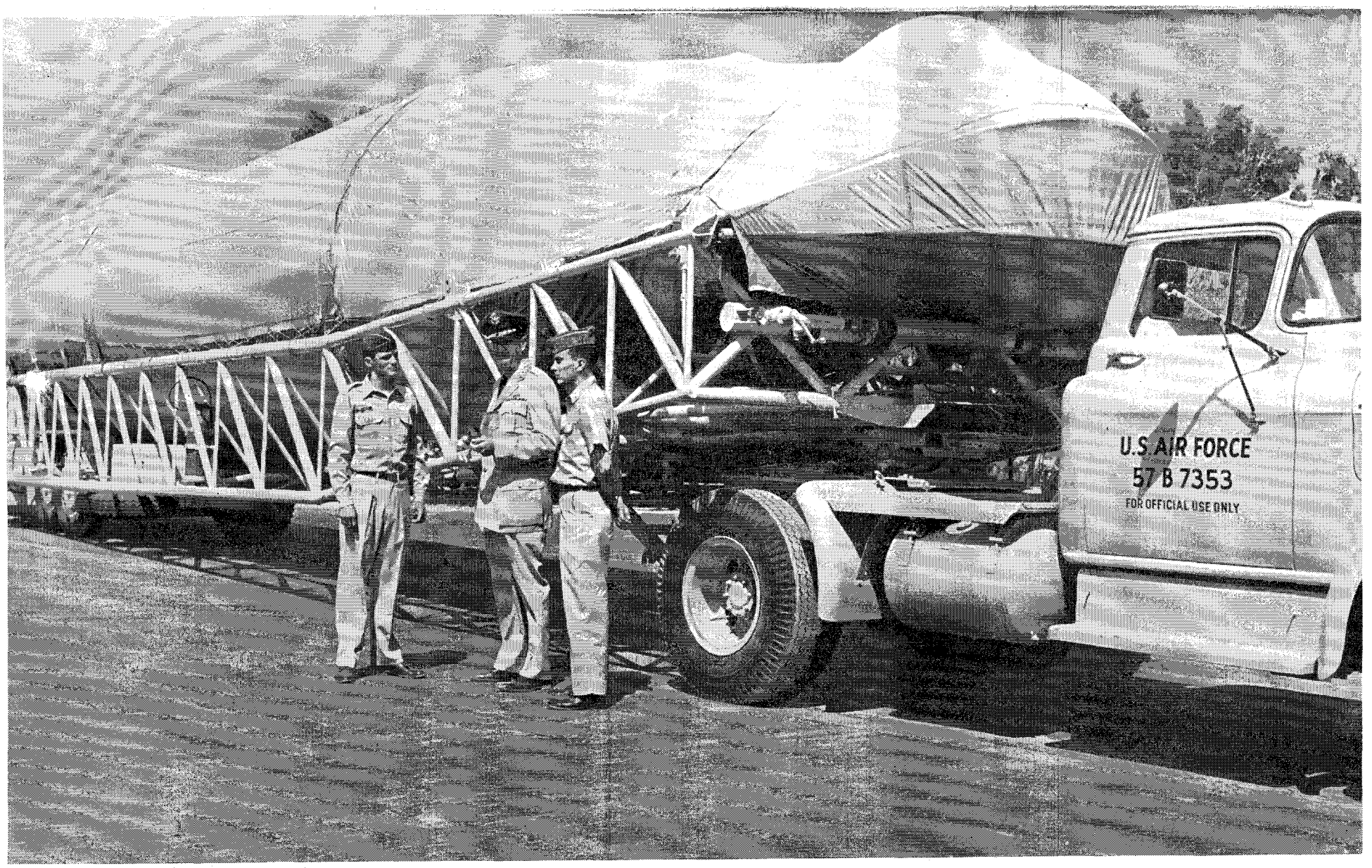

The 80-foot Atlas, shrouded in secrecy, comes to Camp Cooke, California, only Air Force training base where missiles will be fired. Wade is at center.

Boss of the Missilemen

How Maj. Gen. David Wade, the Air Force's first missile-division commander, is developing the precision-trained crews to fight a space-age war.

By COREY FORD and JAMES PERKINS

General Wade is a keen competitor. Accustomed to winning, he doesn't like losers—not even good ones.

Maj. Gen. David Wade, first commander of the First Missile Division, faces the most unusual and perhaps the most important challenge in our military history. He is taking it, as he takes everything, in long-legged confident stride. Back at Spokane several years ago, when he was in command of a group of B-36's, his outfit was entered in a world-wide "bombing" competition. He promptly ordered carpenters on the base to build a large trophy case. His staff pointed out that this was maybe just the least bit premature, seeing as how they hadn't won yet. Wade replied quietly, "We'll either fill this case with trophies or with shrunken heads."

His outfit won the competition. Probably it was just as well, because Dave Wade doesn't like losing. "I tell you what's a fact," he confides in his low, ex-Louisiana, easygoing drawl, "I don't even like a good loser." There's no second place in a nuclear war, and he'll tell you what's another fact: he doesn't propose to see this country runner-up to any power on earth. Which may explain why he was yanked from his post as chief of staff of the Strategic Air Command, when SAC was given responsibility for all Air Force ballistic-missile operations last November, and sent to Cooke Air Force Base, in California, to organize the nation's newest combat arm. (Continued on Page 89)

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It looked as though the kids were going to ruin

JOE'S SECRET PLAN

By R. ROSS ANNETT

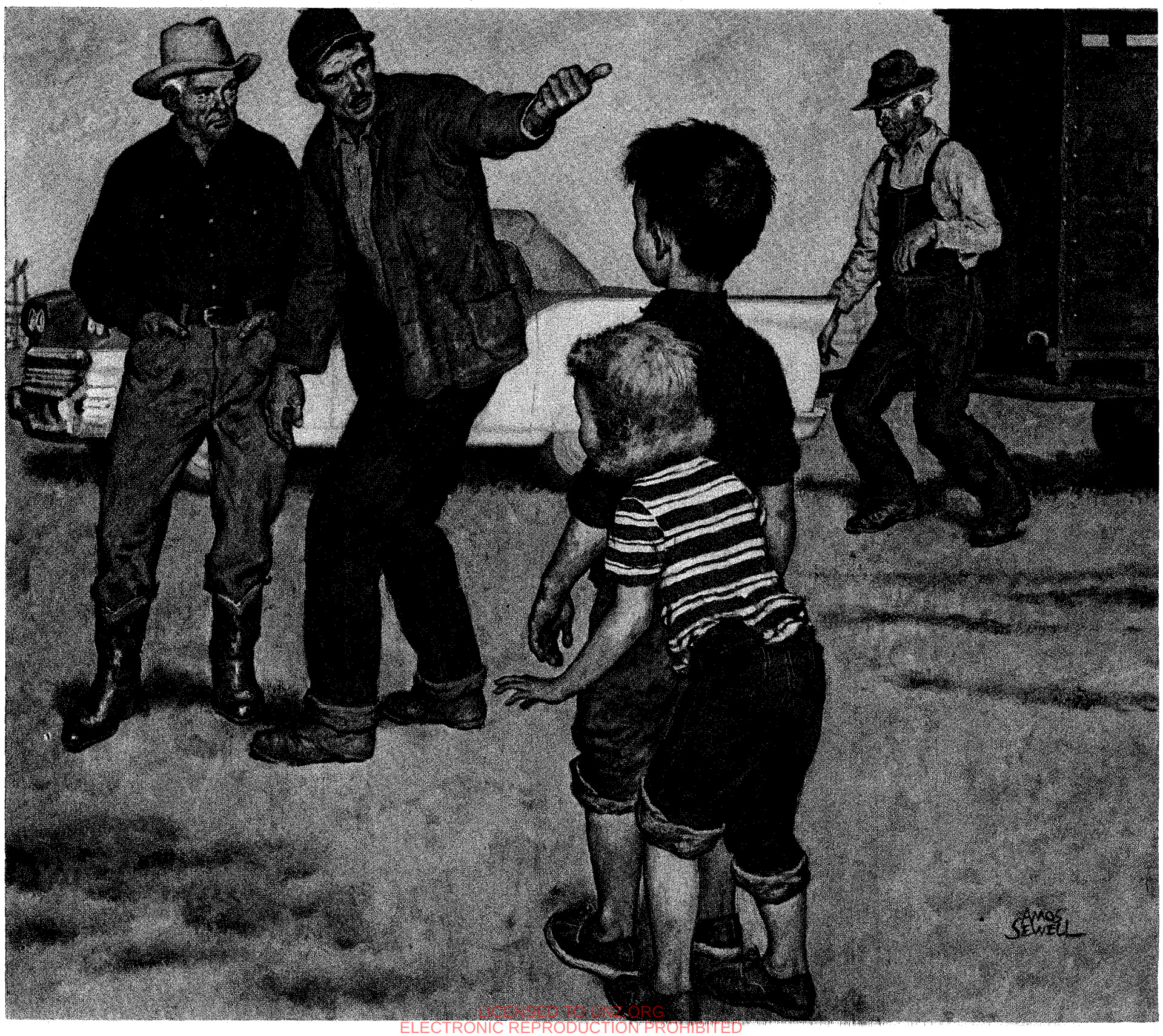
In those days Joe was beginning to build up a herd of cattle as a bulwark against the uncertainties of wheat farming. But as his herd increased, so also did his need for grazing land. And he was hemmed in by big ranches like the Circle H and the Bailey Brothers' 2B. Whenever he tried to extend his holdings, the Baileys or Bill Housman, wealthy owner of the Circle H, would snap up by purchase or lease the extra range that Joe had his eye on.

Uncle Pete always said that Joe was a worry wart. Since Emmy died, he was always worrying about the kids and how to bring them up right. He worried about crop prospects and the price of wheat and about grass and cattle. Right now it was a slack season that gave him plenty of time for worrying.

It was the time of the spring runoff, a time when melting snow makes ponds and watercourses for kids to play in and mothers wail about muddy feet tracking up floors. Babe and Little Joe had no mother, and neither their pop nor their Uncle Pete worried much about a bit of mud on the floor. But when they did not show up for dinner that day, Big Joe began to get uneasy.

"They rode off on the pony," he said presently. "I should've told 'em to keep away from the coulee." (Continued on Page 79)

"Scoot, now!" Joe ordered, before Babe or Little Joe could say anything more.



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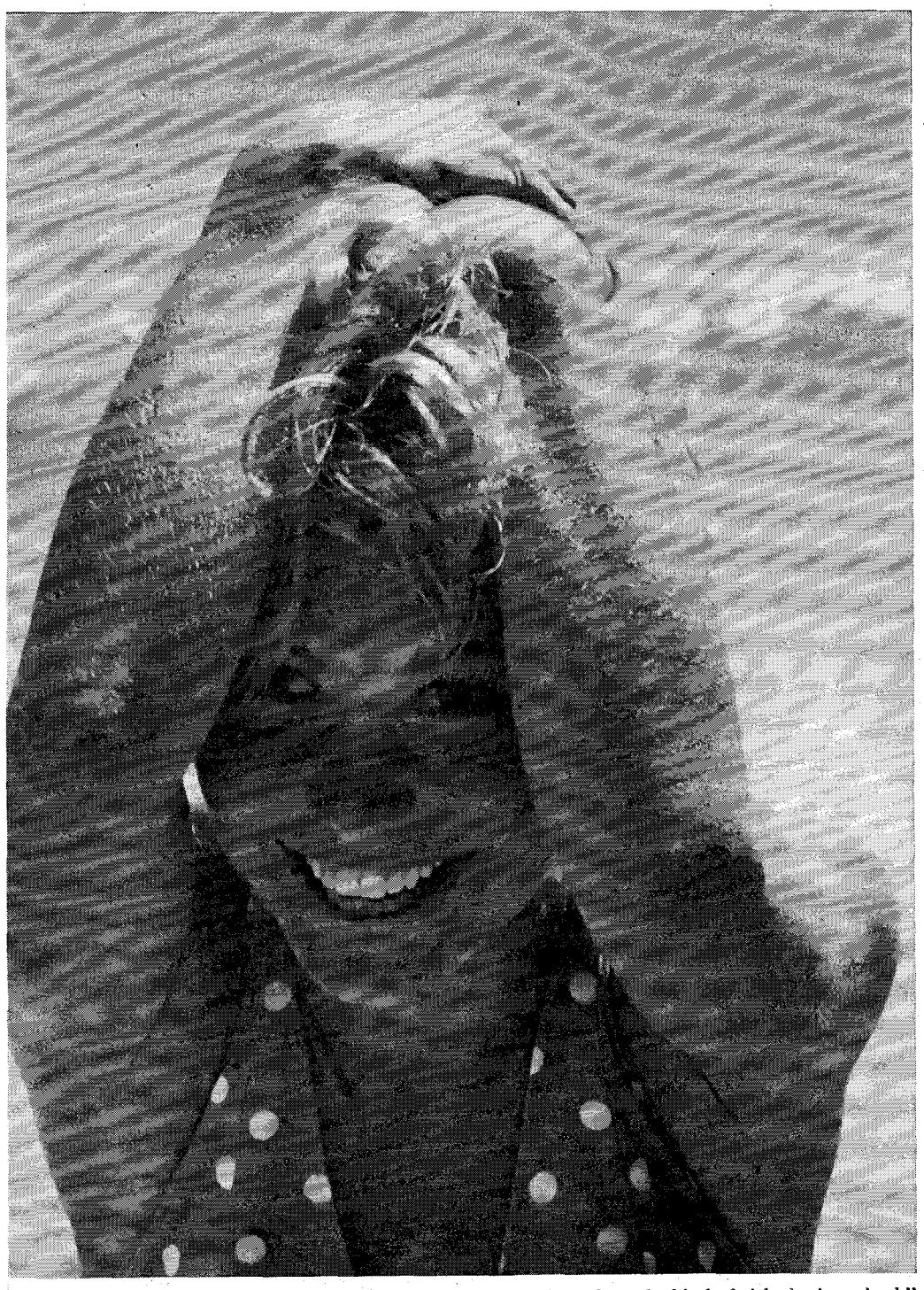
She Made it the Second Time

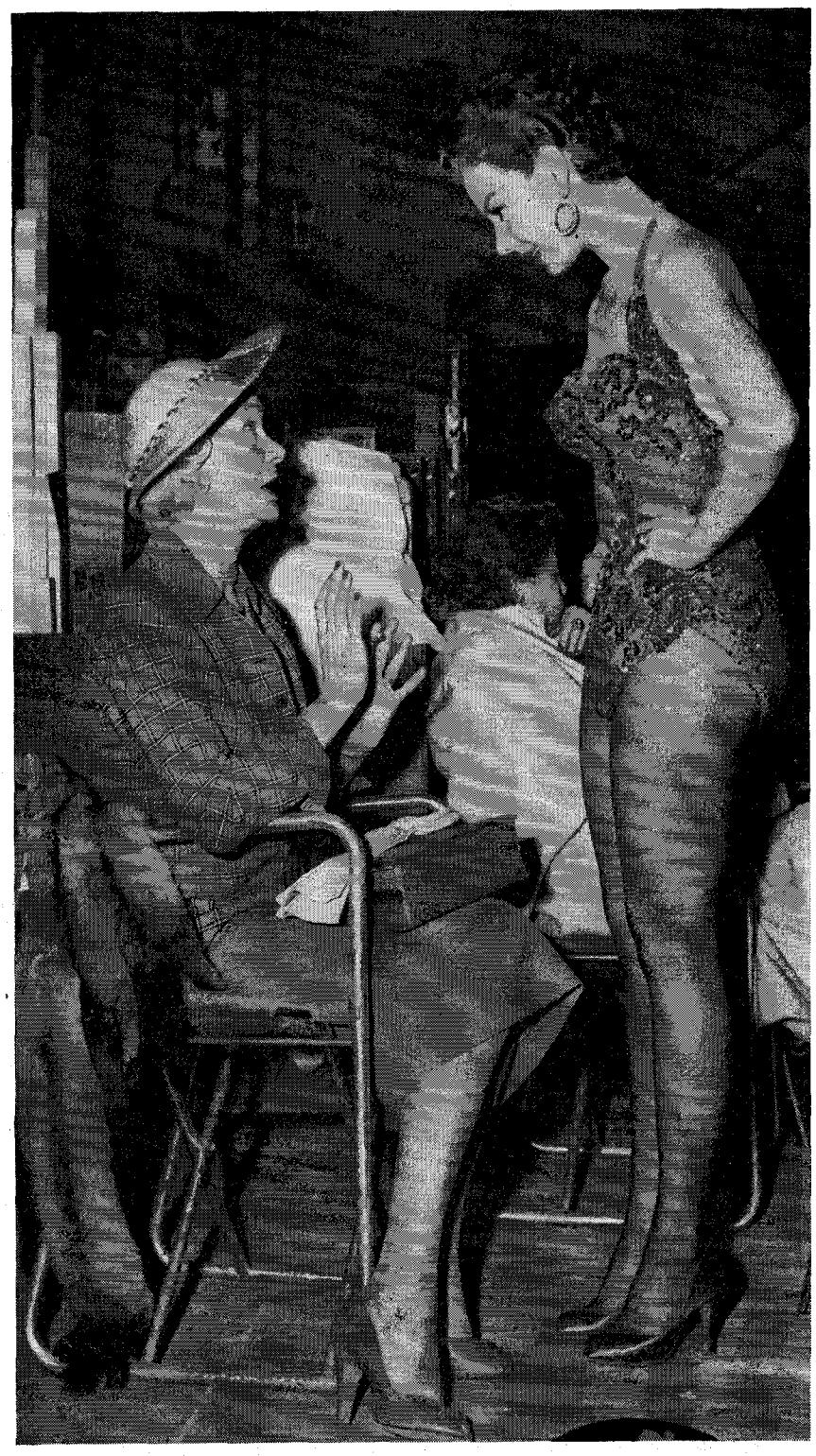
By ROBERT JOHNSON

Mitzi Gaynor was a show-business prodigy, but she fizzled before she reached the top. Now, after her fourteenth film, this pert young star of South Pacific finds that the future opens anew.



She is neither a vamp nor a raving beauty, but "somehow the kind of girl who is noticed."

Mitzi was a 150-pound has-been when she married promotion agent Jack Bean (below) in 1954. With his encouragement, she lost 35 pounds and began her climb to the top.



Mitzi's mother, Mrs. Pauline Gerber (above, visiting Mitzi on location), used to be a professional dancer herself. She now runs a small flower shop in Hollywood.

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It is among the ironies of Mitzi Gaynor's life that, prior to her current starring role as Ensign Nellie Forbush in the movie of South Pacific, Americans by the millions had never even heard of her. It is ironic because, at the age of twenty-six, Mitzi has spent precisely half her life in show business. South Pacific is her fourteenth picture.

There are a number of reasons for the public's long-delayed double-take on Mitzi, but according to those who know her best, one stands out above the others: her youthful talents took her too far too fast. She was a "rising young star" at eighteen, but she apparently never stopped to wonder whither she was rising—or how she would get the rest of the way. Like a rocket with plenty of thrust but no guidance system, she never did get into orbit—up where people could see her. Five years ago, in fact, Hollywood was ready to write her off as just another kid who didn't really have the stuff.

Since that dark day, Mitzi has changed a lot, grown up a lot. Among other things, she has acquired a guidance system capable of directing her into the rarefied atmosphere of stardom. Moreover, she has achieved the spotlight's warm glow without following any of the popular shortcuts. Not once, for example, has she found it necessary to remove her clothes in public. Nor, even in a field where talent is often equated with chest measurement, has she felt any compulsion to join the Protruding Bosom school of dramatic acting.

This is not because of any deficiency in the basic requirements. In the words of Joshua Logan, who directed South Pacific for Twentieth Century-Fox, "Men are aware of the woman that she is." They can hardly miss it. Upon her five-foot-six-inch frame, 115 pounds are tastefully arranged in a configuration probably best described statistically: 37–20–36.

Despite this somewhat breath-taking shape, however, Mitzi's sex appeal is more implicit than blatant. She appeals, in fact, as much to women as to men. "I don't look like I could take their husbands away," she explains.

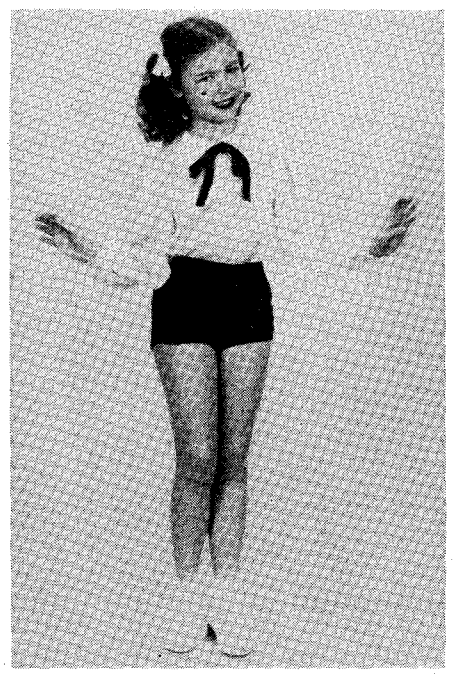
Nor does she. Mitzi is neither a bold-eyed hussy nor a raving beauty. She has smallish hazel eyes, an upturned nose and a generous mouth in a full, oval face. Her head, carried high on a long neck, with much the pert grace of a daffodil, is crowned with an upswept froth of short, blond curls—blond for South Pacific, that is. Mitzi's hair is naturally a light reddish brown, and straight. The fact that she never uses face make-up—"It doesn't look right on me," she says—gives her a well-scrubbed look. And although she likes to think of herself as "more Gypsy than All-American sweetheart"—her father is Hungarian—the adjective most often applied to her is "cute."

This depresses her: "It's such a sort of vague, unattractive, kind of bowlegged word."

Now, however—after South Pacific—she hopes that people (Continued on Page 84)

HOW MITZI BECAME A MOVIE STAR—IN 22 LONG, HARD YEARS

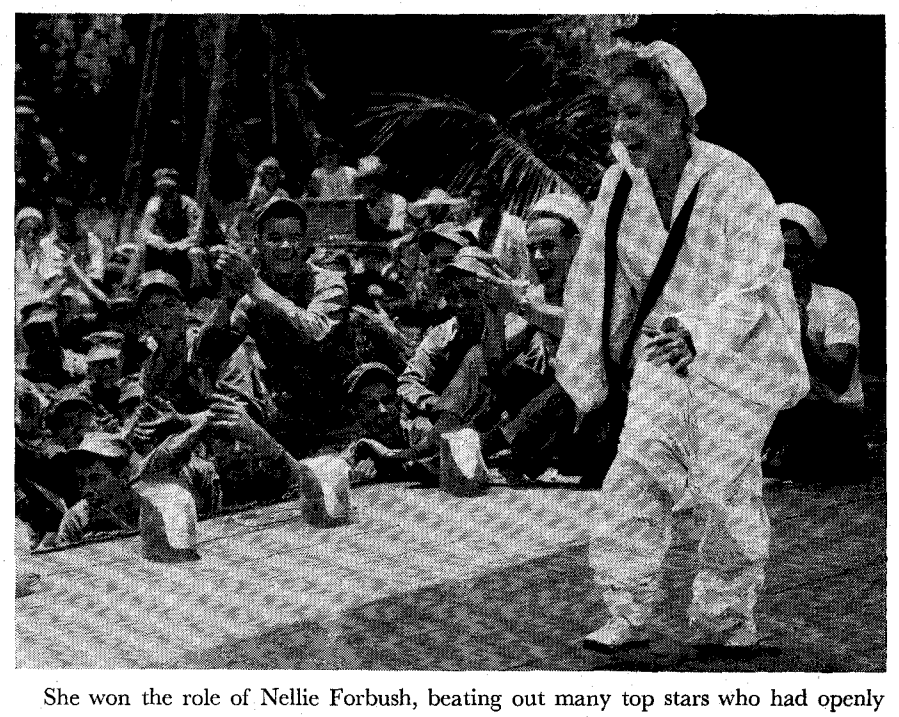
At 4, Mitzi, already set on becoming an actress, started taking ballet lessons.



At 8, she became a professional when a ladies' club paid her $1.25 for a show.

As leading lady in musicals such as "The I Don't Care Girl" (above, with David Wayne), Mitzi formed ham-acting habits that nearly wrecked her career.

With Kay Kendall (right), Gene Kelly and Taina Elg (left) in "Les Girls," 1957, Mitzi gave one of her best performances. But comedienne Kendall stole the show.



She won the role of Nellie Forbush, beating out many top stars who had openly craved the part. Now she laments, "Where do you go after you've done South Pacific?"

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A Day in Monte Carlo

On the yacht he stumbled upon a secret—a secret that might cost him the girl he loved.

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Timgad, Algerian rebel chief, had ordered the murder of Mark Travers' best friend, Philippe Langlé. Corinne Javal promised to help find Timgad, and she became Timgad's next victim. In Nice, Mark stumbled onto a picture of Corinne and a man called Raffaeli, who Mark thought might be Timgad in disguise. But a visit to Raffaeli's fortresslike home only confused Mark. Could this affable man be the ruthless Timgad?

Mark tried to protect Fleur Constant, with whom he had fallen in love, from the danger around him—but she insisted on helping, even though it meant defiance of her brother Guy, a deep-sea scientist. Then Raffaeli sent Mark a note directing him to Colonel Baudon, supposedly Corinne's only close friend. Mark knew that if Raffaeli was Timgad, the note was a trap. Mark told Fleur to wait two hours for him, then notify Inspector Perrier, a French Sûreté official who had also come to Monaco in pursuit of Timgad.

IV

Perhaps it was a trap. If Cesare di Raffaeli wanted him out of the way, then this unexpected message was the bait to lure him to an old village, to meet a man who, supposedly, had known Corinne.

Unexpected? thought Mark. Why unexpected? Hadn't he known that it took time to arrange a murder which would look like an accident? And the two hours that had passed since he had left Raffaeli might have sufficed for him to make the necessary arrangements. A friendly note to a young stranger who had asked him for information about Corinne Javal. Raffaeli would shrug and say something or other to that effect. He had simply meant to be helpful.

Why, indeed, should Raffaeli have bothered to send the note if he was not Timgad, or close to the rebel leader? He was a man far too busy with his affairs to be so thoughtful. The next moment Mark smiled. Yes, Perrier was right—anybody might be Timgad, any situation in which he found himself a trap. But what a way to live—to have to see everything as a threat.

He parked the rented car in a lot below the old village of Eze, which was unique because of its location on a pyramidal mountain. So small and steep were the streets that they could be used only by pedestrians.

An old woman, carrying an enormous load of hay on her bent back, did not stop when Mark questioned her as to where he could find Colonel Baudon.

At a corner Mark found himself opposite a small restaurant. It was really nothing more than a wooden platform on stilts. On it stood two tables with several dilapidated chairs. A step led into a room that smelled of cooking. It was empty. Finally, after Mark had shouted "Hello," several times, a girl appeared, listened intently, but shook her head. "Try the Marabout."

Colonel Baudon was obviously slightly drunk, but the drunkenness, Mark told himself, could be an act.

The Hotel Marabout, barely distinguishable between the other small gray houses, lay farther down along the way he had just come. It had seven rooms, all taken. None of his guests had a name like Baudon, the clerk assured Mark. Only when Mark was already at the door did he remember. "You mean the crazy one, maybe? Monsieur Virgil? You'll find him in the Garden."

Mark mounted several steep steps, passed the old castle and came finally to a small wooden structure that looked like a shelter for guards on duty. It had a sign, giving the entrance fee for the Garden, nailed over a paneless window. Reading absent-mindedly that the Garden had been created a few years ago on the highest point of the mountain, Mark put down his money. Narrow paths led between fantastic cacti and strange flowers to points which offered superb views of the coast line below. There benches had been placed and on the first one, dressed in formal evening attire, playing a mouth organ, sat a man. Mark stopped at a short distance and listened to the tune. A French song. He couldn't place it.

"Colonel Baudon?"

"I am Colonel Baudon." The man turned his head quickly in Mark's direction. "But who are you that you know my name? Nobody here knows it." His voice was clipped, military.

"I am a friend of Corinne's."

The colonel rose, took a step forward, then sat down again. He was obviously slightly drunk, but the drunkenness, Mark told himself, could be an act. Cautiously he came closer until he could see, standing on the bench, two glasses and a cocktail shaker, empty except for a few pieces of ice.

"Have a drink with me," said the colonel, pointing invitingly to the empty space beside him. "You see, she used to come around this time, whenever she was on the Riviera, and we would sit here and drink and watch the evening come and talk. Just talk. About everything and nothing. God bless her soul."

He took from his right pocket a bottle of English gin and, from his left, a small flask of vermouth. "She liked hers with an olive. You too?" And, as if he were a walking bar, he produced a brown-paper bag with some hard, small blue olives in it.

"You know, then, that she is dead."

"Heard it over the radio. Only a little while ago. But brought her glass anyhow, for the sake of illusion. Sit down. Your health."

Mark took the glass and pretended to take a sip. The colonel noticed it. The light blue eyes in the long, tanned face narrowed, then he laughed. "Unless you have reasons for not drinking, go ahead. It isn't poisoned."

"And what makes you think I expect to be poisoned?"

"Corinne was murdered, wasn't she?" said the colonel, almost as if he had taken for granted all along that she would be killed. "I warned her. But would she listen? No. You

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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see, years ago, during the war, it was I who trained her to spy for us. That made us friends. Well, as you can see, I —— The sad fact is, I like to gamble and I like to drink, and if it hadn't been for Corinne, loyal girl that she was ——"

It was strange to think of Corinne befriending and caring for this odd, elderly man in his shabby, formal evening clothes who might really be a retired colonel, down and out, indulging in his few vices, but who could be ——

"I see you don't trust me," said the colonel. "Well, Corinne did. She looked upon me as a sort of father. Mind you, not a father to be proud of. Will it convince you when I tell you that she trusted me enough to mention the Timgad affair to me, to mention a young American? You must be that young American, or you wouldn't have known where to find me."

"She never mentioned you." Mark hesitated. Raffaeli had asked him not to reveal his source of information, but Mark decided to ignore it. "Cesare di Raffaeli did."

"Raffaeli?" repeated Virgil Baudon, downing the contents of his glass. "I don't know how he knows about me, unless Corinne —— I live here incognito, to spare certain people embarrassment, but then, there is nothing that that man doesn't know."

"He pretended not to have known Corinne well. He also took the peculiar point of view that Timgad does not exist."

"He exists," said the colonel, "or Corinne would not have been murdered. Do you mind if I mix myself another drink? But of course, if it suits Raffaeli, he will believe in an accident. It's the one thing nobody can take from us—to believe what we want. For instance, I believe that one night I shall win. And once I have won, I shall stop drinking." He picked up the mouth organ and began to play softly again.

Maybe it was wrong to trust this man. Maybe he was detaining him on purpose. Mark wanted to trust him. But he must not rely on instinct, he warned himself. Yet there was nothing else on which to rely.

"I'm convinced that she found out who Timgad was."

"So am I," said the colonel. "She came up here—when was it? Around this time. She was very excited. She said that she was close to the truth and that it was almost unbelievable. Who knows if it isn't Raffaeli? He may have sent you to me to cover up, to destroy any suspicion on your part. He also may have wanted to find out if I know something, hoping that you, in turn, would tell him."

Yes, thought Mark, thinking of the strange conversation at Sans Souci, anything was possible. "And Corinne never mentioned a name?"

"My fault," said the colonel. "I hushed her up. 'Don't talk,' I told her; 'not until you are certain, and then only to the police. Once you have mentioned a name or a fact, it tends to liberate you from the secrecy necessary to work successfully.' But she must have talked."

"And you? You know nothing?"

"Nothing," said Baudon. "I drink, as you see. It was not safe for her to talk to me. I wouldn't let her."

"But perhaps you know whom she saw, with whom she spent her days, what she did during her stay here?"

(Continued on Page 58)

Mark went down the four steps which led into a small galley.

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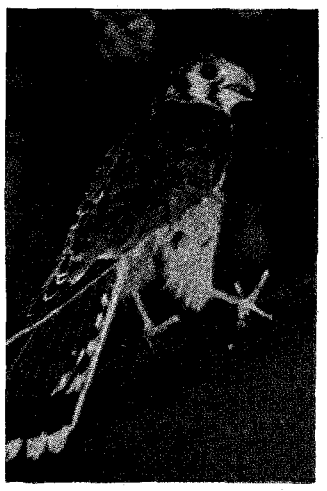
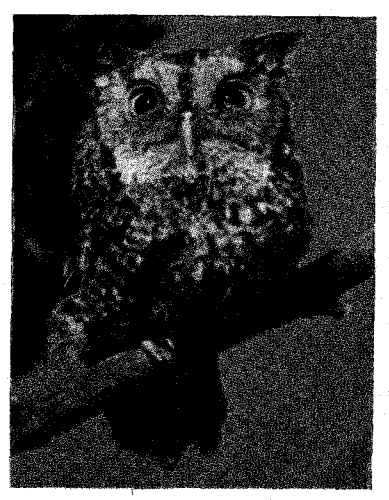


Sparrow Hawk: It is said to be able to fly 150 m.p.h.

Scarlet Tanager: Fluck rescued a baby of this species atop a 50-foot tree.

Cardinal: The doctor swam in winter-cold water to save one from drowning.



Screech Owl: Now dead, this star performer was petted by over 10,000 kids.

Cedar Waxwing: Bird watchers kno it by its bright yellow tail band.

Here is a physician of many talents. When he's not ministering to human patients, he treats injured birds. And in his spare time

He Runs a Bird College

By ROUL TUNLEY

One snowy day last winter, a flaming-red cardinal took off from the banks of the Delaware where Gen. George Washington made his crucial crossing. But, unlike the general, the cardinal didn't make it. Exhausted from lack of food, he sank down on the water, unable to fly.

Fortunately, a man—a doctor—saw the bird fall. And though there's nothing in the Hippocratic Oath about birds, he didn't hesitate a moment. Knowing that without help the cardinal would die, he slipped off his shoes, jacket and tie, and plunged into the icy water. In a few minutes the bird was safe in his hands. He then drove home in his dripping clothing with the cardinal as a passenger. On arrival, he tended to the bird, changed into dry clothing, and finally started the afternoon's business of looking after a waiting room full of patients.

There are few doctors in this world who would have risked the waters of a winter river to rescue a stray bird, but then there are few doctors like Paul Fluck. For five days each week he tends patients in the town of Lambertville, New Jersey, where he lives. On weekends he turns into a bird man. He puts aside stethoscope and black bag, and conducts one of the most astonishing institutions in America—a bird college.

Officially his campus is called a "bird-banding station," and it's located in a 478-acre state park at Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania. Paul does band birds there—a process whereby he clamps tiny metal bands on their legs so that their migrations and other phenomena can be studied scientifically—and he also gives lectures. In fact, he's probably the most popular bird lecturer in America today.

Dr. Fluck (yellow shirt) at his traps. He keeps uninjured birds only long enough to band them.

In the last six years he has given talks every Saturday and Sunday before a total of 75,000 "students" without missing a day. He is the president and sole faculty member of the bird college, which asks no tuition and offers no salary.

Lectures follow the same pattern every week. Just before his talk, Paul traps some birds, shows them to the audience at close range, bands them and finally releases them. Most of them have been in captivity less than an hour. Some of the birds like performing so much that they fly right back into the cages. At such times they are merely released again.

Classes are held out of doors on open benches. The audience of both grownups and children is apt to be capacity whether visitors are sitting in summer clothes or are ankle-deep in snow. There is a shelter nearby where classes can be held when it's pouring rain, but Paul is reluctant to move indoors because the coloring of the birds is most brilliant under natural light.

Birds are only part of the curriculum. The real course is conservation. But Paul rarely mentions this. Conservation is a long, frightening word, and he doesn't want to scare people away. Nevertheless, that's the real subject at

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At one of his weekly lectures at Washington Crossing Park, Dr. Fluck introduces a cowbird to youngsters. He has delivered over 800 of these talks.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

Above: Ornithologist Fluck demonstrates his bird-banding technique. As many as 60 per cent of a banded flock have returned to the sanctuary the following year.

Washington Crossing. Birds are merely the lure. Using them as bait, Paul traps humans.

"If you can interest people in a bird," he says, "they're apt to get interested in other wildlife. Pretty soon they'll be thinking about trees, soil, erosion, water and all the things that keep nature in balance."

People seem increasingly easy to trap. Nobody has actually counted either the birds or the people who like to watch them, but Roger Tory Peterson, one of the leading bird authorities in the United States, estimates that there are well over 7,000,000,000 birds in the country and more (Continued on Page 82)

During off hours from his "people patients," the doctor built this duck pond at Washington Crossing Park.

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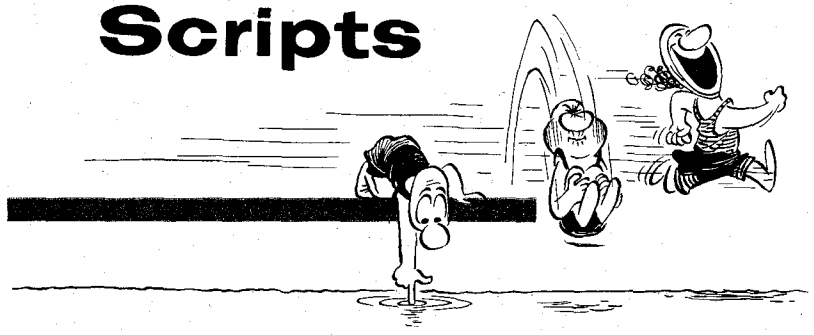
Post Scripts



"Did you actually see him in your flower bed?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Well, son, it's hard to believe you'll be driving off to college this fall—same age I was when I was pearl-diving at the old Greasy Spoon to make my tuition. Time sure flies!"

"Yes, sir, it gives a man a funny feeling to realize his son's nearly grown up! Of course, you're still a little shorter —— Oh, aren't you? Well, I'll be darned! And your shoulders aren't quite as —— They are? Is that a fact! Say, I guess we're about the same size, at that!"

"That was quite a time you had last year, all right, running the—what'd they call it?—Crazy-legs Jackson Minuet and Bop Club. But I'm certainly glad you realize college isn't going to be all fun and tiddlywinks. I mean, like you wrote the dean when you sent in your application."

"You know, son, I can't figure out what's wrong with so many kids these days—they think money just grows on trees. I'm pretty lucky all right, having a boy that's got some sense!"

And the fast break:

". . . and that old tux of mine is still plenty good, understand, and it's the only one you're going to get, understand, and that's final, understand, so just shag yourself up to the attic and shake out those mothballs and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

Nasty Notes I Plan to Write

(When I can find the time and my fountain pen)

1

To the Milkman

At four A.M. you make your call,
To clink and clank and pound—
We'd get a lot more sleep if you
Would send the cow around!
(P.S. Please leave 2 qts. and 1 pt. cream)

2

To the People Next Door

Neighbor mine, who lives so clost—
I'd enjoy my TV most
If you'd tune yours down sometime,
Or listen to the channel I'm!

3

To the Door-to-Door Salesman

Dauntless huckster at my door
With "free samples" by the score,
Ere you start your usual gush—
Here! I'm giving YOU "the brush"!

MARY ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN

Masculine Standard Time

6:58 P.M.—"I've got plenty of time to shave and shower before dinner." (Dinner is at seven.)

1:36 P.M.—"Why don't I wash the car? Do you realize when we're due at the Barwalds'? And I still have to dress." (They are due at the Barwalds' at four-thirty.)

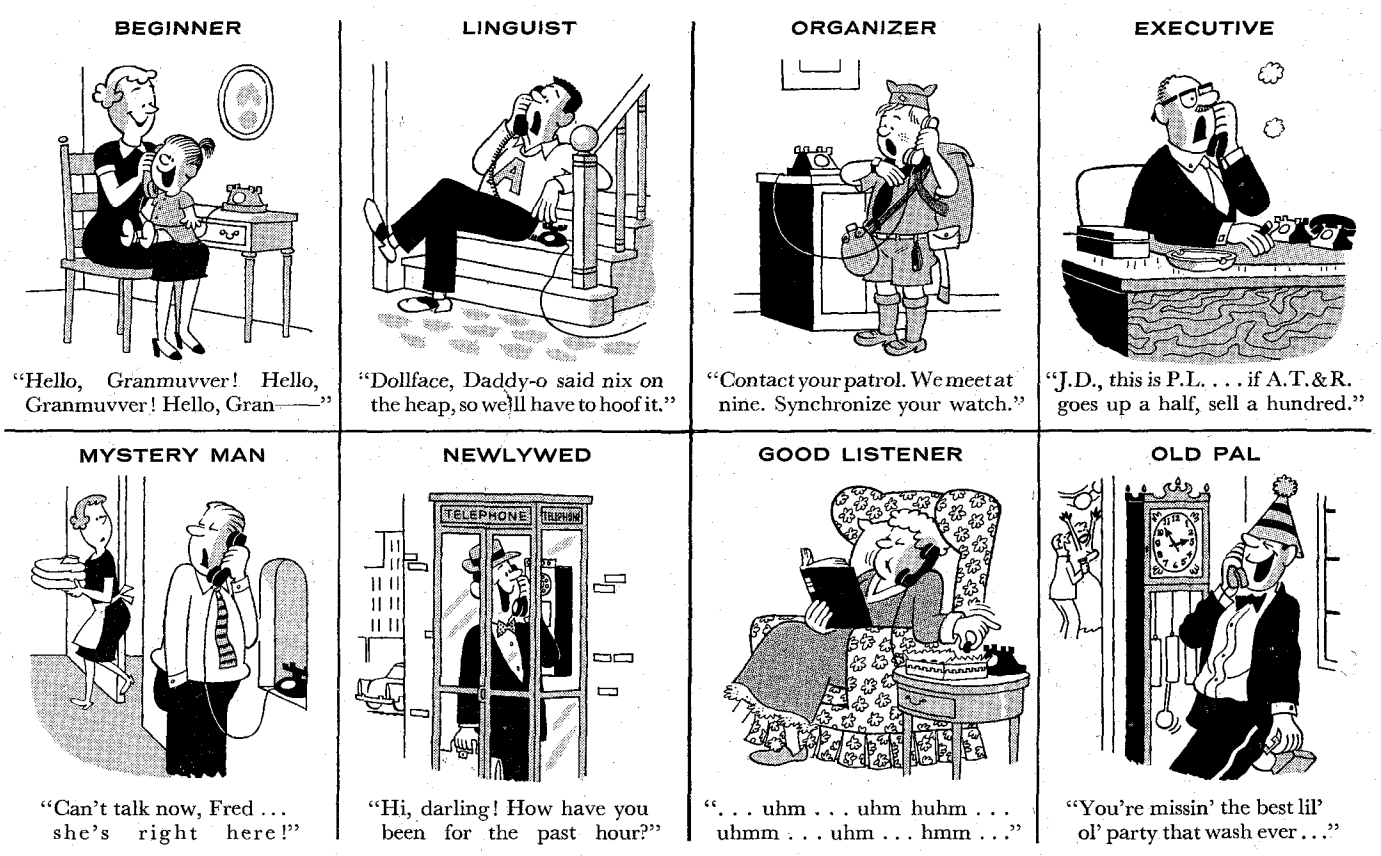
10:18 A.M.—"Oh, come on. We can easily get in another nine holes before our Business Management meeting." (Their Business Management meeting is at 11 o'clock.)

4:55 P.M.—"By the way, I haven't dictated those letters yet. However, all of them are short ones. You'll have ample time to type them and get them out before closing." (Closing is at five.)

3:03 A.M.—"Go home? *Now?* Aw, honey! It's jush a minute or two pash midnight!"

MM PORTERFIELD

TELEPHONE TYPES By BILL HARRISON


BEGINNER
"Hello, Granmuvver! Hello, Granmuvver! Hello, Gran——"
LINGUIST
"Dollface, Daddy-o said nix on the heap, so we'll have to hoof it."
ORGANIZER
"Contact your patrol. We meet at nine. Synchronize your watch."
EXECUTIVE
"J.D., this is P.L. . . . if A.T.&R. goes up a half, sell a hundred."
MYSTERY MAN
"Can't talk now, Fred . . . she's right here!"
NEWLYWED
TELEPHONE
"Hi, darling! How have you been for the past hour?"
GOOD LISTENER
". . . uhm . . . uhm huhm . . . uhmm . . . uhm . . . hmm . . ."
OLD PAL
"You're missin' the best lil' ol' party that wash ever . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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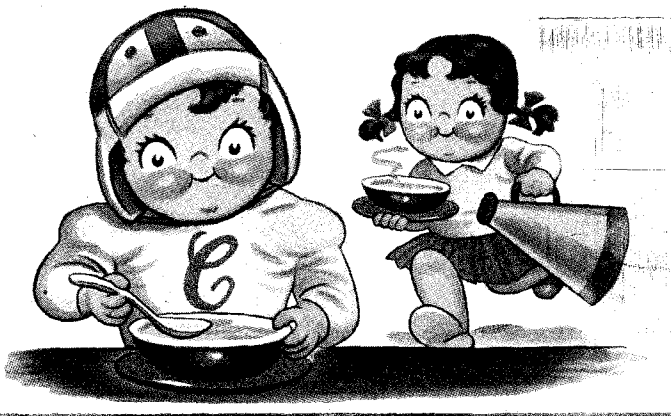
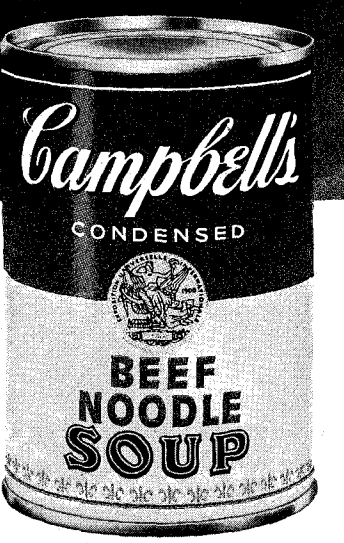


Quick and easy...thrifty, too!

Campbell's Soups are <u>good</u> for you!

CAMPBELL'S BEEF NOODLE SOUP...<u>TASTE IT</u>! Dip up a spoonful of those melt-in-your-mouth noodles, that tender beef, that warming, delicious broth! M'm! Good! Good because it's made the Campbell way, with enriched golden egg noodles, fine lean beef, artful seasoning. Enjoy a bowlful of Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup. It's ready in 4 minutes... costs less than 7¢ a serving. And it makes a pleasure of the healthy, happy habit...once a day...every day—Soup!

Have <u>you</u> had your soup today?



M'm! Good!
Nourishing
good
every time
'cause it's
Campbell's

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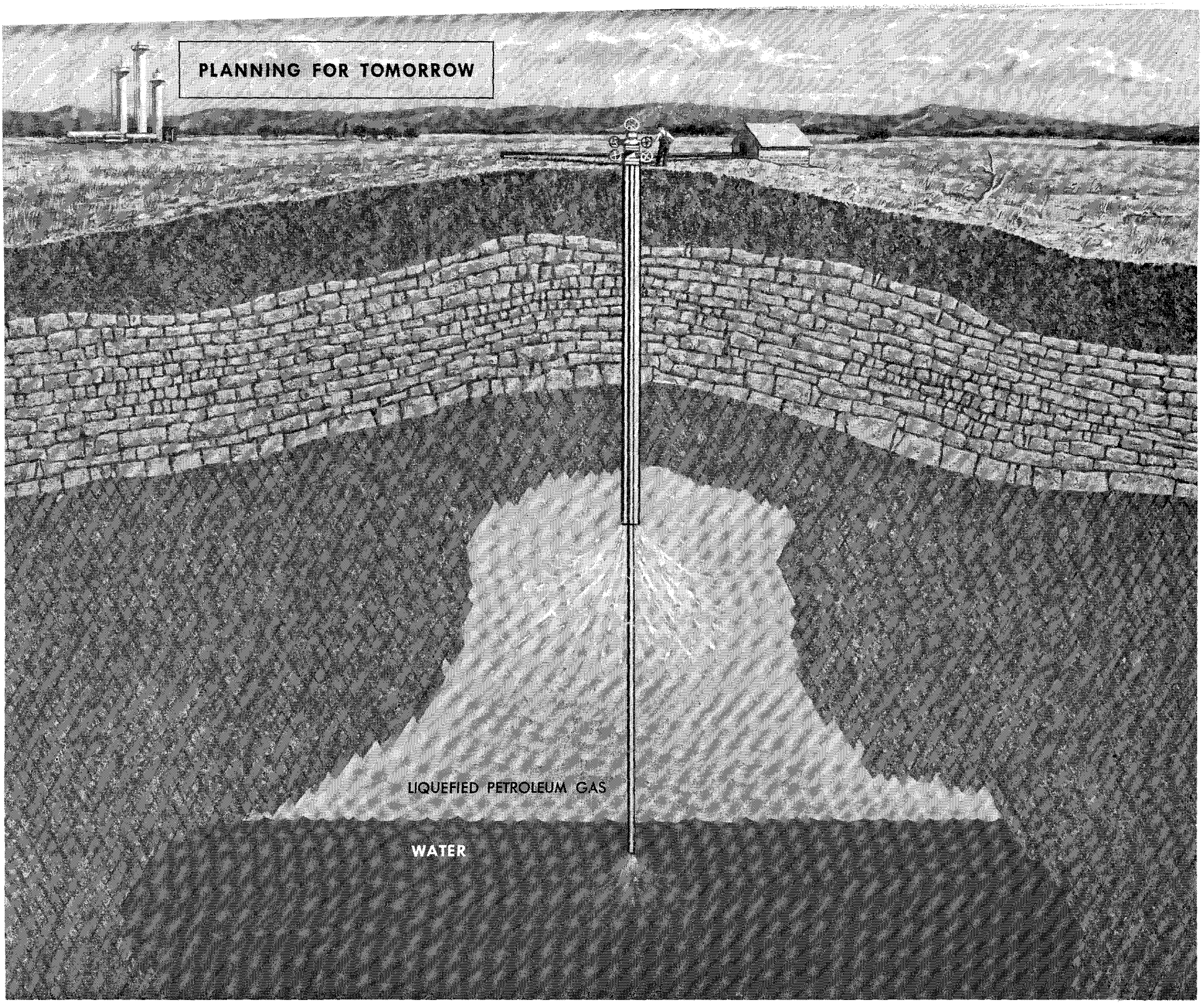


One of the three storage wells at Dollarhide, Texas

Pure Oil builds an 11½ million gallon "gas bank" half a mile underground

Here, in summer, we store liquefied petroleum gas for use during the peak winter season

LPG (liquefied petroleum gas) is a highly useful item. For heating, for cooking, for truck, bus, and tractor fuel. The problem is that while the supply of LPG is fairly constant throughout the year, the demand becomes very heavy during the winter.

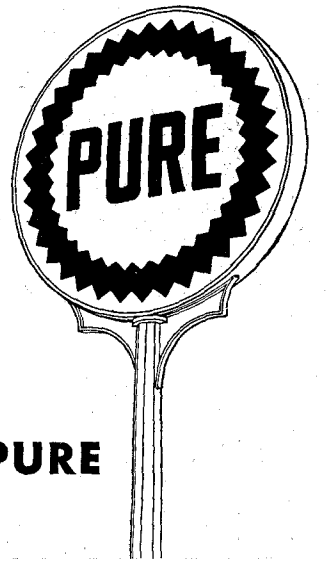
How, then, do we store millions of gallons of LPG during the summer to meet peak wintertime needs?

For the answer, PURE and associates turned to Mother Nature. At Dollarhide, Texas, we excavated three huge underground caverns nearly half a mile below the surface.

Now PURE can put "on deposit" in this underground "gas bank" 11½ million gallons of LPG—and be *sure* it is stored safely and economically.

It's just another example of the enormous amount of planning, skill and ingenuity that go into putting the *sure* in PURE . . . in all our products, at every one of our nearly 16,000 stations in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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I MARRIED MURDER

By EDWIN LANHAM

Who was trying to frame my wife?

The death of my wife's younger sister—Mousie—apparently was not a suicide. Lieutenant Gray told me that it was rigged to look like a drowning, but that she really had been strangled to death. Her handbag was missing; I reasoned that meant that she could have been murdered by a robber.

Lieutenant Gray had a different idea. He practically accused me of murdering Mousie. He had found out about the time I kissed her at the yacht club, that someone had taken a shot at me, and that Mousie and I had quarreled.

He didn't know that Mousie had threatened to accuse my wife, Stella, of doing the shooting. Nor did he know that Mousie had failed to keep an appointment with George Duncan—an old lawyer friend of mine—who was going to try to talk her out of it. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Gray deduced that Stella must have shot at me out of jealousy, and that I must have murdered Mousie to keep her quiet.

I left the police barracks with a feeling of helpless dread.

VII

I drove slowly on the way home from the police barracks, while a trailer truck behind me raced its motor angrily until it had a chance to pass. Lieutenant Gray worried me. Even though he had drawn the wrong conclusion from the facts before him, the alert movement of his mind from clue to clue was ominous. He would not believe that a robber had killed Mousie, and could I? But either I had to believe it or I must admit that Mousie had been killed by someone who wished to silence her.

As I was turning off the main street by the post office I saw Gladys Bevans standing with Phil Hunter on the curb. I slowed, looked back and stopped. As I stepped out of the car I thought that I had no right to be angry with Gladys; it was an honest citizen's duty to answer the questions of the police. But still, it had been gratuitous to tell Lieutenant Gray about that kiss on the sea wall.

She was dressed in black slacks and a yellow shirt, and as she came to meet me Phil Hunter trailed along behind her, carrying a grocer's paper bag in his arms.

She said in a low voice, "I've been wondering if I can help in any way, Mike?"

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"Thank you, but I guess not," I said.

"I don't need to tell you how sorry I am, Mike," Phil Hunter said. "She was a wonderful kid. Always ready with a laugh. Always there with a good gag."

"Mike," Gladys said softly, "I heard it wasn't—I mean I heard she was killed."

"Did Lieutenant Gray tell you that?"

"Yes. Tell me, Mike, why is he going around asking everybody questions?"

"He's a cop," Phil Hunter said. "There was a homicide."

"But it was a robber, wasn't it? Why did he want to know where you were last night, and all that, Mike?"

"Didn't he tell you why?"

"No."

"But you told him plenty," I said, and softened the words with a wry grin. "About kisses on the sea wall and so forth."

"Kisses on the sea wall?" she said.

"With Mousie," I said.

"I didn't tell him anything like that," she said, with a hurt look. "You have a rather harsh way of repaying friendship with coldness, Mike."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I naturally thought it was you."

"Perhaps you don't even know how much your friends have gone out of their way to defend you," she said. "Me, Elaine, Charlie—all of us. Ask Phil about last night, for instance."

"Look, I've already apologized to Mike about Roberta Allison," Phil said. "Damn it, I'm not responsible; I can't control her."

I asked tightly, "What happened, Gladys?"

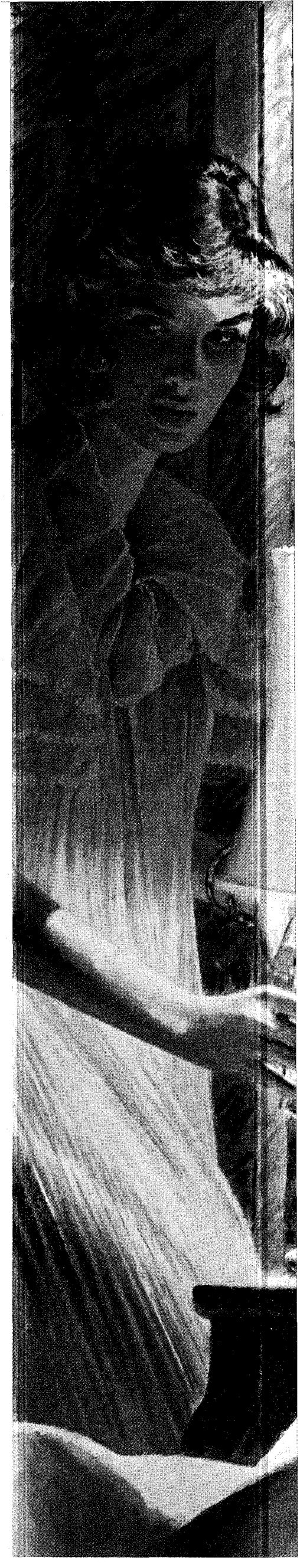
"It was before you came in last night, Mike," Phil said. "Roberta let go again. She was on the tipsy side."

"She said some nasty, catty things," Gladys said. "They don't bear repeating."

"In this case, I'd like to hear them."

"It was about Stella and George Duncan, mostly. She talked about how George was always on hand at her brother's and how he's hanging around your house now. I told her if she didn't shut

(Continued on Page 73)



Stella was already undressed and in negligee and stood with two small red capsules in her hand.

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The Marriage Question

(Continued from Page 21)

of starvation, and presently Julius was watching his daughter making brownies and milk disappear as if frightened. "Don't they feed you up there?" he teased.

"In a vile sort of a way, yes."

Julius glanced at Helen, mildly alarmed. "What kind of a place is she going to?"

Helen grinned. "A perfectly normal institution for higher education, I would say."

Relieved, Julius studied his daughter. She was a little bit older perhaps, but there was the same childlike innocence, the same preoccupation with teen-age appetites. Someday she would be a beautiful woman. Happily, that day was a long time away. Julius noted with approval that his daughter still wore the pony hairdo of her early teens.

"Do you like it up there?" Helen asked, smiling.

"It's wonderful, mamma."

Julius felt compelled to ask about more practical things. "How about your courses? Are they tough?"

"Not if you crack a book now and then—mostly now."

And Helen asked, "Do you ever have time for fun?"

Betty smirked. "There's always time for coeducating, mamma!"

"What is that?" Julius asked, though he thought he knew.

"Never mind," said Helen. "You're too young."

Betty was unsmiling now. "Hey, mamma? Do you want to hear something funny?"

"What, dear?"

"I think that boy wants to marry me."

Instantly Julius was alert. "What boy?"

As a quick frown flitted across Helen's brow Betty looked at Julius incredulously. "Do you mean, you didn't see him?"

"No, I didn't see him!"

"But he took me right to the porch; you must have seen him!"

Then light exploded. "Do you mean," Julius asked in utter disbelief—"do you mean that idiot with the hearse?"

Suddenly Julius saw a strange, new dignity envelop his daughter. "Daddy," she said firmly, "that idiot with the hearse happens to be a very, very smart boy."

Julius ached to get at the bottom of the idiot-with-the-hearse affair, for all his life he had been accustomed to meeting crises head-on. But now, like many a husband and father before him, he found himself outmaneuvered. Betty and Helen chattered like schoolgirls and simply wouldn't allow the subject of a boy and a hearse to arise. It was as if there were an understanding between them that a mere male could not be allowed to intrude upon.

They were just finishing dinner when the hideous dingdonging sounded outside.

"There's that hearse again!" Julius choked.

His daughter giggled. "Certainly! We're going to the movies at the drive-in." She skipped to the hall closet and got her coat. "Be back later, folks!" she called.

Julius attempted a direct measure. "Betty," he ordered, "you bring that boy in here. I want to talk to him."

Betty came back to her father and kissed him lightly on the top of his head. "Daddy, I don't think you want to try coping with a boy like Jimmy," she said. She sounded like a mother.

For a moment after Betty went out the door Julius glared, speechless, at Helen. "The day that I can't cope with a boy who drives a hearse with bells on it ——" he began at last.

"Julius," said Helen, "did you really think that the day would never come when some boy would want to marry her?"

Julius looked at her in honest bewilderment. "Helen, you aren't taking this thing seriously?"

Helen answered him flatly. "Yes, Julius, I am. Betty has never hidden anything from us before, and we have no reason to think that she's kidding us now."

"Helen, you're being ridiculous!"

"I wouldn't count on that, dear."

"But she isn't ready for marriage!"

"I wouldn't count on that either."

"At eighteen?" Julius could hardly contain his disdain.

"Children of eighteen have rocked empires, darling," Helen said.

Julius' jaw set. "Well, no boy who drives a hearse with bells on it is going to rock my empire."

"Love might, though."

"But she spoke of his wanting her to marry him as something funny!"

"Which was one way of trying to open and close a conversation at the same time. Isn't the real fact of the matter, darling, that you are the one who isn't ready for Betty to marry?"

"Of course I'm not ready!" Julius sat thinking furiously for a solution to a problem which had not yet actually arisen and which offered nothing more tangible to work on than a vintage hearse with a brass bell on it. Suddenly he got grimly to his feet. "Helen, I'm going to talk with that boy."

"No!" Helen was surprisingly adamant. "This isn't a problem in annuities, Julius. We may not approve of what may be going on, but at least we've got to respect it."

"But, Helen, there is such a thing as being practical!"

"I know, darling, and love is the most practical thing on earth." Then Helen said, kissing him, "Darling, why don't you go read a book?"

Julius tried to do exactly that, with small success. The printed pages still persisted in blurring when Betty came in, tossing her coat into the nearest chair just as she had done for years.

"Hi!" Betty's tone was filled with the pure pleasure of being alive.

"Did you have a nice time, dear?" Helen smiled.

"Oh, we had a ball."

"What movies did you see?" Julius asked.

Betty cocked an eye upward. "Well, the first one was Back in Love Again." Then she giggled. "I don't remember what the second one was!"

"Why not?" Julius demanded suspiciously.

Betty smirked. "We were too busy making out."

"Making out?" Julius glanced at Helen.

"Necking, to you," Helen said. "Julius, you used to be quite fond of necking; or don't you remember?"

Betty squealed with skeptical delight. "Daddy? Necking?"

Julius reddened. "What's so funny about that? At least your mother and I were engaged."

"So? How do you know I'm not engaged?"

"Are you, dear?" Helen asked quietly.

Betty smirked again. "I wouldn't give him a chance to ask me!"

As Julius remembered it, he had had no difficulty whatever in asking Helen to marry him. "And just how do you accomplish a thing like that?" he wanted to know.

"Kiss him!" Betty squealed. "Anybody knows that!"

This was not a premise that Julius was prepared to accept. "Helen," he said painfully, "isn't it about time that you explained to your daughter what that sort of thing can lead to?"

Helen had a ready answer. "Darling, this is a wonderful age we're living in, but as far as I know it still isn't possible to handle a boy by remote control."

"You are so right, mamma," Betty said.

Looking at his daughter, Julius saw something that disturbed him—more than a trace of worldly wisdom.

"Betty, are you in love with this boy?" Helen asked.

Betty thought a moment. "I'm not sure, mamma," she said at last.

"Don't you think it would be nice if we met him?"

Betty hesitated before she explained. "Mamma, Jimmy simply isn't the kind of a boy a girl brings home to her parents until she's made up her own mind. It is much too dangerous."

"Dangerous?" Julius said unbelievingly. "To bring home a boy who drives a hearse with bells on?"

Betty turned to go upstairs to bed. "Yes, daddy. A boy who drives a hearse with bells on."

With Betty gone, Julius began to pace. "Helen," he said, now thoroughly disturbed, "it doesn't make sense!"

"Who are you trying to convince, dear? You—or me?"

Julius didn't answer, for he had already stopped at an end table which was piled high with Betty's textbooks. He stared at them, thinking of all the things he had planned for her future, and he longed to come to grips with this boy and his incredible hearse before it was too late. "She hasn't even had time to have any fun yet!"

Helen knew what he was thinking. "Babies are fun," she said. "Lots of fun."

Julius idly flipped open a book and a slip of paper fell out. He bent to pick it up and saw that it was in Betty's handwriting. Up in one corner was scrawled the word "Jimmy." The rest was a poem.

Who is he sitting here?
Holding my hand, admiring my hair?
What is he to me?
Or I to him?
If we should marry, what then?
Would I wonder about
What might have been?

Julius tried to put the poem back in the book, but Helen noticed.

"What is it, Julius?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Let me see it." Her tone left no room for refusal.

To Julius it seemed an eternity before Helen finished reading, an eternity during which the warm, secure world he had built for himself and his family was being threatened to its very foundations.

Helen handed the poem back quietly. "Do you still think she's a child, Julius?"

Very late that night Julius was still staring, sleepless, up into the darkness. For the first time in his life he had the sinking feeling that life could go on in spite of him. He reached for Helen's hand and felt it squeeze in return.

"Helen, do you think she would actually do it?"

"I don't know, darling. I simply don't know."

Much to Julius' relief, Betty didn't go out with Jimmy the next night. Instead, after prolonged conversations on the telephone it became evident that Betty was meeting with a group of girls for the evening.

"Hen party?" Julius asked, trying to grin.

"Gee, daddy, girls have to compare notes once in a while!"

"About what?"

"Oh, men—and stuff."

"Men?" To Julius a boy wasn't actually a man until he had graduated from college, established himself in a business, had a reasonable bank account and a solid future. He chuckled his forced tolerance.

"What else is there to talk about?" Betty said in some surprise. She turned to her mother. "Is there anything else to talk about, mamma?"

"Not for a woman," said Helen.

Julius let it go. He had already learned the wisdom of avoiding the middle when two females were in agreement, and when Betty had gone he settled down to a detective serial. At such times he hated to be interrupted.

The doorbell rang. Because he could hear Helen filling the dishwasher in the kitchen, Julius went to the door, expecting that it would be the newsboy coming around for his monthly collection.

"Good evening, sir!" It was Jimmy, but he was not dressed in black and he wore no derby.

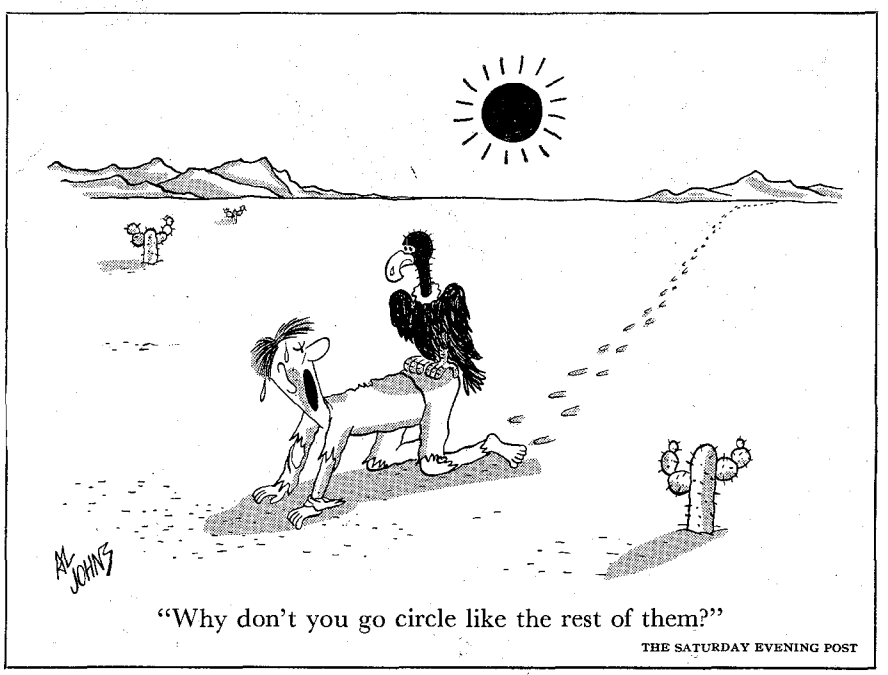
"Did you come in that hearse?" Julius glared.

Jimmy exhibited a remarkable poise. "Yes, sir. But I parked it around the corner."

"Oh. Well, Betty is out."

"I know, sir. May I come in?"

Then Julius became aware that Helen was behind him. "Please do, Jimmy!" she said with a (*Continued on Page 48*)



"Why don't you go circle like the rest of them?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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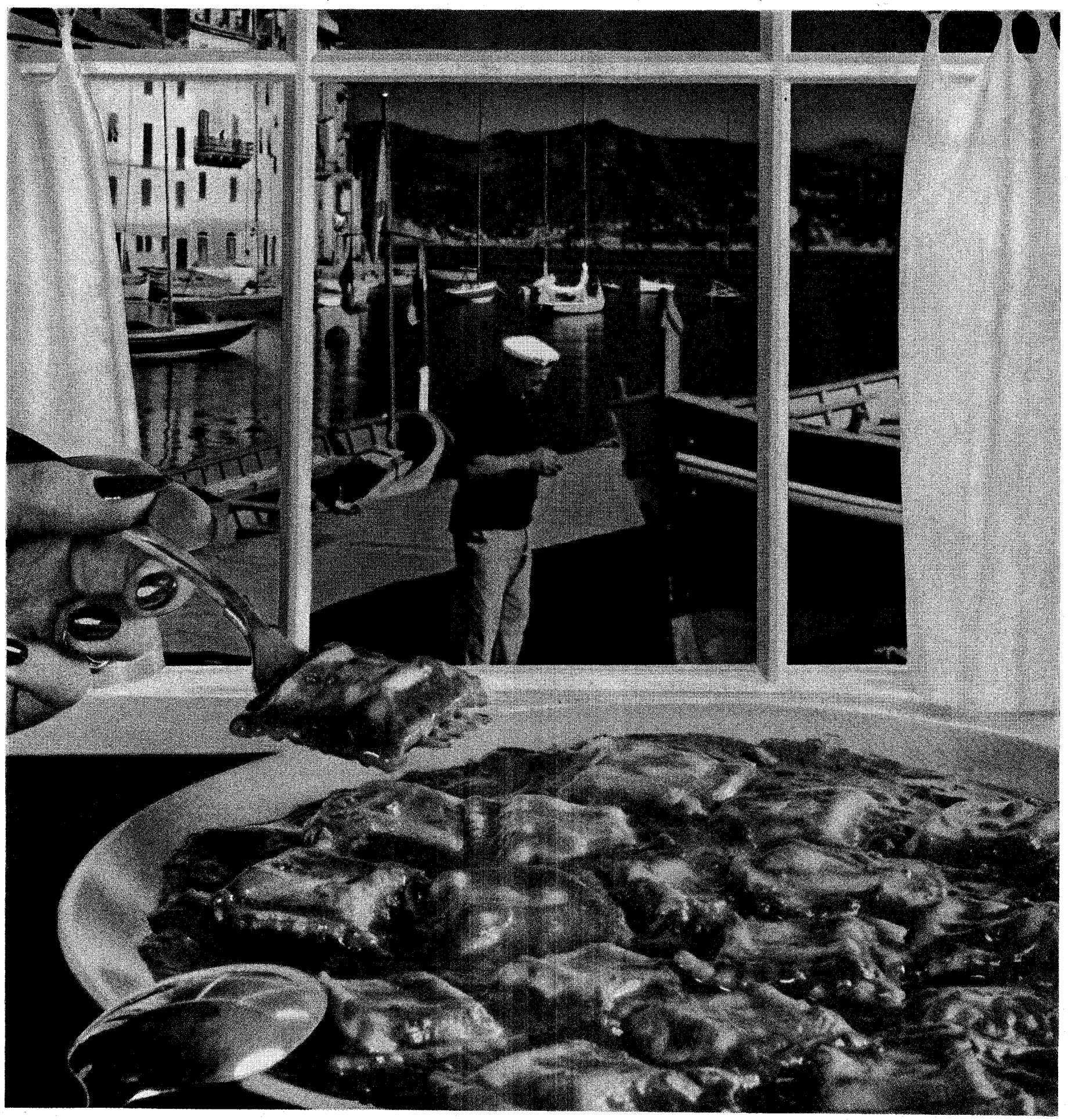

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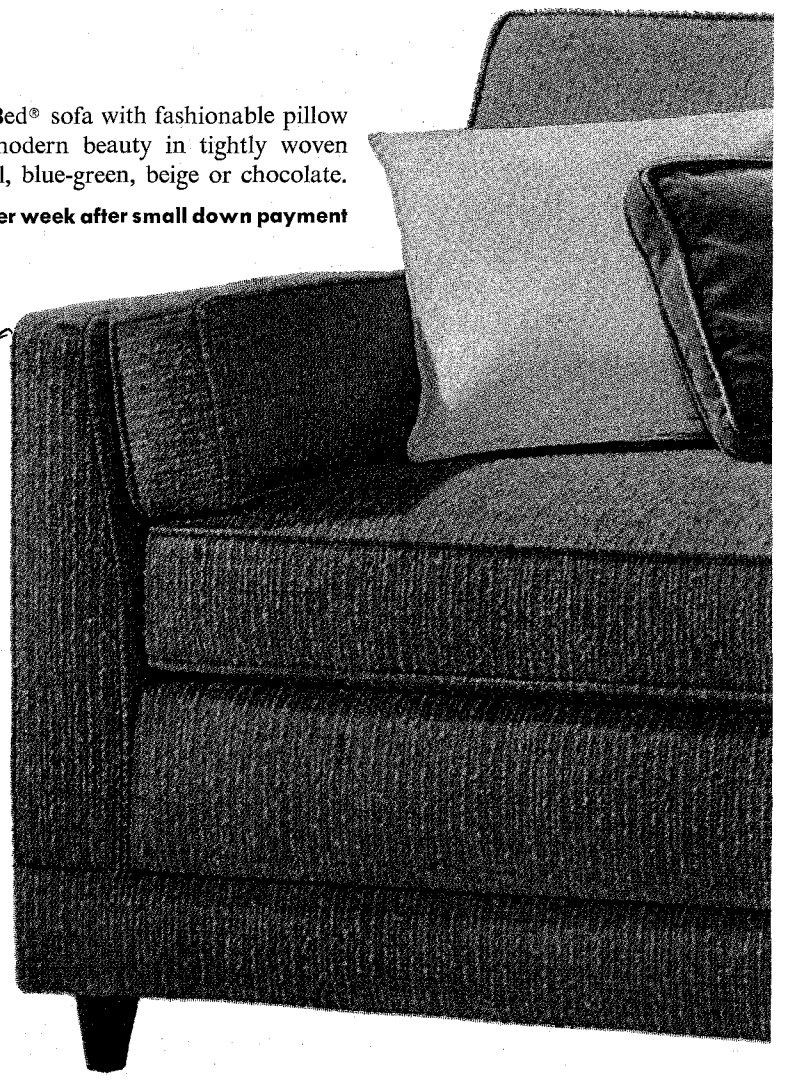

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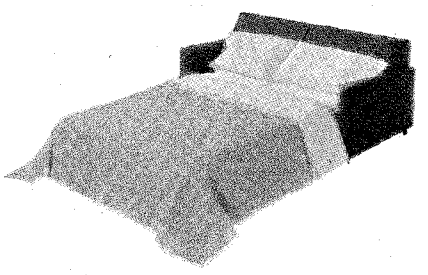

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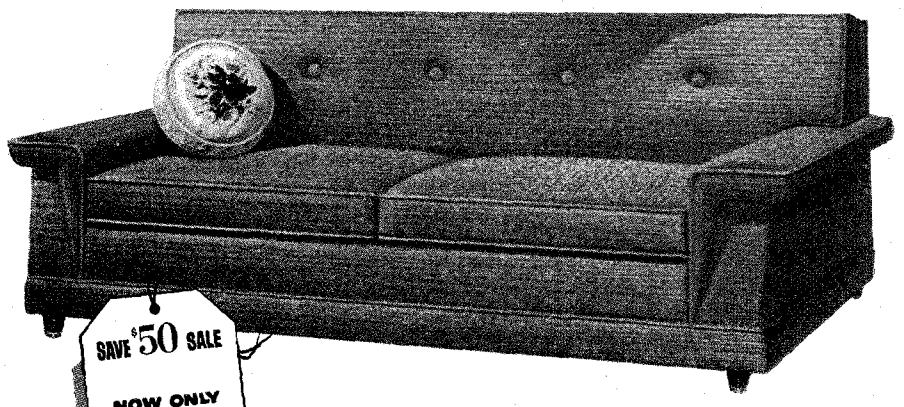

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(*Continued from Page 44*) curious warmth in her tone. She held out her hand in welcome.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the boy, shaking hands.

Suddenly it occurred to Julius that this was the opportunity he had been waiting for. "Yes, come in!" he said, extending his own hand.

It developed that the boy's last name was Hooper, which didn't seem to be important at all. The important thing was that the boy was where Julius could get at him.

Except at his office, Julius seldom smoked cigars, but now—as Helen offered the boy a chair—he lighted a cigar and rolled it elaborately from jaw to jaw. Julius felt as much at home as behind his own office desk. "Well!" he said heartily. "What brought you here?"

"Sir," said Jimmy, seeming to address both of them at the same time, "would you have any objection if Betty and I were to get married?"

Even though forewarned, it was a stunningly direct opening and Julius was caught off balance. "Are you going to get rid of that hearse?"

"No, sir."

Helen forestalled disaster. "Jimmy?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Does Betty know that you are here?"

"No, ma'am."

"I thought not," Helen nodded. "Now tell us something about yourself, Jimmy."

Julius attempted to regain his balance, to establish control of the conversation. "If you crazy kids ——" he began warningly.

"Julius." Then Helen said, "Go ahead, Jimmy."

For just an instant the boy lost a bit of his poise. "Well, ma'am, I don't have any folks of my own. I hope that won't make any difference."

"It won't, Jimmy," Helen said. "It's you we're interested in."

The boy went on, "I'm only a sophomore, ma'am, but I'm on the dean's list. I didn't graduate from high school, but ——"

"You didn't!" Julius interrupted. He tried to make it sound as if this had been a sin indeed.

"No, sir. You see, I enlisted in the Navy to get my service over with and, well, the Navy had courses available to anyone who wanted to take them and I was able to get into college by examination."

Now Julius began to understand why Betty had doubted that he could cope with Jimmy. As a businessman he knew that there was no more dangerous adversary on earth than a man who laid his cards on the table and dared anyone to deny them. This boy was such a man. Julius clamped tightly on his cigar.

"How old are you, Jimmy?" Helen asked gently.

"Twenty-two, ma'am."

"And I suppose you've been halfway around the world already?"

"All the way, ma'am."

"And you're in your second year of college and on the dean's list." Helen glanced at Julius. "At least you're not precisely an idiot."

"I hope not, ma'am."

Crushed once, Julius waited for the opening he felt certain must come.

Then Helen asked, "What are your plans for the future, Jimmy?"

The boy hesitated fleetingly. "That's just the trouble, ma'am. My plans are pretty long range, and I'm afraid it would be a long time for a girl to wait. That's why I want to marry now. You see, after I finish my liberal-arts education I am going to take postgraduate work in physics. I intend to get a master-of-science degree."

Julius leaped at the opening. "And just how do you propose to finance all this? Including a wife?"

"By trading cars, sir."

"Trading cars!"

"Yes, sir." Then the boy explained. "When I got out of the Navy I had a little money saved, so I started a little agency in the town where we go to college and ——"

"Is that where you got that crazy hearse?" Julius demanded.

"Yes, sir. Everyone has to have some fun, and that hearse certainly ——"

"Never mind the hearse, Jimmy," said Helen gently. "Just go on."

"Thank you, ma'am. Well, it started out as a pretty small business, sir, but now it's quite a flourishing affair. I'm perfectly able to support a wife. And, sir, it's a statistical fact that married men make good students. I can't afford to waste time chasing after girls and ——"

Then Julius heard Helen asking, "Jimmy, are you in love with Betty?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you think that she is in love with you?"

"I hope so, ma'am."

Julius knew that he was looking at precisely the kind of boy he would have liked to be twenty-five years ago, and it frightened him.

"Would we have your permission, sir?"

Julius was rattled now. "I don't know!" he said a little wildly. "I'd have to think about it—talk it over with Betty. This is pretty sudden."

But Helen said, "What Julius means, Jimmy, is that the decision is up to Betty."

"Helen!"

The boy's face lighted eagerly. "Do you mean that, ma'am?"

"Yes, Jimmy, we both mean it."

The boy was effusive in his thanks now, and it cost him a little of his poise. He fumbled at the front-door knob. But Julius was frankly flustered.

"Jimmy," Helen said softly, "I don't think that you had better tell Betty you were here—ever."

"You don't, ma'am?"

"No. And I promise you that we'll never tell her."

"Helen!"

"Good night, Jimmy," Helen said. "And thanks for coming."

When the boy had gone Julius turned to his wife. "Helen," he said heavily, "do you realize that you practically told that boy that we'd accept him?"

Helen faced him squarely. "Julius, do you think for one minute that boy isn't husband material?"

"If he's what he says he is, he is husband material."

"Do you think that he isn't what he says he is?"

Julius thought a moment. "Helen, I think that boy is exactly what he says he is."

"But you're afraid of him?"

Yes, Julius was afraid and jealous—jealous of a boy who was already what he wished he had been himself at that age. And afraid of a boy who certainly had the capacity to take his daughter away from him. "Helen, I'm scared to death of him!" he confessed.

"Let's just hope that Betty isn't," Helen said tightly.

The next night Betty announced that Jimmy was taking her to the drive-in again and Julius was unable to restrain himself. "Betty, I'd like to talk to you."

"Julius!"

Betty looked at them both queerly. "What is the matter with you two, mamma?"

"Nothing, darling. You run along to your movie."

"But you're acting so funny!"

"We get that way sometimes, dear. Think nothing of it."

Betty shrugged. Just then the hideous ding-donging of the hearse sounded outside. "Well, here's my heavy date. So off to the races!"

When the door had slammed after her, Julius groaned, "Helen, we could have at least talked to her!"

"About what?" Helen said bluntly.

"She can't possibly cope with a boy like him!"

"Neither could we."

Julius groaned again. "So you're just going to let things take their natural course?"

Helen put it another way. "Julius, did we do the best we knew how when we were bringing her up?"

"Of course we did."

"Then it's up to Betty now."

"And we're just going to sit here and wait?"

"Yes, darling, we're just going to sit here and wait."

Somehow, the waiting brought them closer together than they had been in years. Together, they tried to watch old movies on television, Helen squirming into the big overstuffed chair beside Julius. It was uncomfortable, but they were together.

After a while Julius said, shaking his head, "Helen, no eighteen-year-old girl could possibly handle that boy."

Helen refused to agree or disagree. Instead she mused, "Darling, do you realize that grandfatherhood might be staring you in the face?"

Julius merely grunted, for he was thinking of a boy who was everything a man could ask for in a son-in-law, but of whom he was desperately afraid because he didn't want his little girl taken away from him. "Helen," he pleaded, "why would a girl refuse a boy like him? What reason could she possibly have?"

Helen had thoughts of her own. "Darling," she said, "can you imagine yourself making love to a grandmother?"

"She can't refuse him, Helen," Julius decided.

Then Helen sighed wistfully. "I just hope that she does the right thing."

"What do you think is the right thing?"

Helen sighed again. "Only Betty knows that."

It was hours before Betty came in. "Have you two been making out?" she demanded a little shrilly.

"Not exactly, dear," Helen smiled.

Betty tossed her coat into the nearest chair. Then she said, "Well, I was right, mamma. Jimmy did want to marry me."

For a moment the world stood still.

Finally Betty became impatient. "Well, aren't you going to ask me what I told him, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I am. What did you tell him?"

"I told him no—naturally."

If his life had depended on it, Julius couldn't have said how he felt.

"How many times did you tell him, dear?" Helen asked, womanlike.

"Oh, seven or eight. He got the idea."

"I'm so glad!" Helen said simply.

But Julius heard himself saying, "That boy will make some girl a pretty darn good husband."

"Daddy," Betty said to him a little impatiently and with amazing accuracy, "Jimmy is a very nice boy, but his life is one big blueprint. And I don't intend to be one of the decimal points!"

Suddenly Julius knew that Helen was crying silently. "Helen! What is the matter with you?"

"I—I was so scared!"

"Mamma," Betty said, as to a child. "Don't you worry about me—ever. I wasn't born yesterday."

And, looking at her, Julius knew with a sudden peace that it was true.

It was time for Betty to go back to college. Her suitcase was standing in the hall, her pile of textbooks beside it. And from down the street there was the once hated ding-donging of the hearse with its brass bell.

Upstairs there was a frantic squeal from Betty. "I'll be right down!"

Now the incredible hearse stopped in front of the house, its brass bell clanging lazily. At the wheel, correct in black and derby, was a determined young man, looking as if he hadn't a care in the world, much less like a spurned lover. Inside the hearse feminine hands were waving frantically.

Then Betty clattered down the stairs, swooped her textbooks up in one hand, her suitcase in the other. She kissed and hugged her mother.

"'By, mamma!"

"'By, dear."

Then Betty waited expectantly. The door of the incredible hearse opened and Jimmy got out with the utmost dignity. He walked up to the porch, tipping his derby. "Good day, ma'am. Good day, sir."

Betty stretched to Julius and kissed him.

"'By, daddy."

Julius choked.

Then Jimmy took Betty's suitcase, offered her his arm and escorted her tenderly to the waiting hearse. In a moment the incredible vehicle was moving down the street with its brass bell ding-donging, feminine hands waving, and a determined young man who would find another girl another day solemnly lashing the left front fender with a red-tasseled buggy whip.

Julius and Helen stood with their arms about each other.

"Aren't they wonderful?" Helen breathed.

"Yes," said Julius thoughtfully. "They sure are."

And he didn't give a tinker's damn whether the whole neighborhood was watching or not, for he was thinking that into the life of every father must come a stranger. His daughter was a woman now, capable of deciding her own destiny. She had been a woman from the moment that she had written the little poem which had ended,

Would I wonder about
What might have been?

Poor Jimmy had had the cards stacked against him from the instant that poem had been written. Just as other boys would have the cards stacked against them—until exactly the right one came along. THE END

... ...

Companion

You're not too dependable,
Hope, as a guide.
You've even been known to
lead us astray;
Nevertheless it cannot be
denied
How delightful your
company is on the way!

May Richstone

... ...

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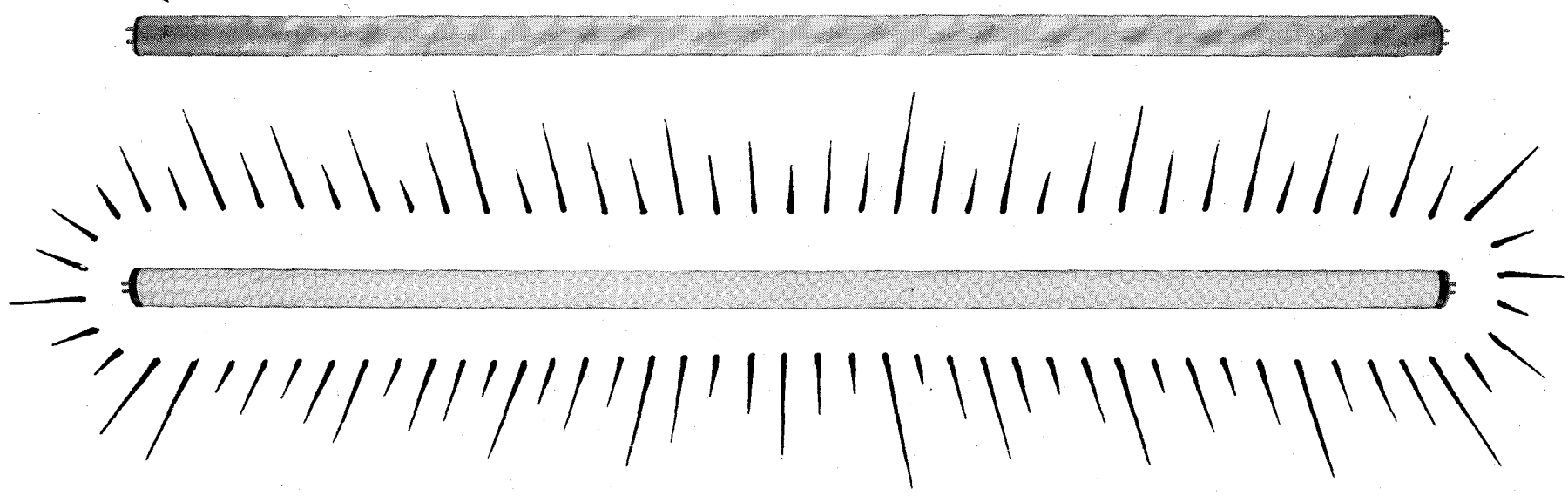
Goodbye, "Dead-Ends"!



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Mob Victim (Continued from Page 24)

depended on what it was. Perhaps even of his marriage.

If only Paula would help by telling him honestly how she felt about the islands. Not just San Marlo—San Marlo was only one of half a dozen he'd be working in—but all of them. If only she wouldn't keep on saying, "It's up to you, Boyd."

His attention was drawn again to the people along the road. One big fellow in a group ahead had stooped to pick up a stone. Boyd took in a breath. His hands clenched on the wheel and his accelerator foot went to the floor. The stone struck the windshield of his little rented car and came through in a shower of glass, missing his head only by inches. A chorus of jeers and insults pursued him as he shot past. He felt a sudden hot stab of pain above his eyes.

He drove a quarter mile fast, with a hand on the horn button to clear the way. There were no yells now. He was past before people had time to see the color of his face, and besides, they were too busy jumping to safety. When he slowed at a hotel turnoff, he felt himself shaking. There was a sweet stickiness on his lips, as though he had been eating mangoes, peasant style.

He couldn't see himself in the mirror; the stone had smashed it. He took a hand from the wheel and ran his finger tips over his face and looked at those. They were red. Slivers of glass stuck to the redness. The hand was trembling.

The hotel was one he had stayed at with Pete D'Amico when they were scouting the air-freight setup. He climbed the steps and a middle-aged couple on the tile-floored veranda stared at him. Tourists, obviously. This political turmoil had murdered the tourist season, but a few were here, and those here now couldn't get out. He nodded and went past them to the bar. There was a mirror behind the bar.

The lone customer at the bar wore a pale-blue sport shirt with scarlet coconut palms on it and was making circles on the mahogany with a half-empty glass. Another tourist. A patently unhappy one. He looked at Boyd and stopped his circle drawing.

"What in the world happened to you?"

Boyd shrugged, fascinated by the reflection of his face in the mirror. It looked as though he had thrust it into a bagful of cats. "They're throwing rocks now." He turned to the bartender, a young San Marloan in a clean white shirt and jacket. "Is the boss here, Ramón?"

Ramón came out of a trance. "*Sí, señor.* He is in his office."

Boyd walked through the empty stillness and shook hands with a slender, worried-looking man in a small room behind the hotel desk. He explained the condition of his face. "I'd better clean up, Sid. I can't drive through the city and up to Altura looking like this."

"I wouldn't try to go through the city just now if I were you," Sid Ellson said.

"Why not?"

"I tried, myself, an hour ago. There's an ugly mob on the outskirts."

"Can't I go through the Exposition Grounds?"

"More crowds. Wait awhile."

Boyd forgot his face. "Hey. My wife was going up to Pico this afternoon. Will she run into trouble up there?"

"You can run into trouble anywhere."

"This country's going crazy, Sid."

"Is crazy," Ellson said, sighing. "Here, you'd better wash up. I'll give you a room."

When Boyd came out of the room, the hotel manager took his arm. "Come and have a drink. I've sent a boy out to clean up your car." He led Boyd to the bar. The tourist in the palm-tree shirt was still there, drawing circles with a full glass now.

"I wish you'd tell me, Mr. Ellson," the tourist said, "what's the matter with this cockeyed country."

Ellson smiled. "I'm not a native of San Marlo, Mr. Crane. I don't have opinions."

"But don't these politicians know what they're doing to this poor benighted land? Why, they're setting it back fifty years! They're turning the wealthy class against the peasants, blacks against mulattoes, workers against businessmen—every conflict they can think of that might mean a handful of votes they're exploiting to the hilt! There'll be anarchy here if it keeps up! There'll be chaos!"

"You and I can't do a whole lot about it, Mr. Crane."

"There's one thing ought to be done about it!" the tourist said. He was a little drunk. "What this country needs is a dictator, someone strong enough to slap these irresponsible candidates in jail where they belong and make the people behave themselves. Look at how peaceful things are in ——"

"I know," Ellson said, looking tired and unhappy, as though he had heard it all before. "Where in Pico did your wife go, Boyd?"

"She wanted to see the market and buy some of those sisal bags the people weave up there. And take some mountain pictures."

"She went alone?"

"No. We're staying with the Garcías. She went with Margarita."

"She should be safe enough with a San Marloan, especially the wife of an army officer. Unless, of course, the military is mixed up in this."

The tourist said, "The trouble is, this country isn't ready for a democratic election, and won't be for a hundred years. For the love of Pete, these ignorant peasants don't know the meaning of the word 'democracy,' and as for the wealthy class, all they want is ——"

"I guess I'll go along," Boyd said. "I'm worried about Paula."

He and Ellson shook hands. "Is Pete D'Amico with you this time?" Ellson asked.

"No. Just my wife."

"When do the planes start flying? Yours, I mean."

"I wish I knew," Boyd said unhappily. "I've got a problem."

He struggled with it again as he turned out of the hotel driveway. San Marlo's problems might be for San Marloans, as Ellson had said, but this one was all his. Time was running short. He could do two things. He could give in to Paula's father, letting Pete and the others down, or he could say, "No, thanks, Mr. Howell, I prefer to make it on my own," and take the consequences. Actually he wouldn't be letting the fellows down much if he gave in. They could get someone to take his place easily enough. It was Pete who had the money.

The penalty for not giving in might be more rugged. If Dan Howell had thought for one minute that the young man pursuing his cherished only daughter would refuse to fly formation when the wedding bells rang, he would have stepped on the romance before it got off the ground.

Boyd's scarred face took on worry lines. The trouble was, he'd grown up in the same town with Paula, the town her father practically owned, and, like everyone else in River Bend, he knew Dan Howell to be a fair and honest man. There'd been no parental screaming when young Boyd Vernon first rattled up to that beautiful big house in a fifty-dollar jalopy to take Paula to a high-school dance. No laying down the law when they'd begun going steady. No high-hatting of his folks because his father happened to work in one of the Howell paper mills. Instead, there'd been one of the nicest weddings River Bend had ever known.

"Dear, if you're going to sit in front of the picture window, won't you please try to look happier?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

If Paula wanted Boyd Vernon for a husband, Dan had no objection. With the understanding, of course—scarcely mentioned before the wedding, but quietly tied on afterward—that son-in-law Boyd Vernon would ready himself for the kind of job a member of the family ought to have. Meaning a top job in the Howell organization.

How could you say "No" to a man like that? How could you say "Yes"?

"Look, son," Dan Howell had said. "It isn't only what you or I want that we have to consider. We have to think of Paula. This air-freight thing may be a good gamble. You like to fly, you know the Caribbean, and you and your Air Force pals might make it go. But Paula all her life has lived here in River Bend. You can't just drag her off to a new world."

"She might like that world, Mr. Howell. I do."

"I say she won't. I say she'll be heartsick away from her family and friends, everything she's ever known."

Argument. No, not really argument; just talk. Hours of talk, days of talk, with stubborn Boyd Vernon clinging doggedly to independence, and patient Dan Howell pressing, pressing, in the certain knowledge that sufficient pressure, patiently applied, would bend something to the breaking point.

In the end, compromise. It was the best they could achieve without bitterness. "Take her down there and show her, son. Let her decide. If she wants it, I won't say another word."

But Paula, with the dry run nearly finished, just wouldn't make up her mind. "It's up to you, Boyd," she kept saying. "It's up to you."

What did she want?

Where the road entered the city proper, Boyd had to make up his mind about a more immediate problem. The hotel man had been right: the route straight ahead was packed with people. Workers, most of them, not working today, but waiting for something to happen or bent on making it happen. Along the boulevard through the Exposition Grounds the mob had broken up into smaller, more mobile gangs. Either way spelled danger.

He chose the boulevard, hugging the island in its center and hunching down behind the wheel as much as the dimensions of the little car would permit. Jeers and insults marked his passage. One group flowed from the sidewalk to halt him, but lacked the cohesion to be effective. Its noisy leaders jumped back to avoid being run down, and shook their fists in his wake.

The best way to reach the Altura road, he decided, was up Carillo past the barracks, where roaming gangs were less likely to be encountered. At the rotary by the museum he turned up through the city. Too late he saw his mistake. The first cross street was packed solid. Retreat was impossible. The crowd came at him like a river in flood, and Boyd felt the sudden weakness of panic. Faces surrounded him—male and female, young and old, snarling, amused, spitting, laughing, curious, fanatic. The voice of this human flood was a strange humming sound interspersed with shouts and shrieks. Some of them, he saw, were burdened with loot. One big fellow had a typewriter balanced on his head. The reek of rum and sweat was stifling.

Hands caught hold of the car and began to rock it. The doors were wrenched open and there was a ripping sound as one of them parted from its hinges. Not waiting to be dragged from the seat, Boyd pushed his way out and flattened himself against the machine to avoid being knocked from his feet. A jeering

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face directly in front of his own changed expression. Its owner sang out sharply, "Wait! He is not one of them! He is a foreigner!" and it seemed for a moment that the crowd fell back. An illusion, surely. But the shout was caught up and repeated, "He's a foreigner! Wait!"

The little car suddenly went over on its side with a crash, and Boyd almost fell. At that moment an open truck filled with armed soldiers turned the corner. The mob broke and ran. Boyd heard a chattering of rifles and, feeling naked in the middle of the street, ran too. It was axiomatic in affairs of this kind that bullets were incapable of distinguishing friend from foe, innocent from guilty. As he ran he was one of the crowd, helpless against the bullets as they were helpless, scared as they were scared, bitter as they must be bitter. But no one noticed him.

A woman fell and was flung over the shoulder of a husky young peasant who turned to shake his fist. A bullet screamed from a shop sign over Boyd's head, causing the suspended sign to dance on its wires. He turned a corner. Before him a shop door opened and a slight, well-dressed, light-skinned man stepped out onto the sidewalk. One frightened glance at the fleeing people and the man stepped back again. But Boyd had a foot in the door before it could close.

"Gerardo! For heaven's sake let me in!"

He was in. Dragged in. The door was shut and locked, its thickness muffling the rattle of rifle fire and thud of pounding feet. The slender shopkeeper gazed at him in astonishment, then mechanically thrust out a hand. One must always be polite. "Boyd Vernon!" And with a gasp: "Your face!"

Boyd had been running at top speed. "I'm all right," he said, struggling for breath. "They turned my car over."

"But you are not mixed up in this!"

Boyd recalled the words of the man who had almost dragged him from the car and then stepped away from him. "Wait! He is a foreigner!"

"They thought I was. The car had San Marlo plates." He frowned at the little shopkeeper, whose skin was almost as light as his own. "What's going on, Gerardo? Why are the peasants after you fellows?"

"The man they listen to keeps telling them we would steal the country away from them."

"So you've closed the city down in retaliation?"

"We must defeat him somehow or he will end up in the palace, calling himself president. Can you imagine such a man as president? He would ruin the country in a week!"

"I take it you favor one of the other candidates."

"But of course." From somewhere Gerardo produced a bottle of rum and two glasses. "Our man, my friend, is the only hope of this poor country. He has breeding and intelligence. He must be made president or we perish."

Boyd sat on a stool at the counter. "Who ordered the soldiers out?"

"My friend"—the little shopkeeper looked sad again—"the situation at the moment is very bad. A military strong man has stepped in to rule the country on the pretext of restoring order. But a government by force is a dreadful thing, certain to perpetuate itself if allowed to establish a foothold. We must drive it out, we and the peasants together, even while fighting each other."

"How will you do it?"

"There are ways. This strike is one."

"People are being killed, Gerardo."

"They have died for less. . . . A little sugar in your rum, perhaps?"

Boyd mechanically nodded. "Isn't it dangerous for you to be down here with these gangs in the streets?"

"Some shops have been broken into. I thought it best to move my more valuable stock out of easy reach." Gerardo frowned. "We were ordered by the new strong man to open our places of business this morning. Can you imagine what the rabble would do if the doors were thrown open?" He cocked his head, listening. "The shooting seems to have stopped."

Boyd listened too. Somewhere in the shop a clock ticked. Outside, silence. He emptied his glass. "I've got to get to Altura, Gerardo. Thanks for letting me in."

"But you have no car now."

"I can walk, maybe catch a *camioneta* further up."

"My car is in back," Gerardo said. "If you will wait just a moment ——"

A pounding on the door turned him about. A voice of authority said loudly, "You in there! Open!" Gerardo stood motionless. "Open! We know you are here! We have your car!"

Gerardo inhaled deeply and looked at Boyd. "Say nothing; let me do the talking," he whispered, and walked stiffly to the door and opened it. Men in khaki strode in, led by a tall, dark, very handsome officer.

"You received instructions to open for business today, did you not, *señor?*"

"I did."

"You have refused to follow them."

"Without police protection it was impossible to follow them. I should have had only looters for customers."

"You will come with us." The officer turned his head slowly to frown at Boyd. "Who is this man?"

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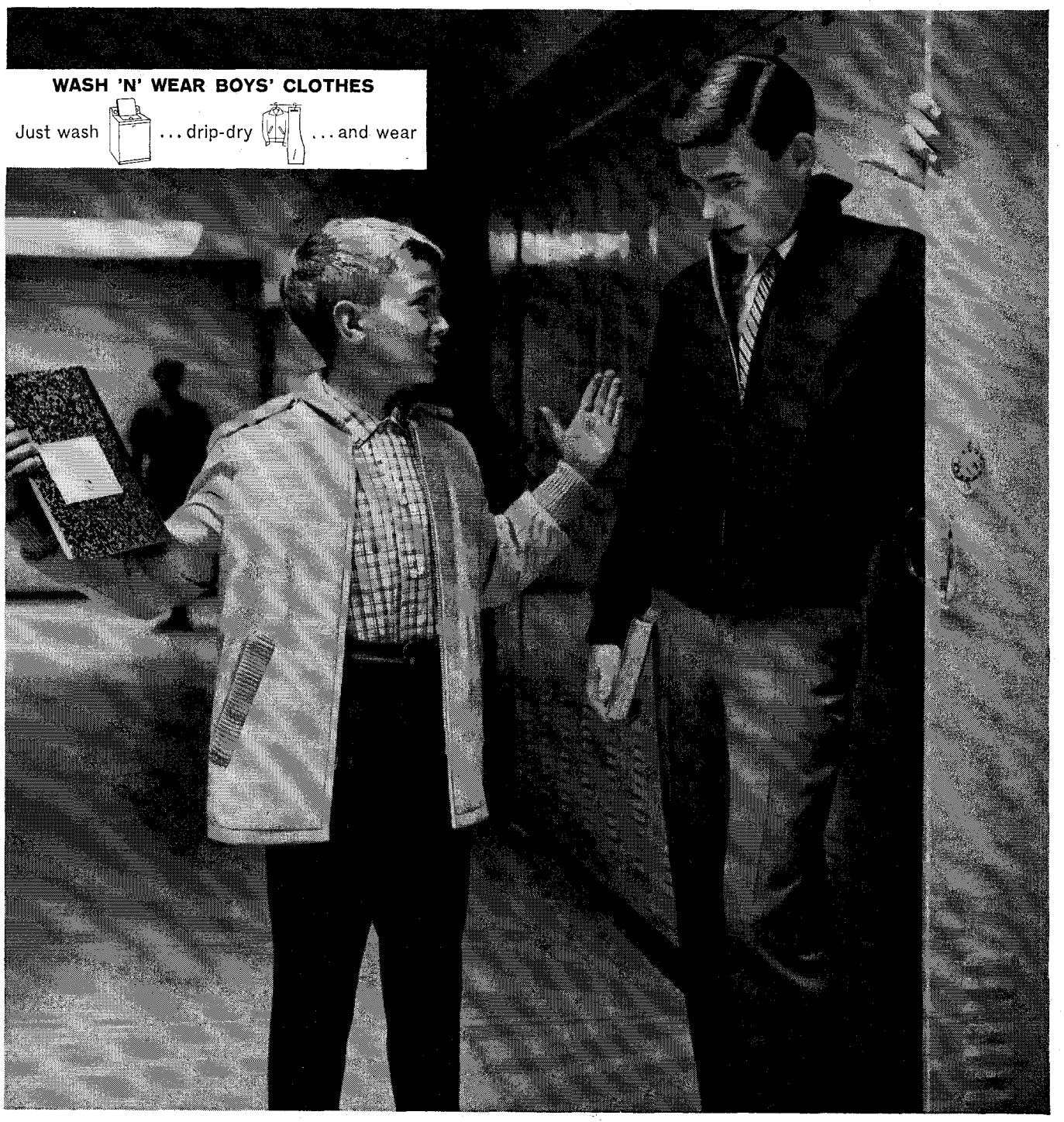

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MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

A crowd of barefoot peasants blocked the road, milling about the driveway entrance to a residence set some distance back in the pines. A spotlight on the house veranda seemed to be holding the crowd at bay. García frowned and got out.

"The home of Sebastián Yánez, a friend of mine," he said.

He questioned some of those on the edge of the crowd and they answered him sullenly, glaring at his uniform. He got back into the car, placed a hand on the horn button and drove slowly through the gate, forcing the people to step aside.

"Our women are here," he said grimly, when Boyd turned to him in protest.

An elderly, white-haired man timidly opened the door to them, nodded, and locked it behind them the moment they entered. Boyd saw Paula on a chair and ran to her. She stood up and stepped into his arms with a sob.

After holding her a moment, he stepped back to look at her. She had been crying. Her face was scratched and there was an ugly purple bruise over one cheekbone. Her arms were discolored. Her cotton print dress was torn and soiled.

"I was taking pictures in the market place and they turned on me," she told him tearfully. "Margarita was attacked when she tried to protect me." She seemed dazed. Her mouth had trouble with the words.

Boyd turned to look at Jorge García's lovely young wife. She, too, bore scars. She seemed calm, though. She had not been crying.

White-haired Sebastián Yánez said, shaking his head in sadness, "The people are not themselves these days. At another time this would not have happened."

The angry crowd at the market had snatched and smashed Paula's camera and thrown stones, cutting the women off from their car and pursuing them down the road as they fled. For three hours now the peasants had been muttering outside the gate, waiting for them to reappear.

"The spotlight makes them afraid to come in," Yánez said.

Jorge García stopped looking at his wife and turned to Boyd. "Can you drive my car?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued in a clipped voice of command, "Go down the road half a mile to the first sharp turn. Wait there. I'll take the women out the back way and over one of the peasant footpaths. We won't be long."

Boyd touched his lips to Paula's cheek and hurried out.

He turned the car in the driveway before putting the headlights on. Would they let him through? It was touch and go, he guessed. He was not García; he wore no uniform to make them hesitate. He remembered the rock that had come crashing through his windshield earlier, and his overturned car in the city. Hands tight on the wheel, he put García's machine in low and sent it growling out toward the road. When the crowd loomed up in front of him, he pressed one hand on the horn button as Jorge had done.

There was a bad moment when a big man grabbed at a door handle and shouted something, and someone else threw a stone or a green mango—he was not sure which—that rattled off the hood. Then he was through. A gesticulating woman who got out of the way too slowly was bowled aside by a fender.

He roared down the road. At the turn García had mentioned, he stopped. After what seemed a very long time, Jorge and the two women came climbing up the steep bank by the roadside.

"Let me drive now," Jorge said.

On the way back to the house in Altura, Boyd held his wife in his arms. She seemed unable to stop trembling.

The two men waited in the living room for the women to come down from upstairs. García, restlessly pacing, paused by a small mahogany bar. "A drink?" he suggested.

"I could use one."

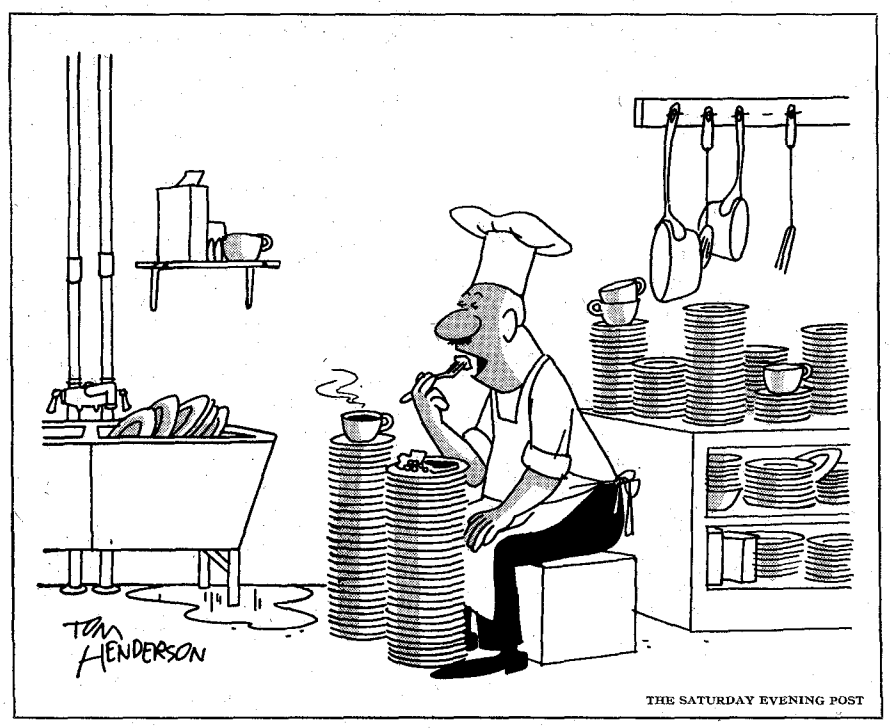
His host placed a rum-soda in Boyd's hand. Boyd frowned. "Aren't you having one?"

"I think not. I may need a clear head tonight."

Boyd watched him pace the floor and supposed he was upset by what had happened. Boyd was upset too. This ended it, he knew. There was no longer even the ghost of a hope that Paula would side with him against her father. She had been terrified up there at the house in Pico. He didn't blame her.

He wondered what he would say to Pete D'Amico, and how he would feel a year from now, working in a paper mill.

The women came in. They wore fresh dresses and had managed to cover some of the scratches and bruises. Jorge García stopped his nervous pacing for a moment to look at them, then began again. What was the matter with the man? It was over now, wasn't it? Why did he start at every sound in the road outside? Why keep lifting his head to glance at the door?



"You don't expect trouble here, do you?" Boyd said.

"I expect to be arrested."

Margarita gasped. The lieutenant turned to her and caught her hands. "I'm sorry," he said. "I had to do it."

"You mean—you have resigned?"

He nodded. He was perspiring again, Boyd noticed, but his hands were steady. His whole body was a rock as he looked gravely into his wife's lovely young face. "I had no choice. You understand?" He was talking only to her; Boyd and Paula did not exist. "It is not right, what the army has done. We have struggled too hard for freedom in this country to have it taken away from us."

Margarita was silent.

"Who is right in this awful mess I don't know," the lieutenant went on passionately. "I only know the country must be free to choose, even if the choice is a foolish one. There must be no dictator. We must have an election."

He waited for her answer.

Margarita said, "You know what this could mean?"

"I know what it will mean."

She took in a deep breath. "Very well. I think we should leave here at once, then, and go to Teresa's house in the hills." Teresa was her maid. The house in the hills would be a peasant hut with a dirt floor. "You won't prove anything by letting them put you in prison." She pressed herself close to him for a moment, her cheek against his, tears shining in her dark, wide eyes. "Give me time to tell Teresa and get a few things together."

Without even a glance at Boyd and Paula, she was gone.

The lieutenant turned to Boyd, his hand outstretched, a frown on his lips. "I'm sorry. You may stay here as long as you like, of course. The servants will look after you. You won't be molested."

Boyd could only stare at him.

Margarita returned with a suitcase, followed by a small, dark peasant girl who carried a basket filled with food.

Boyd, recovering his voice at last, unsteadily stepped forward, "My heaven, Margarita! What's going to happen to you two?"

"I don't know."

"But this could mean the end of Jorge's career, everything you've worked for. There may never be a way back!"

She glanced at her husband. "Jorge had a decision to make and has made it, that's all." She was quite calm. "Every man has that right, even if it's only the right to be wrong."

"But you ——"

"I'm his wife."

There were hurried farewells. The door closed. Boyd walked slowly back into the living room and sank onto a chair, aware that he was trembling with emotion. Paula sat and looked at him. It seemed unusually quiet for a San Marlo evening. Then somewhere a dog barked and others answered.

Boyd looked at his wife and was puzzled. She was trying to smile through her tears. She seemed very young, very helpless sitting there, yet she was smiling.

He frowned. "What is it, Paula?"

She rose from her chair and came to stand in front of him. "I was thinking of how Margarita answered you."

"What?"

"The way she said it, Boyd—that every man has the right to decide what he should do, even if it's only the right to be wrong. It's what I've been trying to tell you for the past three weeks, only I couldn't find the right words."

He looked at her in amazement. "Paula! Do you know what you're saying?"

"Certainly," she said calmly. "I'm your wife."

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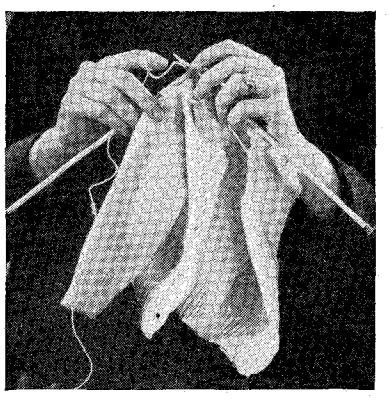

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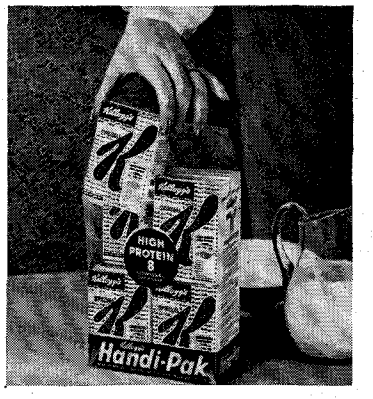

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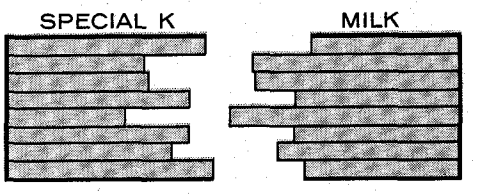

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Bagpipe Brigade (Continued from Page 29)

that statistic had been discovered by a horrified panel of flight surgeons, they'd ordered Claude home forthwith, claiming passionately that according to their survival tables he'd either been killed or had gone nuts at least six months ago. They put Claude on a home-bound boat. Claude got off again when they weren't looking and next showed up with a B-24 outfit at Spinazzola.

There, on a bootleg mission over the Reich, he'd got himself well flakked up and, to his disgust, had landed back in Naples again, in a hospital this time. This morning he'd walked out on the hospital, too, but that could have been a mistake, he reflected now. He was considering that further when an unfriendly voice came out of the firs behind him. It had a Brooklyn accent.

"Get your hands up, kraut!" the voice said. "Then just walk over here careful where I can get a look at you!"

It startled Claude a little and irked him more as he turned. "Who are you calling a kraut?" he demanded angrily. "For two cents I'll come tie a knot in your neck, wise guy!"

He didn't get to finish all he had to say because a rifle whanged nastily and a bullet screeched off a boulder at his feet. The Brooklyn voice spoke more roughly this time.

"You, I'm callin' a kraut," it said flatly. "And for two cents next time I shoot you through the gizzard. If you ain't a kraut, how come you're wearin' one of them fancy fur-collar kraut coats?"

"Because I liberated it from an SS colonel in North Africa, is why!" Claude yelled indignantly. "Look, I'm just a simple Injun from Oklahoma! Put that gun down and I'll show you!"

The other came out of the firs now, and in the fading light Claude saw a man of about his own age, dressed in civilian clothes that looked as though they had been salvaged from here and there. There was, however, nothing amateurish in the way that he held his rifle pointed at Claude's belly.

"Hah!" he said succinctly, giving Claude a hard stare. "You show me nothing; you krauts are always up to nasty little tricks. Like talking American, for example, kraut."

"I am an American!" Claude yelped.

It bought him nothing as the other gestured with the rifle. "March," he said. "If you go quiet, I take you back to the major and let him decide when to shoot you. You don't come quiet, I just shoot you now myself. You got a choice, but it ain't much of a one."

Claude marched. It was starting to get dark now and, as they went, the walls of the valley began to close in. They passed through scattered clumps of olive and wild oak, and presently entered a thicker growth of fir where the faint trail began to climb. The stars were coming out a half hour later as the two emerged from woods onto the floor of a little bowl tucked away here in the mountainside.

A new voice challenged morosely, "Who goes there?"

"Bernini and a kraut," Brooklyn said. . . . "Halt, kraut. . . . Well, if it ain't Gussie Kline, the goldbrick of the Abruzzi! How come you're pullin' guard duty for a change? The major catch up to you?"

Claude saw a stocky man's head and shoulders loom up from behind a boulder. "Yeah," the other answered gloomily. "That iron-butted old Scotch terrier trompled all over me because my rifle was dirty this morning. I got a notion to go over the hill."

"You better get another notion, pal," Bernini said placidly. "You only been with us a little while, so I tell you something—our wee Geordie takes a dim view of people desertin', once he's signed 'em up in the Black Watch of the Abruzzi. A guy tried it when we were operating down around Venafro last winter. It was a mistake."

"So it was a mistake," Kline grunted. "So what?"

"The wee Geordie stands this guy against a wall and has him shot, is so what," Bernini answered sweetly. "So you'd better ——"

His words were cut short by a new sound—a high wail that lifted out of the starlight ahead and which grew in volume as it was amplified and flung back by the mountains. It had a wild defiant skirl to it that tickled the edges of Claude's teeth and sent prickles along his spine with its banshee plaint.

"Good heavens!" he yelped. "What's that?"

"Bagpipes," Bernini said, a note of pride in his voice. "The bagpipes of the Black Watch of the Abruzzi. That's the wee Geordie MacLeod's evening hate you're listenin' to, kraut."

"Who is Geordie MacLeod?" Claude asked sourly.

"The CO to which I am takin' you," Bernini told him in a dispassionate voice. "Let's go, bub."

They passed through the sentry post and rounded a shoulder of cliff, and ahead, indistinct in the gloom, Claude saw the outlines of a squat building with yellow light coming from a window. Some herder's hut up here in the hills, he guessed. The eerie sound of the pipes had died away as suddenly as it had come. Bernini herded him through a door and into a room lighted by a gasoline lantern; then Bernini was clicking his heels together and saluting a slight, red-faced man who sat behind a rickety deal table while he eyed the two of them with a basilisk stare.

"Private Bernini reporting with one kraut, sir," Brooklyn said. "I caught him down in the valley."

Claude blinked a little as he looked at the man behind the table. A man in his middle age with a face that looked as though it had been chopped out of red flint, and with blue eyes as warm and welcoming as an Arctic glacier. Cocked on his head was a Balmoral bonnet with a red feather—Claude didn't know it, but that feather was the Red Hackle of the Black Watch and the man was Pipe Major Geordie MacLeod of the same. The latter stood up and came around the table, one leg gimping a little, and Claude saw that he wore kilts of faded tartan.

"Hoon," MacLeod said in a burr rough as a dentist's drill, "just what the heel are you doin' in my valley?"

Claude choked. "I'm no Hoon—Hun, damn it!" he said violently. "The name's Bearpaw, Claude, first lieutenant U. S. Air Force! Take a look at my dog tags if you don't believe me."

"A likely story!" MacLeod snorted.

Claude blinked and remembered what Brooklyn had said earlier—that cheery item about being shot. He had the sudden feeling that there was nothing funny about this, and that that hard-rock character in the kilts would just as soon have Claude Bearpaw shot as not. There was that air about the man. Claude Bearpaw had better talk fast.

"Look," he said desperately, "I went on a little ride up to Rome in a P-Forty. Coming back, I spotted this kraut column and went down to shoot it up a little. The krauts shot me up a little instead and I had to belly-land the P-Forty back in the valley. Then this character from Brooklyn jumps out of the bushes at me."

Pipe Major MacLeod squinted at Bernini. "An airplane he says he was flying, Private Bernini. Did you see an airplane?"

Bernini scrubbed a hand across his chin. "Yep," he said. "I figured it was a kraut airplane when I seen this guy wearin' a kraut jacket, but I could of been wrong—he claimed he was an Oklahoma Injun when I jumped him. The Air Force characters we got in the Army are liable to be wearin' anything."

"Humph!" MacLeod said again and returned his icy stare to Claude. "German or no, you admit that you are one of those misbegotten types who fly around in the air dropping your feelthy booms on the heads of people, which is an unceevilized way of making war. I've a domned good mind to have you shot just on general principles."

"Now, you wait a minute!" Claude yelped. "You can't ——"

He was interrupted. A lanky, rawboned man—also garbed in kilts and Balmoral bonnet—came through the door and stomped forward with the lantern light glinting on his knobby knees. Pipe Major MacLeod turned to glare at the newcomer from beneath bushy eyebrows.

"And just where the devil have you been for the three days past, Jamie Duncan?" he demanded.

Duncan clicked heels together and turned out a salute as he said imperturbably, "In the Liri Valley, snoopin' around in the Hun's back yard. Where did you think I'd been?"

A gleam lighted MacLeod's eye. "Did you find any whusky?"

"None I could lay my hand on," Duncan answered sadly. "There is plenty of it there, no doubt, but the German is busy drinking it by himself. Since the attacks on Cassino have stopped, the Hun has snugged himself down as fat and comfortable as a setting hen, all the way back to Piedimonte, Geordie."

"Then it is time that we uncomfortabled him," MacLeod said, snapping his mouth tight on the words. "The Black Watch of the Abruzzi will pay him a visit tonight. Pass the word, Jamie, that we will move out at twenty-one hundred hours. You understand?"

"Aye," Duncan grunted and seemed to see Claude for the first time. "Who is he?"

"There is some question," MacLeod said sourly. "From his jacket he could be an SS colonel. He claims he is a red Indian who got shot down strafing a German column in the valley."

Duncan scratched the red hair which sprouted from beneath the Balmoral bonnet. "There was such a strafing," he said. "I seen it from the ridge. It could be he is telling the truth, Geordie."

Duncan turned on a heel and went on out and Pipe Major MacLeod turned his attention back to Claude. "Maybe you are a German and maybe you are not," he said harshly. "Certainly you are one of those flying people which I have told you I have scant use for. The Black Watch of the Abruzzi has no time to give to prisoners and it wishes no Air Force recruits in its ranks. Do you grasp the significance of that, Mr. Bear —— What the heel did you say your name was?"

"Bearpaw!" Claude snapped angrily. "And don't bother about any favors for me! Just turn me loose and I'll take care of myself, dad!"

Pipe Major MacLeod stared back with flinty eyes. "And let you carry the word that the Black Watch is raiding tonight? You are daft, mon! We belong to no army here in the Abruzzi. It is because of that that we do not take such chances, for the war that we fight here can neither

The Perfect Squelch

Enormously proud of her membership in an expensive country club, young Mrs. Hudson invited some friends for a round of golf. As they played the course, she described the club's advantages—its wonderful pool, its marvelous tennis courts, its perfectly manicured greens. She named the club's most impressive members, then went on to glow verbally over such details as the thickness of the club's carpets and the spaciousness of its ballroom.

Finally, in a burst of appreciation of all these blessings of wealth, Mrs. Hudson voiced the startling query, "I wonder what poor people do on a beautiful day like this?"

In the embarrassed silence that followed, a young voice behind her said, "We caddie."

Mrs. Floyd Bentley

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give nor show quarter, Mr. Bearpaw. I hope that you understand that, young mon."

That feeling of unreality began to seep back into Claude once more as he stood there in the light of the hissing lantern. This whole confounded setup was cockeyed. This bowl hidden away here in the mountains behind the German lines; that wild sound of pipe music in the starlight; Pipe Major Geordie MacLeod in his kilts and Balmoral bonnet with the red feather in it. He noticed the bagpipes for the first time now. They hung against the far wall, the light glinting on the silver bosses of the drones and the tartan of the bag faded and worn from long service.

And Claude was pretty sure that he understood exactly what Pipe Major MacLeod had been getting at. He'd been saying in a nice way that the simplest manner in which to dispose of Lt. Claude Bearpaw, A.W.O.L. from a hospital in Naples, was to shoot him.

"Look," Claude said, putting a lightness into his voice that he didn't feel, "call me Angus Bearpaw and sign me up, dad; the family always claimed that Grandpappy Benbow had a touch of Scotch in him anyway." Claude's voice trailed off as he saw that that bit of levity had been a mistake.

Pipe Major MacLeod's face got redder. "I have told you that I want no domned boombardiers in any company of mine!" he said in a voice that sounded as though he were chewing glass. "Private Bernini, take this mon away and ——"

Bernini lounged forward, giving Claude a quick glance out of the corners of his eyes. "Shucks, major," he said placatingly, "like I said, I could have been wrong about this guy. Why don't I take him along with me tonight? I'll guarantee to keep an eye on him. If he turns out O.K. we can always use an extra man."

Pipe Major MacLeod scowled and gimped back to sit down behind the table again; he brooded there for a moment while Claude waited uneasily. It was becoming more apparent that one Claude Bearpaw was a long, long way from home and in unfriendly company. The next time he landed in a hospital he'd, by Godfrey, stay put!

"You are not questioning my orders, Private Bernini?" Pipe Major MacLeod said then. "I do not command by committee, mon."

"No, sir, I ain't questioning your orders," Bernini said. "I just figure maybe we ought to give the guy a chance."

"Very well," MacLeod said abruptly. "I have found you a good soldier, Private Bernini. I will do it that way. Mark this, though: you will put a bullet into this mon at the first sign of treason."

Bernini said, "Yes, sir," and the two of them went on out into the starlight again.

"Whew!" Claude grunted, letting his breath go. "I owe you a big one for that, Brooklyn. I somehow got a feeling that that old character meant what he meant."

"He did," Bernini agreed and his voice was friendly now. "Maybe Geordie acts like something out of a bad movie, but don't let that fool you. He's rough as a cob—and a mighty good man to have behind you when the chips are down."

"How come you decided I was Injun and not kraut?"

"You ever hear of a kraut thinking up a name like Claude Bearpaw?" Bernini said. "I figured it had to be real."

They went on toward where other men moved across the shadows of the little flat, and Claude said then, "Fill me in, pal. What's with this Black Watch of the Abruzzi, anyway?"

"It's wee Geordie's private army," Bernini answered. "He and Duncan were in a Black Watch outfit when they got wounded and captured in Sicily—the same as happened to me. The Eyeties shipped the lot of us to a PW camp up north. Then, when Italy went out of the war, some of us got away down here into the mountains. The wee Geordie gets it into his head that he'll reconstitute the Black Watch so's we'd have some sort of an organization until we could get back to our own outfits, and the rest of us went along with him. We've been raising a ruckus back here behind the kraut lines ever since. The krauts don't like us. If they catch us, they hang us for sure."

Claude suddenly remembered something that a doughboy from the 34th Division had shown him, back in the hospital. It had been a diary taken from a dead German during the first attack on Cassino, back in January. The doughboy had laboriously translated it:

. . . We have been moved up into the line again, and in spite of everything—the shelling and the lice and the rats—I would rather be here than back in the rear. At least those hellish bagpipes don't come screeching at you out of the night and you don't fear to close your eyes because your throat may be cut while you sleep. . . .

"It's a nutty scheme," Claude grunted. "Whoever heard of fighting a war with bagpipes?"

"They're our trade-mark," Bernini said proudly. "We got a rough bunch in the company—ninety-seven assorted Yanks, Wops, Aussies, Britishers, Gurkhas—God knows what all. Only two Scots—Geordie and Duncan—but, believe it or not, we're all Highlanders when it comes to following the pipes, Injun."

Claude grinned suddenly in the starlight. "Come to think of it, my grandpappy, Ole Chief Benbow, used to do it about the same, at that, when he went on the warpath," he said. "Ole Chief Benbow could make heap big medicine with the Scotch."

"Your old grandpappy sounds like a character," Bernini grunted. "Let's go hunt you up a shootin' iron."

The little column moved out in the starlight, going down the valley with Pipe Major MacLeod, pipes under his arm, marching at its head. A ragamuffin crew dressed in castoff and motley garb that would have driven a general out of his mind, but the weapons that they carried were clean and bright. These were people who knew the business of war.

It was a few minutes before eleven when MacLeod halted them on a ridge where a rocky spur ran down to put a right angle across the entrance to a small box canyon below. To the south the dark bulk of Monte Cassino loomed grimly against the stars. There were Germans here, Claude knew as he crouched beside Bernini. Noises and the guttural sound of voices were in the shadows below; off to the left, orange flame vomited into the night as a German field battery fired a routine harassing salvo and then fell silent again.

Duncan came up from the rear of the column to squat beside MacLeod, and their voices carried to Claude's ears.

"What's below us in the little valley, Jamie?" MacLeod was asking.

"Two nights ago a parachute regiment, back in reserve, was here," Duncan said in a harsh whisper. "It is a good bivouac—close to the front, yet defiladed from artillery fire."

"A parachute regiment is a wee bit large for us to take on," MacLeod grunted sourly, and then stopped.

The night was suddenly filled with a great whistling sound, as though invisible flocks of gigantic birds were winging overhead, making a shrill complaint as they flew. Then the darkness all around the ridge suddenly blossomed with jagged flame and the "Varooom . . . varooom . . . varooom" of exploding shells hurled violent echoes back and forth against the hills. The shells from sixteen hundred cannon massed south of the Rapido.

The Black Watch, on its ridge, didn't know it, but this was the artillery preparation which would precede the fourth, and last, Allied assault against Cassino and the victorious drive on Rome. Back in the valleys beyond the Rapido and the Garigliano, sweating gunners were slamming breechblocks home and yanking lanyards, swaying clear as the smoking tubes rocked back in their cradles and slid forward into battery again. Infantrymen, faces blackened, waited to launch their rubber boats on the dark waters.

And on the ridge the Black Watch of the Abruzzi lay and took it—as the Germans were taking it—because there was nothing else to do. Claude, lying with Duncan and MacLeod and Bernini, tried to hunch deeper into the earth as the shell flashes danced like fireflies. He'd had his turn at dishing this sort of thing out, he thought morosely; now it was his turn to take it for a change. That didn't mean that he had to like it, though.

Minutes long as eons ticked by and still the lash of the metal came down. Dust and smoke and the stink of high explosives drifted through the night. Pipe Major MacLeod had seen all of this before in his service; it made a pattern which had meaning for him as he yelled to Duncan above the din.

"Our people will be crossing the Rapido tonight, Jamie," he said. "Likely by now the infantry are pushing off in their little rubber boats to get bridgeheads on this side so that the tanks can cross. We will do no raiding, after all, because it comes to my mind that we have got a bigger job to do."

"The parachute regiment in reserve?" Duncan asked.

"Aye," MacLeod said harshly. "At the proper time it will start to move south to destroy our wee bridgeheads on the river. That is what a reserve is for."

"And so?"

"So we are here, and it is our task to keep them bottled in yon small valley where they are. You have seen that the spur narrows the mouth to a right-angled defile just before it opens onto the Liri plain? We will hold them there."

"We've got precious little with which to stop a Hun parachute regiment, Geordie," Duncan answered in a glum voice. "Eighty-odd rifles, two machine guns and a mortar that shoots crooked as a corkscrew. A half-dozen boxes of grenades, of which one is filled with smoke candles, as I found when I opened it a little while ago. I stole it from the German, but what use we have for smoke candles I do not know. It is a sneaky trick to mix smoke candles with ——"

"Quiet!" MacLeod said roughly. "You are maundering, mon. We still have got the pipes, have we not?"

The shellfire lifted and a pale moon came out a little before midnight and it was time to move. Pipe Major MacLeod led the company down to where the spur jutted out into the valley like a half-open gate. Here the valley entrance narrowed to less than a hundred yards and the valley walls slanted steeply up. The Black Watch of the Abruzzi deployed across the gap and waited for what would happen.

Presently Geordie MacLeod came along the line, walking erect with the moonlight touching the Balmoral bonnet with its Red Hackle. The bagpipes were under his arm and he gave his orders in a voice that was as rough as torn tin.

"No man will lay finger to a trigger until he hears the sound of the pipes! Mark that well, all of you!"

Gussie Kline said sourly from the hole where he lay, "The old fool! What chance have we got? I'm getting out of here!"

"You stir your fat butt out of that hole and I'll put a bullet into you," Bernini told him grimly. He turned to give Claude a tight grin. "How you like the dogface war, Injun?"

"It's a ball," Claude said. "And just to think that I could be back in a hospital with a pretty nurse—well, anyway, a nurse—holding my hand. Some days a man can't lay up a cent."

It was going on 0400 hours in the morning when new sounds began to drift on the little wind that came down the valley. The "clump-thud" of marching feet; the guttural sound of men's voices lifted in a hoarse, cadenced chant, "*How—how—how* ——" The German parachute regiment was moving now—going south to counterattack at the river. Claude fingered the cold metal of his rifle and waited. Presently he saw the shadowy column which (*Continued on Page 58*)

"You visit the family every weekend?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 56*) was rounding the spur. It seemed to flow forward like a thick-bodied snake.

A hundred yards away and it came on. Fifty yards now, and he could make out men in the moonlight as the jeering "*How . . . how . . . how*," deepened. Sweat stood out on Claude's forehead and he clenched his right fist to keep his finger off the trigger. He could hear Bernini's low-voiced begging beside him, "The pipes, Geordie. For heaven's sake, the pipes."

Then that wild skirl came suddenly out of the night—rose, high-pitched, to echo back and forth through the walls of the ravine. For a split second Claude caught a glimpse of Pipe Major MacLeod, high on a boulder in the moonlight, with the Red Hackle defiant on his Balmoral bonnet as he piped.

The scrub exploded gunfire in a shattering volley and the corkscrew mortar began to lob its shells into a column which had suddenly disintegrated into a mob of stampeding men. Surprise, that deadliest of foes, flung the Germans back and the valley was empty once more. But that would not be for long.

"They will be back," Pipe Major MacLeod said harshly as he went along the line. "It will not be so easy again. Still, we are buying time for our folk up in the bridgeheads by the river."

The night ebbed slowly, with the moon pouring a cheerless light down into the scrub where the Black Watch of the Abruzzi lay. Less than half of the company was left now. Brooklyn was dead; Gussie Kline was gone—scuttled to shelter somewhere in the hills, Claude supposed dully. Twice more the Germans had come down the valley, more cunning now; twice more they had been thrown back again, the notes of the pipes defiant in their faces. To the south, the noises of the fight for the bridgeheads came back in a furious crescendo, and Claude, his face grimed with smoke and red with a raw mark where a bullet had come too close, knew that when the parachutists came again, it would be for the last time. The Black Watch had only one effort left.

It was almost an hour later when that next attack came in—one that exploded like a furious tide around the spur and lapped to within feet of the company's attenuated line. The German would go through this time. He had to; there wasn't enough left to stop him. Only it wasn't that way, because suddenly Pipe Major Geordie MacLeod was there where the pressure was the heaviest.

Geordie MacLeod out in front, flinging the great dare of the Highland Laddie into the teeth of attacking men. It was something that lifted the hair on the back of Claude's neck; then he was out of his hole and running forward, yelling wildly, as the rest of the company ran and yelled. A battle cry mingled with the pipes.

It was too much—that skirling song and the scarecrow devils who charged through it. The Germans broke, streamed back up the valley again, but, in the last minute, Claude saw MacLeod fall across his pipes, and he knew dully that Geordie had bought it.

He picked the old man up like a baby, surprised at how light he was, and staggered back to the shelter of the scrub with bullets clipping the twigs around him. Duncan came crawling, his kilts bloody and his face twisted harshly, and the two of them eased the unconscious MacLeod down. Duncan explored with practiced fingers.

"He lives still," he said soberly.

Someone else stumbled through the scrub. It was Gussie Kline, Claude saw; the man he'd thought had gone over the hill. Kline's face was wooden as he gently laid the pipes beside MacLeod.

"He may be wanting 'em," he said, and went back to his hole.

Air support was coming, now that there was daylight. A cloud of fighter-bombers swept by overhead, their engines filling the clear morning with thunder; they bucketed on up the valley, their guns hammering. Claude stood to look, a thoughtful scowl on his dirty face.

Then Pipe Major MacLeod's voice, halting but with the rasp still in it, assailed Claude's ears, "An unceevilized way to make war. Still, it would be a comfort right now if your friends were to drop a few of their domned booms up in yon valley, Private Bearpaw."

Claude grinned sourly and mumbled, "Yeah," under his breath and crawled back into the brush. After a little, he found what he was looking for—the smoke candles that Duncan had cursed earlier—and continued to the rear to where a little knob lifted above the scrub. This was a long chance, he was thinking as he peeled off the fur-collared coat, but it just might work.

The fighter-bombers were coming back down the valley now as he sent his SOS into the air in climbing smoke puffs. One of the ships peeled away from the formation; it banked and headed up the little canyon, crossing the line where what was left of the Black Watch lay. Then it rocked its wings and disappeared behind Monte Cassino.

It was a half hour later when more fighter-bombers appeared, flying low against the mountains to the west. Claude, beside MacLeod again, watched as they banked, then came in toward where his smoke column still lifted into the sky. They roared overhead like predatory birds, and then bombs sent fountains of smoke boiling up from beyond the spur and the snarling laughter of wing guns drifted back.

"You had something to do with the coming of yon airplanes, Private Bearpaw?" he asked, and Claude got a stiff grin pasted onto his dirty face.

"I hoped there'd be a Boy Scout up there somewhere who could read the Injun's SOS," he admitted. "Looks like there was."

"How did you send an SOS, Private Bearpaw?"

"Smoke signals," Claude answered, and his grin got wider. "Ole Grandpappy Benbow always used to maintain that smoke signals were invented before radio. Grandpappy was a smart operator."

Pipe Major MacLeod stared bleakly up for a moment; then his craggy face eased into something like a smile. "Gi' me the pipes, Jamie," he said. "A little Highland music is called for."

"You can't blow the pipes with a hole shot through your ribs, you blasted old fool," Duncan protested.

"The heel I can't," Pipe Major Geordie MacLeod retorted angrily. "I am piping Private Bearpaw and his domned old grandfaither into the Black Watch of the Abruzzi, mon!"

. . . . . .

The Lost Stone

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Around my neck my worry
Hung heavy as a rock
When I went out to weed
the pinks
And marigolds and stock.

I battled tough Bermuda,
Defeated ragweed's powers,
And time retreated to the
hills
And stayed away for hours.

And somewhere in the
skirmish
I lost my stone of care . . .
In pungent earth or stacks
of weeds—
Who knows? I left it there.

A Day in Monte Carlo (Continued from Page 35)

"She was in love with a man who was in love with somebody else. The old story. So she took up a new sport. You know how she was. Something would catch her fancy and she had to do it. One year it was skiing, the next horseback riding, then sailing. This year it was skin diving. She met somebody who taught her quite a bit about it. Yes, she spent a great deal of time on his boat."

Mark sat very still. Could Corinne possibly have known Guy Constant?

"Was his name Constant? Guy Constant? The well-known explorer?"

"Could be." Baudon emptied the dregs of his martini. "I am not sure. But the name of the boat was the Anemone. That, she did mention."

Anemone, thought Mark. The next thing he would have to do was find out if her owner was Guy Constant. And then? Would Constant see him now, when he knew that Mark was to blame for Fleur's absence from home? Would Constant be willing to give him any information about Corinne? "He'll be furious," Fleur had said. "He has a violent temper. I would be afraid for you."

"If that is all you know," said Mark, "then I think I'd better go and try to find out who the owner of the boat is."

Virgil Baudon turned to look at him. His mouth opened as if he were going to say something, then he shook his head.

"Is there anything you think I should know? Anything you want to tell me?"

"No, no," answered the colonel. Suddenly he looked old and sad and disgusted with life. "There's nothing, nothing at all. Thank you for keeping me company. Made it easier, you know. Wish I could have been of use to you. Twenty years ago, ten even, I could have helped you." He hesitated, then went on rapidly. "You couldn't help me out, could you? With a few thousand francs, say?"

Fifteen minutes later, Mark reached Monaco's harbor. He wandered along the quay until he saw a youngster sitting on a step, fixing his rod. The boy seemed delighted to be able to name the boats Mark pointed out to him. Among the many yachts of all sizes, motor cruisers and sailing vessels, the high mast of a sleek sloop of about fifty feet stood out. "That," said the boy proudly, "is the Anemone. Mr. Constant's boat. She's being readied to go out again."

The boat Corinne had been diving from belonged to Constant. A little farther down the quay he rented a boat and rowed under the Anemone's lee. She was slapping gently at her mooring. Mark climbed her boarding ladder and fastened his boat to one of the rungs.

"Constant?" he called, walking around the deck. "Hello? Anybody there?"

There was no answer. Only a rope that secured the boat creaked gently.

He dropped into the cockpit. The hatch was open. "Constant?" he called again. Then, all of a sudden, his hand on the handle of the small cabin door became a thing separate from his body. It moved as if it had a life of its own, pressed down the handle. The door gave. He went down the four steps which led into a small galley that formed the aft portion of the main cabin.

Immediately to the left of the ladder was a sink, recessed in front of an elaborate instrument panel for the auxiliary motor, and an icebox with a dish rack and a locker. On the right was a stove and another locker. A curtain divided the main cabin. The larger part held various pieces of diving machinery and air tanks; in the other, screwed to the floor, stood a table. Along both sides ran benches which could be converted into berths. A narrow door led to a second cabin, as neat as if a woman had tidied it. Beyond lay a third, small cabin. Contrary to the others, it gave the impression of being lived in. Several ash trays stood around, a can of English tobacco, a rack with a few pipes. A rather dirty jacket dangled from a hook near the left berth, a small valise lay on the other. Pencils, pads of yellow paper, and an assortment of maps were stacked in one corner of the desk below the powerful marine ship-to-shore two-way radiotelephone. Colorful postcards and photographs were tacked against the bulkhead.

Mark stepped closer, natural curiosity combining suddenly with professional zeal. The photographs were of astonishing variety. One showed an antique amphora; another a snake; a third, Fleur, as she must have looked as a child. Others were views of different cities and harbors—the St. Mark's Square in Venice; Rhodes; Malta; Cyprus; Corsica; Marseilles. Cape Carajau's impressive figure of Christ. Ibiza, Algiers. Algeria, he thought. But of course, Constant would be able to take a boat this size along the coast of Africa.

He sat down in front of the radio. It was a complicated apparatus and he looked at it for a moment with interest, then forced his thoughts back to Corinne. She had dived from the Anemone. He should not be wasting time sitting here, but try to find Constant. Rising hastily, he knocked against the stack of maps and the two top ones slipped to the floor. He bent to pick them up and saw that one had opened.

He could not explain why he had expected to see a sea chart rather than an ordinary map, or why there shouldn't be maps of countries and cities aboard the Anemone, but his reaction was one of surprise. His surprise deepened when he saw that it was a detailed map of the principality of Monaco. Why should Constant need a map of the place in which he had lived for so many years? On the other hand, it might belong to the mate, a stranger, perhaps, to this part of the world.

(*Continued on Page 60*)

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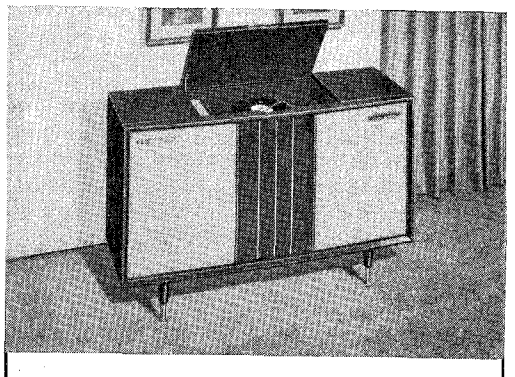

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(*Continued from Page 58*) Mark put it back on the desk. He was running his hand over it, to smooth it out, when his eyes were caught by a thin penciled line in the bright yellow insert which showed the outlying districts of Monte Carlo. It followed the route he had taken that morning on his way to meet Corinne, but stopped abruptly in the middle of the last big curve below the golf links. The spot was marked with a cross, and a small arrow pointed to the inner side of the curve, the spot where Corinne had met her death.

Only when he had refolded the map and put it back on top of the pile did Mark notice that his hand was shaking. He had boarded the Anemone with no other thought than that Guy Constant might be able to give him some information about the persons Corinne had seen. Now, suddenly, his whole conception had to be sharply revised.

His mind refused for a moment to follow his thoughts, yet the fact that the Anemone, from which Corinne had been diving, belonged to Guy Constant, made it impossible to believe that Corinne and Constant had not known each other well; well enough, obviously, for Constant to know that Corinne intended to be at the golf course of Mont Agel at ten o'clock in the morning. The markings on the map, showing where Corinne had met her death, must have been made by Constant. And the way she had been killed—Mark had not realized before—the same way a famous dancer had died. Isadora Duncan. Her long scarf caught in the wheel, strangling her. Anyone as interested in dancing as Guy Constant would have been deeply impressed by that famous and tragic accident.

Mark's hand stopped shaking and for a moment he sat motionless with concentration. It seemed incredible that Fleur's brother should be the man he was seeking or, if not Timgad, then a person involved with the Algerian terrorist. Yet here, in front of him, was proof making it definitely possible that Constant used his profession as a screen for very different interests. Who would ever suspect the well-known French explorer of being one of the leaders of the Algerian rebels?

He must not jump to conclusions, Mark told himself, trying to remember the impression he had formed of Constant this morning. But he had seen him only as the brother of the girl with whom he had fallen in love; a scientist, dedicated to his work and devoted to his sister's career. He must not let himself be carried away, but stick to the facts, and the fact was that he had finally discovered a lead.

By the time he had rowed back to the pier, he was no longer filled with the feeling of satisfaction that comes with achievement. Instead, depression had settled over him. He found himself wishing he had heeded Perrier's advice to stay out of the whole affair. He knew that now he should call Perrier, tell him what he had found on the Anemone and leave all further action to the inspector, but the thought of Fleur and what this news might mean to her and her family made it impossible for him to act rationally. There was a chance, he tried to tell himself, that he might be wrong. Constant might be able to give an explanation and clear himself of suspicion.

"Thank God," said Fleur when, a little later, he opened the door to his room. "Thank God."

She was very pale and he saw that she had been crying.

"I don't know where women find the strength to endure waiting when the man they love is in danger. Oh, Mark, is it worth while feeling so deeply?"

"Maybe it would have been better if we had never met, if you and I ——" But she didn't let him finish.

"Don't. I didn't mean it that way. It is worth while. For me, at least. I'd rather be this way than indifferent." She put her hands against his face, cupping it, and looked at him, but he could not tell what she was thinking. Then, abruptly, she took her hands away, her expression changed and she said, "Tell me what happened. You found the man Raffaeli mentioned and"—a smile crept into her eyes—"everything was all right. Was he any help?"

Mark hesitated before he nodded. "Why didn't you tell me that you knew her, when I mentioned Corinne Javal?"

Perhaps his voice had sounded more reproachful than he had intended, for Fleur frowned sharply. "I didn't know her," she said. "What makes you think I would withhold anything from you that might be helpful?"

"But she was a friend of your brother's."

"A friend of Guy's?" No surprise registered in her face. "That is possible. I don't know many of his friends."

For a moment Mark was startled. Somehow he had taken for granted that Constant would talk to her about anybody who interested him. Then he realized that he was trying to think of her brother without prejudice because he was hoping that Guy Constant was innocent. Of course, if he was not, Constant would never mention any person, any name, connected with his other life. But Corinne had come to his boat quite openly, and the fact that he had not even casually told Fleur about her visits confirmed Mark's suspicion.

"You mustn't mind my questions." He sat down next to her on the bed. "But I know so little of you, your family, your true relationship to your brother."

Fleur smiled as if his interest touched her. "I love him," she said slowly, "in many ways. I respect him. I am deeply grateful for all he has done for me and I fight him every inch of the way."

She sighed, and again he saw the tired little line, which had touched him so in the morning, form around her mouth. "For the last five years, we have not been on really good terms. As I told you this morning, he is devoted to me, but he wants me to sacrifice my whole life to a career, and I want to escape his tyranny."

"Don't you find it odd that he never mentioned Corinne to you? I was told he saw quite a lot of her. He taught her to dive. Do you think he was in love with her and didn't tell you, because he thought it might hurt your feelings?"

Fleur laughed. "I wonder if Guy can really love. Unegotistically, unpossessively. I don't think he even loves me. I am only an instrument to make his dreams come true. As you know, he made up his mind to save me from life in a wheel chair. He is determined that I dance and the world adore me. He would consider himself a failure if he didn't attain his goal."

Mark closed his eyes to recall once more the way Guy Constant had appeared to him that morning, a young man in a shabby red silk dressing gown, a parrot on his shoulder. The dark, fanatic eyes, the narrow, determined shape of his mouth, the bitterness in his voice.

"Would you consider him a happy person?"

Fleur shook her head. "Guy is happy only in his dreams, never in the present. The realities of the day mean nothing to him. He is driven. You see, there are people in his field who are much better known. Maybe they are better. I couldn't say. But I know he envies them. He has always felt frustrated. As a child he was frail. He wasn't allowed to play rough with other boys. When the war broke out, he was turned down because of his health. It almost drove him out of his mind. He thought everybody would look upon him as a coward. He always has to prove something. That was when he started to take up diving. In those days there was something daring about it. Now"—she shrugged—"it has become almost a sport."

Out of question and answer there arose the picture of an enormously ambitious yet deeply thwarted man, a man whose ego might cloud his judgment and drive him into any situation that permitted him to assert himself. Unable to feel love for anything that did not further his goals, angry with a world that had let him down, had Guy Constant finally found a way of avenging himself for the real or imagined injustices of life?

Her eyes were fastened on him. "What's the matter, Mark? What are you thinking? Why are you so interested in the fact that Guy knew Corinne? He knows many people, but I don't think he considers any of them his friends. If Corinne was really interested in diving and flattered his vanity ——"

"Corinne is dead," he interrupted her. "Have you forgotten what I told you? Or maybe I didn't mention how she died. The scarf around her neck caught in the wheel and strangled her."

"The way Isadora Duncan died."

"Yes."

"But you said she was one of the victims of the man you have been searching for since your friend was shot—Timgad."

"Yes."

It was the way he said it that alerted her. She stiffened, sat very straight. "Are you trying to imply that my brother has something to do with her death, with ——" Then suddenly, overwhelmed by his silent accusation, her voice broke.

Mark knelt down in front of her. "Look at me, Fleur, dearest, don't you know how hard it is for me to have to tell you all this?"

She faced him squarely, the violet-blue eyes almost black with anger. "You are out of your mind. How dare you suspect him? How dare you sound me out about him? How dare you think that Guy—no, don't touch me." She pulled away as he tried to take her hand.

Of course, he thought, suddenly feeling the long hours of the day dragging him down, he couldn't expect her to believe it.

"Unfortunately, I have proof that he is involved."

"In her murder? You don't know what you are saying."

Mark didn't answer and his silence, he saw, filled her with terror, as if she grasped only now what he had said a moment ago. Her eyes widened.

"You have proof? What kind of proof?"

He told her then and she listened without interrupting him, but when he had finished she shook her head violently. "I don't believe it. I know him. There must be an explanation. I know there will be."

"I hope so, for our sake." He rose and went over to the telephone. "Fleur, darling, please try to see my side of it. I am sorry, but I must call Perrier."

She tore the receiver out of his hand. "You can't. I won't let you. Listen, Mark, I know he's innocent. But I also know what it will do to him to be questioned by the police, what it will do to grandmaman to have to face another scandal. You can't do it to him, nor to me. It's my name too. You can't, Mark. You simply can't do it."

He saw the desperation in her eyes. Then what could he do? Go and face Guy Constant alone? It would be giving the enemy all the advantages without the slightest chance of defending himself successfully. And Fleur? Would she call Perrier if something happened to him? Or would she, to protect her family, choose to believe it was an accident if he was found dead, an accident with which her brother had nothing to do?

"Well, Mrs. Baxter, it's all settled. You get seven hundred dollars per month alimony, a substantial block of shares in your husband's company, the house, furniture and the two cars . . . and your husband gets the blonde."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Go and see Guy," she was saying. "I beg of you. Talk to him before you speak to Perrier. Mark, if you have any respect for me, you will come with me right now."

The sun had set when they left the hotel and they drove through the warm twilight without speaking.

Only once did Mark try to break the silence; he took his hand from the wheel and touched her knee. Fleur neither pulled away nor did she acknowledge his gesture, and Mark knew that, within the last half hour, she had come to regard him as an outsider, an intruder on the peace of her family; that, however strongly she might want to be independent of them, in trouble she belonged to them, identifying herself fully with her brother.

He took the road Guy Constant had shown him that morning as the shorter way to reach the house and they were there so quickly it surprised them both.

"I really don't know," she said, "how to tell him. It seems impossible." But he realized that she was just thinking aloud, not speaking to him. "Well." She tossed back her head and opened the door. "You'd better not come in. Wait here."

She pointed to one of the chairs on the deserted terrace and disappeared into the house, which seemed oddly quiet, dark and drab. Mark was leaning against the wall, still warm from the day's sun, when he heard a small noise very close. He swung in the direction of the sound, then flattened himself instinctively against the wall again.

"I saw you," a voice whispered. "You are a fool to come here."

"Who are you?"

"Well, I had the misfortune to meet you at luncheon."

Bransky, the little old ballet master, stepped carefully out of the shadow of a tree onto the terrace. Mark's tension broke into laughter. He had forgotten Bransky. He seemed to belong to another life.

"Sh, sh," said Bransky. "Your best chance is not to let them know you are here. Oh, my migraine." He pushed at something on his head which Mark could not make out. "It keeps slipping off," he said. "The icebag. Oh, the pain, the pain. I knew it would come back the moment you told me Mademoiselle was going with you. I was too stunned to do anything about it. I just sat there not knowing what to do. Oh, what a misfortune; what a catastrophe! Madame has taken to her bed. The general has gone off to comb Monte Carlo for you. Inez is so nervous she refuses to cook. And Miss Pendlebury has forgotten all her French and for hours has spoken only English."

Mark stared at him, unable to find an answer. All he could think of was Philippe, falling to the ground beside him; Corinne, killed in her car; the dead mother clutching her baby in the café in Nice; and acts of terror on both sides, going on for years. It was difficult, almost impossible, to imagine a world in which all that mattered was that a young girl be properly chaperoned.

"And Monsieur Constant?"

"Oh, I have no doubt that he will kill you."

Laughter rose in Mark's throat as the thought struck him that brotherly jealousy could be used to cover up the true motive. A fight between two men, in which, unfortunately, he would be killed. Any fight could be made to look like self-defense. For a moment, then, everything seemed possible. Even that Fleur, quite innocently, had played the part her brother had assigned to her—a beautiful girl dancing by herself in the morning under his window, lying later so close to the steps that led to the beach that she had to be noticed, talking frankly about her family, making a date with him, and Bransky being sent along to find out what he was going to do. After that he could have been watched driving to Nice, stopping at the photographer's shop in the hotel, leaving Fleur alone, making his way to a side-street café where the bomb had killed neither him nor Perrier. Trailed to Raffaeli, to the garden of the Casino in Monte Carlo, back to the hotel, up to Eze, down to the Anemone.

But Constant had given him an appointment for tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock. Why? So that if they should fail to kill him today, he would be sure to show up there tomorrow? Or, since Constant could not possibly have counted on Mark's coming to the house, had the appointment been made merely to cover himself?

The front door opened. It was Fleur. "Bransky, where is my brother?"

"I must have dozed off," said Bransky. "I didn't see him leave. He was here an hour ago. Waiting for you in his study. He may have got impatient with the general for not having found you. He may have gone looking for you himself. He may come back any minute and if he——"

"He isn't here." Fleur turned to Mark. "He isn't here."

Mark did not answer. There was, of course, the possibility that he might have been seen boarding the Anemone. Constant might have remembered the pile of maps and preferred to disappear.

"But we'll find him," said Fleur, raising her voice a little in desperation. And she went back into the house.

"Who is the general?" Mark asked, stepping up to Bransky, who was holding his old-fashioned icebag to his forehead with both hands.

"One of Madame's oldest friends. A fine gentleman. He often accompanies Monsieur on his adventures."

"Does he? Who else?"

"On the boat? Well, there is only Anet, an all-round man, sailor, mechanic, engineer. And scientists or acquaintances sometimes go along."

The door opened and Fleur came out. She had changed into an evening dress, at which the old English governess was plucking nervously.

"Ducky, please. I am sorry, but I must refuse you permission."

"Are you sure he went to the Casino?"

"I shouldn't have told you." Miss Pendlebury wrung her hands. "But that's what he said on the phone. It's unfair of you to take advantage of me. I only told you because I wanted to calm you, because you were so worried about him." Then she saw Mark and shrank visibly. "You should be ashamed of yourself, sir, causing all this excitement when, with a little good manners, everything would be so much easier."

Fleur turned to Mark. "Let's go."

She ran down the steps and Mark followed.

"I forgot all about having stayed away with a stranger," Fleur said as soon as he had started the car. "Stranger," Mark heard, and it cut him like a knife, and yet it was better, perhaps, if she forgot what they had meant to each other for a few hours.

"Poor dears," she said. "But maybe they are luckier than you and I. They are not involved in treason and murder." Even in her anger she sounded close to tears.

"Fleur, let me take you back. I'll find him."

She shook her head violently. "I don't trust you. You might change your mind and call the police, after all."

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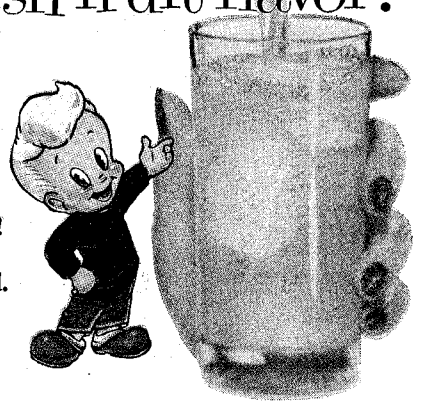

"never an after-thirst"

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"You hate me, don't you?"

"I think despise is the better word."

It took a great deal of self-control to remain calm, to try to put himself in her place, to answer quietly, "Aren't you being sentimental and childish? You understood the seriousness of the situation very well when I explained it all to you before I left to see Colonel Baudon. Then you were afraid for me. You would have had nothing against my calling the police if I had found any proof that pointed to the colonel, but now, because I have reason to suspect your brother ——"

"If you don't understand, it would be a waste of effort to explain. If we are going to the Casino, you'll have to change. I'll wait there for you. In the entrance."

"The reservation for your table," said the clerk when Mark came down; he was holding out two pink slips of paper. "Table for two. At nine o'clock."

Mark could not remember having made the reservation. A table for two? Then he recalled that, before leaving to meet Corinne, he had asked to have a table for two reserved for him. "And a gentleman called. He wants you to call back. He said you know the number."

Mark was about to pick up the receiver when he remembered Fleur's sarcastic words, "I don't trust you," and took his hand from it. "I'll call from the Casino."

"Very well, sir."

He walked the short distance. From all directions cars and people were streaming toward the big building. He could hear the music of the orchestras, laughter from the bars, see the lights of thousands of colored bulbs dancing like strange flowers submerged in water, smell the perfumes, the freshly watered soil, and he halted his steps, cocking his head as though someone were talking to him. "Unless you stop interfering . . . you will not survive." Fourteen hours had passed since he had received the note. What if he could not outwit them?

He went on, up the few wide steps into the lobby and quite automatically to the desk to show his passport and get the card that would enable him to enter the gambling rooms. Then he saw Fleur standing in the big hall opening toward the sea.

"I could not find him in the restaurant. He must be inside somewhere, gambling. And I forgot that they won't issue a card to me because I am not yet twenty-one. You'll have to try to sneak me in." She shrugged.

They waited until a small crowd had gathered at one of the open doors and the two men checking visitors were both busy. Nobody stopped them when, taking her arm and holding his card folded, to make it look like two, he pushed their way in. But wherever they looked, walking slowly past crowded tables from room to room, they could not see Guy Constant.

"He isn't here."

"No," she answered. "But he will come."

"What makes you so certain?"

"Pendelbury said that somebody whom he was to meet at the Casino had called him."

But what, Mark thought suddenly, if Guy Constant, knowing that Mark was looking for him, had told the Englishwoman to give this message, to delay any action Mark might be planning? Of course he should have called Perrier the moment he had left the Anemone.

"You promised not to call Perrier until you had talked to Guy," Fleur said, as if she were reading his thoughts. "Please be patient for a little while longer."

"Good evening, Mr. Travers."

The loud booming voice was unmistakable. Cesare di Raffaeli stood in front of them. In spite of his heavy, square body, he looked extremely elegant, as only Italian men can look in a suit that is just a bit too well tailored. In the lapel of his white silk dinner jacket he wore a carnation that was almost black.

"I see you took my advice and have given up chasing phantoms," he said. "Would you be kind enough to introduce me?"

Somehow it had not entered Mark's mind that Cesare di Raffaeli might leave his eagle's nest to gamble. "Monsieur di Raffaeli, Mademoiselle Constant."

"Constant?" repeated Raffaeli, obviously surprised. "Any relation to Guy Constant, the explorer?"

"My brother."

"I didn't know he had a sister." Raffaeli laughed. "Very wrong of him to keep such a beautiful girl a secret."

Fleur smiled, acknowledging his compliment, but she did not answer. Raffaeli did not seem to expect a reply. He went on in his rapid way. "I saw your brother a little while ago."

"You saw Constant? Where? Here?"

Raffaeli did not fail to catch the note of excitement in Mark's voice. His right eyebrow shot up into his round, bald forehead, then straightened out. "Yes," he said, speaking very slowly, as though he wanted to give what he had to say more emphasis. "He was here and we exchanged a few words before he left. He said he would be back later. But why do you look so surprised, my young friend? Everybody has his weakness, and gambling is the commonest of all. You like to gamble, too, don't you? Well, I advise strongly that you do not take too many chances"—he turned to Fleur—"or you might lose your beautiful companion to someone who is wise enough never to leave a young lady alone. I see that you still have a lot to learn, but there are mistakes that can be avoided. I hope you have a pleasant evening. See you later." And with one of his wide expansive gestures, he left them.

"I don't like him," said Fleur, watching him walk away, and she shook herself a little as if she could shake off the impression Raffaeli had made on her.

"He could be the finest character under the sun, but you would hate him because he was responsible for my going to your brother's boat and finding the map."

She made no attempt to deny it. "That's right," she said. "Who brings trouble to Guy brings trouble to me. But where is your judgment? How can you be so sure he didn't tell Colonel Baudon exactly what to say, so that you would go to the Anemone? How can you tell that he didn't have the map put there to direct suspicion against Guy?"

Mark did not answer. He had just thought the same thing.

"Mark?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that man? The one leaning against the wall? To your right? He's been watching us."

Mark turned. Rather tall, quite thin, a narrow, sallow face, a man with jet-black curly hair—where had he seen the fellow before? It came to him in a flash—among the circle of onlookers on the Mont Agel, staring at Corinne, dead in her car.

TO BE CONTINUED

Middle age is when you have trouble keeping up with your power mower.

HAROLD COFFIN

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I Was a Compulsive Gambler

(Continued from Page 25)

there in the bushes waiting. Compulsive gamblers are not born. They are made. Take my own case.

Before the tiger landed on my back, I had gambled socially and safely for most of my adult life. While I was overseas in the Army, I got into a few high-stakes games—but only with money I had won in smaller games, never with money I needed. I regularly sent home the bulk of my pay to my wife. I never even knew there was such a thing as a tiger until a major in the finance section came to me one day and wanted to borrow a large amount of money. He was white-faced and sick with fright. I lent him what I could spare. Later I found that he had borrowed from almost every officer in the division. It turned out that he had been gambling with payroll funds. The Army, in its wisdom, does not allow finance officers to gamble. The major was court-martialed and sentenced to a term of hard labor back in the States even though he had replaced the embezzled money with borrowed funds. He never served a day. He hanged himself with his belt. That was my first glimpse of the tiger.

Two years later I was back in the States myself. I was stationed at a base in the South. I had my wife and son with me, and we were expecting another baby. We weren't well off financially, but we were very happy.

One night I went to a stag party at the officers' club. I had been to a dozen of these affairs before and had a good time; spent a few dollars, played a little poker. There was no reason to expect this time to be any different—but it was. There was a poker game going. The stakes were a little higher than usual, but I sat in anyway. I had forty dollars in cash. I also had my checkbook, with a balance of fifty-odd dollars. I lost my forty dollars cash in an hour. This was money that we needed at home. Feeling a little desperate, I cashed a check for another forty dollars and went chasing the first forty.

I began playing foolishly—staying in hands where I had no business, trying to run bluffs. I lost the second forty dollars. Then, perfectly aware that I had only about ten dollars left in my account, I cashed a check for fifty dollars more with one of the big winners. I cannot explain why I did this. I had always considered myself of average honesty. I had never stolen, never written a bad check—until then. But on this evening I didn't even hesitate.

Now I began to play wildly. One part of my mind was on the game, the other on the consequences if I didn't win the check back. The fifty went and I wrote another check, this time for $100. Some of my friends suggested that I get out of the game for a while, settle down. I angrily told them to mind their own business.

Suddenly my luck changed. I had an almost incredible run of cards. Everything I tried worked. I filled straights, made flushes and full houses. When the game broke up, I had redeemed my checks and was $100 ahead.

I walked to our quarters in a strange mood. In part it was the pleasant feeling of having got something for nothing. In part it was relief that I wouldn't have to worry about redeeming my bad checks. And in part it was a queer, unfamiliar feeling of elation. I had taken a terrible chance. I had gambled with more than money—I had gambled with my reputation and my future. That is the terrible part. That is the tiger.

I told myself, of course, that it would never happen again. I wouldn't let it. But two weeks later I had lunch in a nearby city with a civilian acquaintance. We ate in the clubhouse of a fraternal order to which he belonged. I had known for some time that there was a running gin-rummy game in the lounge and that there was a horse room, complete with racing wire, adjacent to it. Although I did not then admit it to myself, I know that I had sought out my civilian friend with the deliberate intention of gambling.

After lunch I said that I thought I'd like to stay around awhile—maybe get in the gin game. He left and I walked into the lounge. I couldn't wait to be handling the cards. I felt the kind of nervous excitement, the anticipatory thrill that the drug addict must feel just before he plunges the hypodermic needle into his flesh.

And I know now that the moment I set out deliberately to find that game I lost my integrity. I can look back over thousands of hours spent at race tracks, at all-night card games, even in front of pinball machines, and I can see myself getting into that first game. From here one thing is obvious: I didn't really want to win. Through all the years of unhappiness that followed, I never did want to win. That is one of the marks of the compulsive gambler—deep down, he really wants to lose. It's a complex business, one that probably belongs on the psychiatrist's couch; but I can give an example. Consider the horse player who can describe in minute detail the running of a race in which his horse lost in a photo finish. Most gamblers will do so on the slightest provocation, yet I have never had a gambler bore me with an account of the photo finish in which his horse won.

For me, I believe that even the risk of financial loss was not enough. Perhaps I was a throwback to the days when survival itself was a gamble. I have read similar explanations for the gambling urge in psychiatric studies. It sounds good. It is a face-saving thought. Certainly it is a more desirable explanation than what I believe is the true one—that compulsive gambling is a form of masochism. Most of us like to consider ourselves normal people. There is something evil and dirty about masochism. It never bothered me to be called a gambler—or even a sucker or a damned fool. It would have bothered me if someone had referred to me as "that masochist." The day I faced the fact that it was masochism that underlay my urge to gamble was the day I started to shake it.

I'm sure, too, that this taint of masochism explains the curious sense of gratification I felt when I had to confess to my wife that I had lost what money we had—or even money that we didn't have, in which case we had to borrow to get me out of trouble. To be sure, I always approached these scenes reluctantly. Many times I went to great lengths to avoid them, but there was always a certain sense of release in making my sorry confessions—a sense of cleansing myself of guilt, of readying myself for a fresh start.

In talking to a number of compulsive gamblers prior to and subsequent to my own cure, I have learned that I was by no means unique. Most of them experienced the same release. It's a form of regression to childhood. The world had been too tough for us. We wanted our wives to mother us, patch up our bruises. We had become something less than men.

Some portions of the foregoing are strong meat, doubtless. The casual gambler, the bingo player, the gambler-for-diversion may react with revulsion—but those readers who are among my estimated 6,000,000 compulsive gamblers will have understood. And a man I'll call Joe would understand.

I met Joe five years ago. He was then thirty-five years old, nice looking and an extremely good dresser. He was a salesman for an oil company. He had a good car, a fine wife and a better-than-average income. I was playing knock rummy in a bar when I first saw him. He watched the game intently and, at the first opening, asked to get in. I was glad to have him in the game—fresh money. Within five minutes I knew that, like me, he had to gamble. I can spot a compulsive gambler every time by watching him bet. So, of course, can the bookies.

Joe lost quite a bit of money. He wrote me a check for $125 for accumulated debts during the game. After the game broke up I went home. I hadn't been there five minutes before the telephone rang. It was Joe. After a little backing and filling, he said that he wanted to see me. By that time I had a pretty good idea what he wanted. I told him that I couldn't get away just then. After a little further hesitation he asked me if I would hold the check for a couple of days—which was what I expected. I told him that I would. As a matter of fact, I have never cashed the check to this day.

The next evening Joe came to my house. I went out and sat in his car with him while he talked. He was, he said, in terrible trouble. He had given bad checks to two different bookies. The checks had bounced and they had been calling him at his office and at his home. He had until morning to raise $300. I could sympathize with him, but I couldn't help him. Finally he said that he knew a man who ran a restaurant. The man, he said, took the receipts home each night. Joe was so frightened of the bookies that he wanted to burglarize the man's home—and he wanted me to help him. My reaction, you might think, should have been to call the police. It wasn't. I was not in financial trouble at that time, but I had been in worse trouble than Joe on more than one occasion and I, too, had gone so far as to consider (*Continued on Page 65*)

NEXT WEEK

I Call on Maurice Chevalier

by Pete Martin

The Fabulous Frenchman's Comeback

Diefenbaker, the Man from Saskatchewan:

Canada's Amazing Prime Minister

Spare Parts for Defective Hearts

An Artificial Valve to Help Victims of "Aortic Insufficiency"

I Wanted to Be Somebody: II

Why Alice Marble Gave Up Tennis

IN COLOR:

What's for Breakfast?

Recipes From a Famous New Orleans Restaurant

The Temptation of Father Malachine

A Story by Mark Boyle

Author of The Priest on the River Boat

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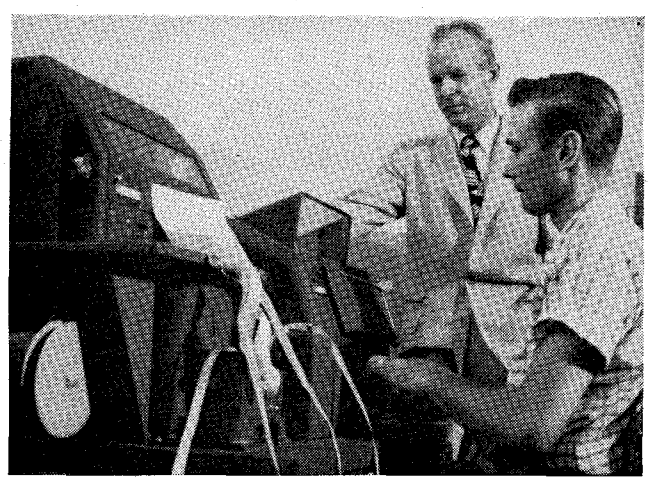
Send off . . . In Denver, Robert L. Cohen, Executive Vice President of Navajo Freight Lines, Inc. gives Driver Bob Masters the manifest for the run. At right: Bill Sallee, Employers Mutuals Representative, whose counseling simplified Navajo's insurance program.

From the cab look over Joe Miner's shoulder to the highway ahead. Teams of two Navajo men are always assigned to the same truck. "You get to know its habits that way," Joe says. "Trucks have habits just like humans."



Control Room for central communications. Navajo's Safety Director Ned MacCracken checks reports coming over the wires from all main stations to Denver headquarters. Paul Higgins is the operator.

The "Blue-Eyed" Indian can be your guide to the "Wausau Way of working"...

Wausau Story

COAST TO COAST FROM COLORADO

by **Willard C. Haselbush,** *Business News Editor, The Denver Post*

"Probably the only blue-eyed Indian you'll ever see is the trademark for Navajo Freight Lines. He's pictured on all Navajo trucks and trailers . . . and this fleet travels more than 38 million miles a year to provide motor freight service from coast to coast.

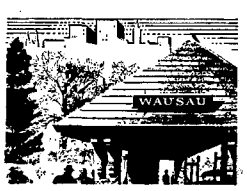
"You know—just by the millions of miles traveled every year—that it's no simple matter for this company to set up and maintain an effective safety program for its men. About 93% of those miles are over-the-road hauling on our busy highways. The rest are in heavy city traffic. Then, on the docks at the terminals, there are hazards that come from handling a big variety of shipments in a hurry. With so many items of varied shape, weight and size to be handled, there are different safety problems every time a trailer is loaded or unloaded at any of the terminals.

"Fortunately there is a solution to these problems . . . and Navajo has found it. They work closely with Employers Mutuals, that country-wide insurance company with headquarters in Wausau, Wisconsin. There are two important points there—*country-wide* and *Wausau*. Wherever there's an important Navajo terminal, there's an Employers Mutuals office. That means on-the-spot service, fast handling of claims, a personal concern with safety. It means the same kind of Wausau service all along the 'route of the Blue-Eyed Indian.' Now it's all coordinated and controlled. All this . . . and a real savings in dollars and cents too.

"That's good business. And a good way of working too. Navajo people know Employers Mutuals men share their interest and concern in safety. Besides experience and knowledge, Employers Mutuals men contribute personal interest and genuine helpfulness. That's *Wausau*. You find the neighborly spirit of Wausau at all Employers Mutuals offices."

Whatever your business is and wherever it is, Employers Mutuals can provide "local" service tailored to your needs. Employers Mutuals, with offices all across the country, writes all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance including automobile. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 63*) violent crime. I told Joe that I wanted no part of it and that he ought to face the music instead of ruining himself.

I saw him two days later. He looked ten years older and he couldn't straighten up. The bookies had taken him riding in his own car. One of them had held him while the other had punched him in the chest and abdomen. They had given him a week to get the money up.

Joe got it up. He embezzled money belonging to his company and paid them off. He did it in such a manner that he was well covered. He could have replaced the money out of his salary if he had made an effort. Unfortunately, Joe was in good standing with the bookies again. They told him so. In a matter of weeks he was in trouble with them once more. He couldn't do his work because he was worried. The company began to think about the mysterious phone calls he kept getting. He was investigated and fired as a thief.

I see Joe from time to time. He has lost his car and his wife. He doesn't own a suit. His teeth are gone and he looks much older than his forty years. He is working as a parking-lot attendant. And he is still betting, in a hopeless, futile way, a dollar at a time.

I said that I had been in worse trouble than Joe. Among other things, I have taken out loans by forging my wife's signature. I have borrowed money on a car that wasn't fully paid for. I have cashed checks on Fridays in supermarkets and liquor stores, so that I could go to the races on Saturday, knowing that I had to win in order to get the money into the bank to cover the outstanding checks. I didn't always succeed—in fact, I seldom did. Then I would go to my wife and she would borrow the money from her family for me. All the while I was doing this I was considered a fine husband and father by the neighbors—which shows that you don't have to look like a bum to be one.

I have made my wife appear foolishly forgiving. She was not. She stayed with me only because we had children. She stayed with me while I left the service and ran through half a dozen good jobs, each of which I lost, one way or another, through gambling.

Together we tried to figure out what made me do it. We tried moderate gambling. It didn't work. It bored me and it gave me an appetite for my own suicidal type. We tried no gambling at all. I couldn't stay away from it for more than a few months. We tried putting all the money in her control. That didn't work. I apparently look honest, and it was always easy for me to cash checks or borrow money.

Yet I was always stricken with remorse when I lost money that belonged to my family, however hypocritical that sounds. The saddest, most hopeless feeling in the world is the remorse that overcomes you when you have harmed people you love because you couldn't stop yourself.

More than once my wife asked me bitterly if I didn't ever win. And indeed sometimes I did. I have gone to the race track and won on as many as five consecutive races. I enjoyed winning. I shouted when my horses got to the front and stayed there down to the wire. It was nice to have a great sheaf of bills in my pocket. I liked having the money to buy things for my wife; I liked taking her to first-class restaurants or buying expensive toys for my children. I liked nonchalantly throwing a pile of bills on the table—but when I was winning there was always a little discontent. Something was missing. I was never quite satisfied. And there was always a hysterical quality to the good times we had when I won.

More often, of course, I didn't win. Once I took a new job in a city so far away from home that I had to stay in a rooming house except for weekends. We were so broke that I had only seven dollars to buy my meals for a week—until payday on Friday. I lost the seven dollars on Tuesday night, playing Indian dice in a bar. I got a bigger thrill losing, dollar by dollar, and knowing that I would go damned hungry if I lost it all, than I ever did winning. I went the three days until payday without eating, and in that time I convinced myself that I was a martyr. I was paying for my losses, wasn't I? And I had justified my gambling on the ground that if I could double the money I had, I could eat twice as well. Compulsive gamblers always look for justification. Usually it consists of a sullen determination to get back their losses, although quite often the excuse is even flimsier.

I mentioned Joe as a typical case history, a more or less horrible example of the ruination that gambling can cause. I have known more than a hundred Joes. I don't believe that there is a single reader of this article who doesn't have at least a nodding acquaintance with a man who has been or is in desperate trouble because of gambling. There are frequent newspaper reports of mild people who have stolen great sums of money to cover their gambling losses—obscure bank tellers or retiring little spinster secretaries. These people receive attention only if the sum of money is a large one. How many thousands of people have stolen smaller amounts and been caught? Nobody could even guess. Nobody really cares except the petty embezzlers themselves, the desperate, driven victims who lose their jobs and their homes.

I know of an aged couple who live in a city near me. Both had worked in a cotton mill all their lives, and they had saved their money. They had no children. They should have been able to live out their lives very comfortably. About a year before they retired, however, the husband started betting on horse races with a bookie's runner in the mill. He bet small sums—a dollar, maybe two—and he was lucky. Then he got his wife interested, and she became an even more rabid gambler. Women, in fact, often seem to fall harder under the gambling spell than men. I have known women to lose their husbands' pay checks week after week in bingo games, and then go to any extreme—literally—to make enough money to conceal their losses from their husbands.

At any rate, for this particular couple the luck held during their last year of work. They even made a few hundred dollars. But within a year after they retired, they had lost every cent of their savings and their house as well. They are living in a cheap rooming house at the moment. With what they can squeeze out of their Social Security pensions, they are still playing the horses.

If I have given the impression that an awful lot of gambling goes on, that is only because it's true. I am sure that I could arrive in any town in the United States with a population of over 25,000 people and, within an hour, place a bet on a horse race or a baseball game. When you are an addict, you learn how to spot the places. You look for the newsstand that sells racing sheets when there isn't a track operating within a hundred miles. Near it will be a bar where there seems to be a lot of traffic—or perhaps a shoeshine stand or a barbershop. There's an idiom to betting, and the man who takes the bets can listen to you for two minutes and figure whether you are safe or not.

There are a lot of stories about jovial, softhearted bookies, but I have never known one that was not a liar and a cheat—and I've known at least two hundred. This is an important thing to know, because a bookie can spot a compulsive gambler even when the victim doesn't recognize the symptoms himself. And bookies aren't long on scruples. Remember the old couple? The bookie that took their money knew what he was doing, knew that this was the money they had saved for their last few years—and he couldn't have cared less. The bookies that made Joe embezzle money knew that he didn't get it legitimately, but once he had paid up they encouraged him to go on betting. By bookies, incidentally, I don't mean the poor devils of runners who make only 10 per cent of what they book and who must work free when the book loses money. Most of them bet back their earnings anyhow. I mean the men who get the money. I don't really know if they belong to a syndicate. Most of the ones I have known belonged to a loose, more or less local, clique.

But even eliminating bookies won't really help compulsive gamblers much. There is legalized betting at horse and dog tracks within reach of most areas. There are always card games to be found. Nevertheless, both card games and race tracks require that you have cash, and that makes it a little more difficult to get deeply in the hole. If you have credit with a bookie and a telephone handy, you can put yourself in hock for months in a matter of a minute or two. I might add that bookies are usually good students of human nature. They know how to flatter you, make you think you are a good loser. All losers are good losers to bookies, obviously. They know how to console you with the thought that you're due for a good winner. And they will gladly put you in touch with loan sharks, legitimate and otherwise.

> When a man and wife consistently see things in the same light they are probably television addicts.
>
> PEP MEALIFFE

I managed to stay clear of the loan sharks, but for most of my ten years as an addict I worked harder than any man I have ever known in an attempt to make up my losses. I have worked simultaneously at two jobs which together didn't pay me as much as any one of several I had lost because of my gambling. When I wasn't working for someone else, I worked for myself, writing a book. The book sold, and so did a second. The financial pressure on me eased. I was able to make a better life for my family. Then I got a much better job, which I still have, but I still didn't quit gambling. It seemed as if the only difference was that I could bet more money than before.

The confirmed gambler's reaction to this last paragraph would probably be, "Sure. You had it made. You didn't have to gamble to make a few extra bucks."

On the contrary, the money I made came from working eighteen hours a day, and I lost enough in bets so that many times, even when money was coming in, I had to borrow on expected royalties.

In fact, on the very afternoon when I finally wrenched the tiger from my back, I had just lost nearly a thousand dollars at the race track. I came away feeling utterly sick, sick to the bone. For several days I had been trying to justify spending enough money to buy a set of golf clubs. Now I had lost, in a couple of hours, enough money to buy half a dozen of the best sets made. I pulled the car over to the side of the road. I was fed to the teeth with gambling. Of course, I had been fed up a dozen or a hundred times before; but this time, thank God, I finally made myself face reality. The reality was sickening. I had lost, over the years, thousands and thousands of dollars. I had never enjoyed, for even one minute, the spending of that money. I had nothing to show for it, not even a pleasant recollection. Never, I told myself, had anyone been so cheated—unless it was my family. The tears, the fears, the dread when the telephone rang, the nervous cold sweat of a thousand gin-rummy hands, the polite and not-so-polite notes from the finance companies—these were what I had bought.

I gave up gambling on that afternoon and I have not gambled since. It has not been easy, but certain things have helped me. Some literary critics have been kind enough to suggest that my books reflect an acute judgment of human nature. That judgment—and my own bitter experience—taught me the way to shake my own tiger. Here, for the benefit of other compulsive gamblers, are the rules I followed:

1. Recognize that gambling is a weakness and a loathsome one—that it is, for you, a form of masochism.

2. Recognize that the tiger is stronger than you. You can afford to give him not the slightest chance—which means that you simply cannot gamble at all. If your friends ask you to get into a penny-ante poker game, refuse. If they persist, tell them it's a matter of principle. If they are friends, they'll honor the principle. You can serve the beer and sandwiches.

3. Never, under any circumstances, bet with a bookie—or on any sports event that you can't see. If you can't give up gambling completely, you will probably never get rid of your tiger—but give yourself some slight chance. Don't think it daring or smart to bet with a bookie. They are vermin.

4. When you get the urge, find an object lesson. Go to the cheapest bar you can find. Look at the derelicts around you, waiting with pathetic patience, almost sweet subservience, for a "live one." Be compassionate, because more than likely one or more of them once had as good a life as you—until the tiger got him. By natural association, gambling and drinking are brothers. Buy a round and leave.

5. You will still get the urge. Find something you have always wanted and never could quite afford. Buy it anyway. You'll get a lot of release from the action, and you'll have something to show for your money. You'll be gambling on your own ability to meet your obligations.

6. Say to yourself, the next time you reach for your billfold to make a bet, "I worked hard for this money. Will I get a fair return for it out of the sweating tension of a bet—or would it be more fun to take the kids to the amusement park?" (There isn't really any question.)

If you honestly admit that you are a compulsive gambler and that you can't control your actions when the tiger growls, these rules will help you. Live by them, and your tiger will die a natural death. And good luck. THE END

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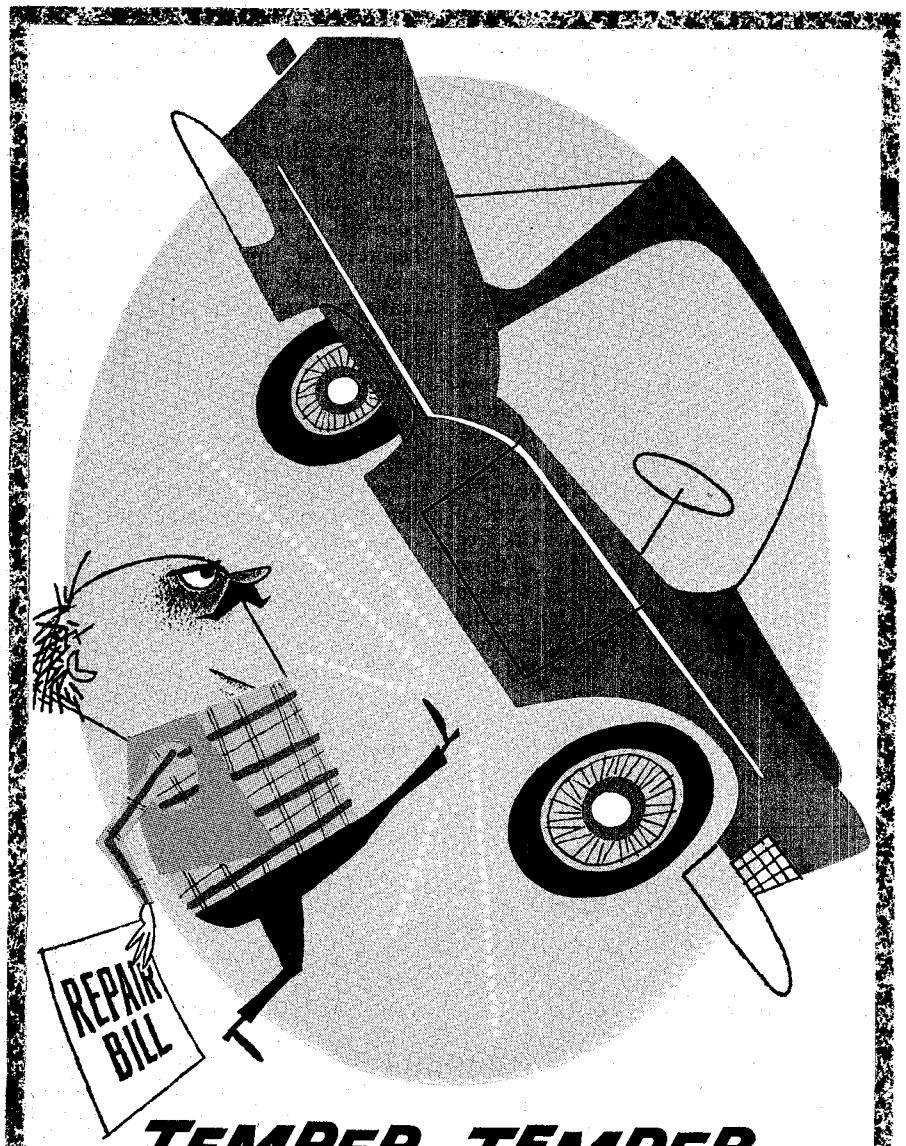

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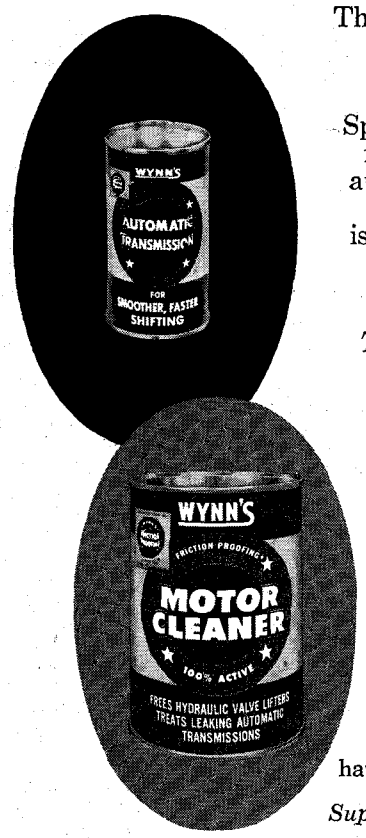

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Can Nasser Take it All?

(Continued from Page 27)

caught the world's imagination, and its sympathy. The Aswan High Dam project could, by irrigation-storage and flood control, add another 2,000,000 to Egypt's 8,000,000 fertile acres (at a cost of $1,300,000,000). But in the time it would take to complete the dam, about ten years, 5,000,000 more little Egyptians would be born, and thus the dreadful food equation would worsen, decidedly more than three mouths for every acre, in an Egypt of 30,000,000 in the late 1960's.

Nasser himself was born on the rim of this misery. His father, Abdel Nasser Hussein, learned to read and write and became a postman in his native village of Beni Mor, in Assiut Province of Upper Egypt. (In an Egyptian village, the postman is often called a "savant" because he can read.) Early biographies always gave Beni Mor as Gamal's birthplace, although it now appears he was born in Alexandria, just after his dad got a post office there. But he regards Beni Mor as his village and there today, of some 4000 villagers, more than 200 are Nasser relatives, members of the Khalil clan.

I spent a day in the fields, watching the eternal drama of sun, man, animal and water, the fellahin in their high-domed felt skullcaps and unbleached tunics or *galabias*, some riding threshing sledges, some tilling with water buffalo or fetching fertilizer with camels, others operating primitive but effective "shadoofs" (pole with bucket) and Archimedes' wheels to raise precious water from the irrigation canals. One touch of strange beauty—here the rare blue-cheeked bee-eater is a common bird. Toward evening I was invited to the home of Gamal's favorite uncle, one of the larger dwellings in the village, under a sycamore tree. Nasser himself has written of how "the seeds of the revolution were planted in our subconscious by the preceding generation." It seems in his case the seed-planting was more direct. This uncle, Khalil Hussein Khalil, was one of the firebrands arrested and tried by a British military court in 1921 for nationalist agitation.

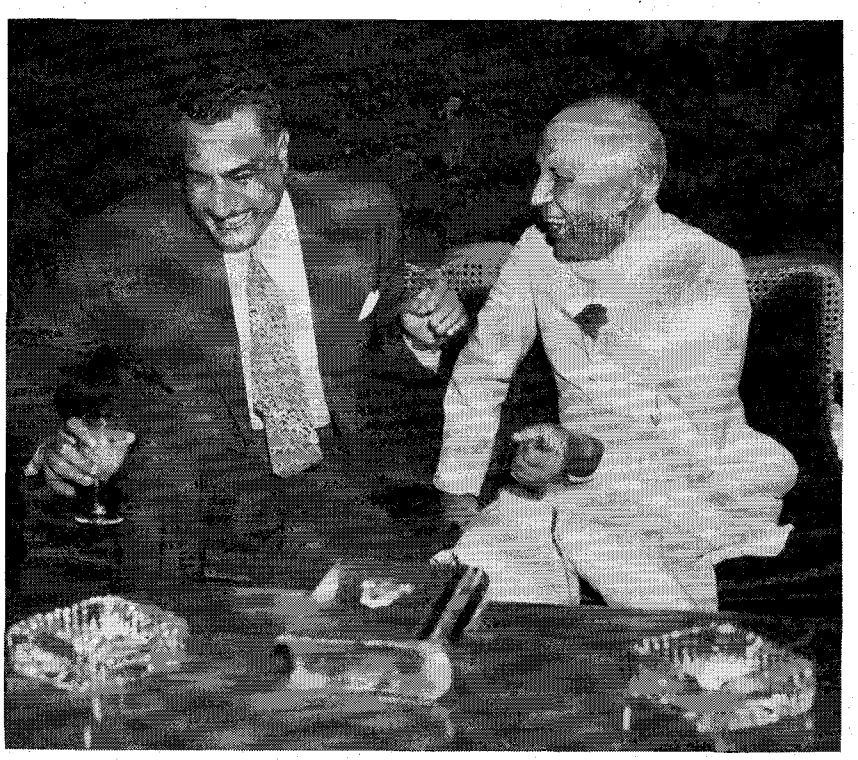
Uncle Khalil and other members of the Nasser clan told the story of Gamal's boyhood days. He was the eldest of four brothers, his mother's favorite, and it was she who insisted he be sent, when he was eight, to a good school in Cairo. Each day, fascinated by the wonders of the great city, the son wrote his doting mother a letter. He never received answers. His father wrote back that she was busy. It was only when he returned home at the end of the term that Gamal discovered his mother had died in childbirth, soon after he left for Cairo. This shock of his mother's death left brooding memories that carried through his teens. Even at the military academy his nickname was "The Somber Cadet."

In high school in Cairo, although a bright and eager student, Gamal threw himself spiritually and physically into the nationalist tumult of the mid-1930's—riots, strikes, burning streetcars—what was known derisively at the time as "the short-pants revolution." His father, a civil servant, frowned on these activities. In one street brawl Gamal received a blast of bird shot in the forehead, was expelled from school, and fled to the house of his Uncle Khalil, who now held a minor political job in Cairo.

Gamal got back into high school just in time for graduation. He studied law at Cairo University for a semester. Under the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, there were now openings at the military academy for young men of Nasser's class. Because it offered free board and the university could not, he chose the military career.

Egyptian nationalism was already his real vocation, as student and as army officer. A whole generation of students, young army officers and writers were convulsed with this emotion, which, while perfervid and often idealist, was strangely negative, a pure grievance nationalism. Even today it is difficult to find a book on modern Egypt by an Egyptian writer which does not exhaust itself in a frenetic compendium of British wrongs.

Yet the great British proconsuls—Cromer, Kitchener, Allenby—were honest, hard-working men. Their motive for being in Egypt was strategic, but British rule also helped bring Egypt the infrastructure of a modern state—good railroads, ports, bridges, roads, sound financing. British attempts at reform were thwarted by the languid presence of a cosmopolitan native upper class, its wealth drawn from the land, eager to enjoy all the fruits of modern civilization,



Cairo, 1957: Premier Nehru of India (right) with Nasser, a fellow "neutralist." Today, as Nasser's influence grows apace, even Nehru is alarmed.

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but doing none of the work. At the bottom of the social pyramid languished the fellahin. Nasser and the young officers of his frustrated generation convinced themselves that if only the British could be sent packing, Egypt would bloom like a rose.

For ten long years this one-track idea animated the revolution that finally broke in July, 1952, when Lieutenant Colonel Nasser was the brain, organizer and inspirer of the overthrow of Farouk. After the *coup d'état*, Nasser and his Revolutionary Command Council, who had taken office "for a limited time," waited for the roses to bloom. Nasser himself, still operating behind the avuncular front of General Naguib, spent much of his first two years in power winkling the British out of the Canal Zone, framing constitutions, talking democracy while steadily building a police state. He turned over to his "Bikbachis" (the Ottoman word for field-grade officers) the job of running the economy, which they mostly did by pushing buttons to see what might happen. The "old turbans" were thrown out, there was some land reform and a dubious experiment to form a model collective in the "Liberation Province" (confiscated estates in Lower Egypt). But it was only with the Aswan High Dam project in 1955, with its promise of increasing Egypt's electric power tenfold, that any serious attempt to overhaul the Egyptian economy was even broached.

Nasser's tricky and dilatory negotiations with the West about the Aswan Dam—"Egypt's New Pyramid"—were to trigger the Suez crisis of 1956, and they mark his turning away from the nagging social problems on his home front to the easy glamour of foreign affairs. For in this same critical year of 1955 he became a pen pal of Tito, and entertained Nehru in a felucca on the Nile. At the Bandung Conference, where the Arabo-Afro-Asian powers brought in an emotional bill against all the wickedness of nineteenth-century imperialism, he got a hero's welcome. Back in Cairo, instead of accepting the West's Aswan Dam offer, he began dickering with the Soviets for a counteroffer. They promised him more arms instead.

American diplomacy has often been criticized for alternate fits of fuming and fawning at Nasser, for giving him the rugs he later pulled out from under us. But it was never as simple as that. His first arms deal, which he said was with the Czechs, had been inspired by a brisk Israeli attack early in 1955. It was five months later that we offered, along with the British and the World Bank, to underwrite the first installment of Aswan. The motive was the usual American blend of do-goodism and self-interest. We wanted to help Nasser face up and face around to his awesome internal problems. We also wanted to keep the apprentice dictator away from several sensitive spots in the Middle East.

It was only in July, 1956, after Secretary Dulles realized the extent of the arms deal and that Nasser had blandly lied about it—$200,000,000 from the Soviets, not $50,000,000 from the Czechs—that the American Secretary of State abruptly canceled the Aswan offer, and publicly hinted that Egypt was heading for bankruptcy. Nasser's riposte was his famous speech at Alexandria marking the fourth anniversary of the revolution: "We will pay for Aswan with Suez tolls."

The Suez crisis brought Nasser front and center on the world stage. As seen from the West, even among the fair-minded who admitted the strong Egyptian legal right to nationalize the Suez company, and who deplored the four-funnel diplomacy of the later triple attack, Nasser's claims as a statesman looked dubious. By his alternate fits of recklessness and cunning, the shifty clangor of his propaganda machine, he had provoked the attack which later came. In that debacle he lost most of his army and air force, the expensive military hardware for which he had mortgaged one third of Egypt's cotton crop over five years, and his state came crashing down around him. But for the outside miracle of U.S., U.N. and U.S.S.R. intervention, Nasser was finished. To the West, he seemed a very lucky Humpty Dumpty, put back on the wall.

The reaction in the Middle East was utterly different. One Arab proverb runs, "When the bull falls, the knives are many." Had Nasser failed in his Suez gamble, the knives were out for him, in Egypt and elsewhere. But the Arabs believe in miracles, and lo! here was a miracle, a delicious one. The accursed Israelis were thwarted, the Anglo-French twin aggressors stopped in their tracks, the Americans summoned to outflank their friends and the Soviets called in to trump the Americans. All this and the Suez Canal too. Nothing succeeds like excess. The Arabs had never heard of Humpty Dumpty, but they knew all about Aladdin. Gamal Abdel Nasser emerged as the man with the wonderful lamp.

Nor was it long, through the acrobatic feats of Egyptian propaganda, before Aladdin became Saladin, the great Moslem military leader (not an Arab, but a Kurdish Armenian who in the twelfth century drove the infidel Crusaders back to Christian Europe). The picture of Nasser as a Saladin in a Stalin tank went over big. Nasser today does have real, strutting prestige, and his stage set of Cairo—with its 400 mosques and El-Azhar University, a kind of Vatican of Islam—was also Saladin's.

Nasser's grand play has been to transform himself from a small-time Egyptian nationalist into a Pan-Arab super-nationalist, the saviour of the Arab world. Economists and other hardheaded people feel this is just too slick and demagogic a way to evade those lurking social problems in the Valley of the Nile. Many predict he will go bankrupt or be caught up in a social explosion, probably before 1960.

Still, it all has a strange momentum. Even when Nasser stumbles, he stumbles forward, and his political movement has not only motion but also direction. Nowhere is this more patently visible than in Cairo itself. The old inward, seething nationalism has been sublimated into an outward-looking, expansive and intoxicating Pan-Arabism.

Cairo today, like London during World War II, is the capital of many governments-in-exile. There is a new Arab League Building, an All-Islamic Congress, an Afro-Asian Conference, headquarters for exiles ranging from Abdel Krim to the Imam of Oman, an All-African Congress, a League for Colored People. One group of oil agitators call themselves "Free Aramco." Cairo has a Magreb (North Africa) Liberation Committee, and the real headquarters of the Algerian Forces of National Liberation are here. Radio Cairo transmits not only in Arabic but also in Amharic, Kabyle, Somali, Nuer, Dinka, Swahili and Hebrew. In short, there are experts here on just about everything, except how to govern Egypt.

Most demagogues are great spellbinders. Nasser's is the odd case of a rabble rouser who is only a fair public speaker. He does not have the cultured accents of Lebanon's Charles Malik. He has little of the popular brilliance and keen rhetoric of Tunisia's bouncy Bourguiba. Except for his notorious 1956 diatribe—"I look at Americans and say: May you choke to death on your fury!"—which was delivered in the popular vernacular, Nasser usually speaks in classical Arabic, which, I am told, is almost as difficult, for speaker and audience, as an Italian colonel speaking Latin.

One sultry evening in Cairo—it was the day of Nasser's triumphal return from his first Moscow visit—I went with a young student-translator from Cairo University to hear the homecoming speech from the balcony of the Presidency. There was a press section, but we decided instead to sit among the audience. It was a mixed, rag-bag crowd, partly the Cairo proletariat, partly villagers trucked in from out beyond the pyramids. There were a score of Bedouins on camels.

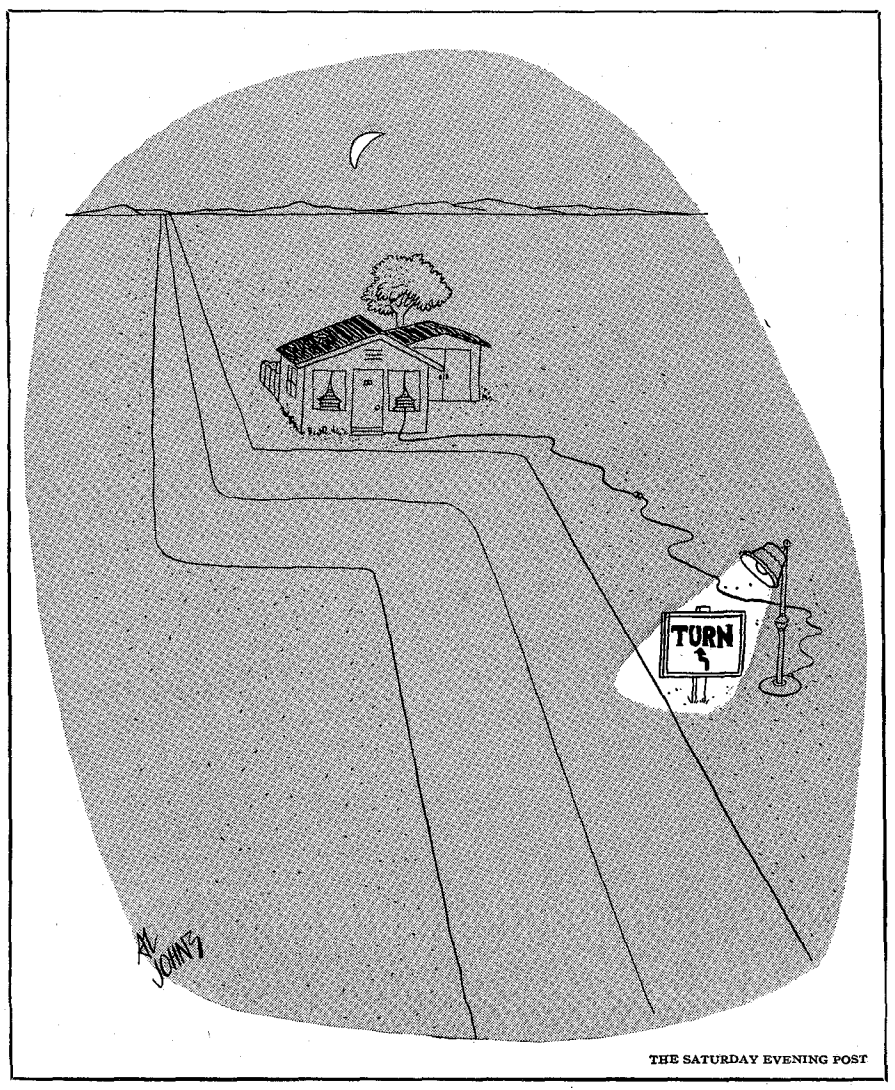
Like most Arabic orators, Nasser is long-winded and verbose. As I sat there, half mesmerized by the real empathy between speaker and audience, it soon struck me how much of his appeal is the verdict of the eyes. Many in the crowd, too, were just watching him, and it was soon obvious how much of Nasser's appeal is that of a vicarious symbol. Gamal is handsome, healthy, vigorous, with the flashing smile and teeth of a movie star. Most of this audience are ugly and lethargic, their bodies distorted by disease, their teeth much in need of dentistry. Nasser is nattily dressed; they are clad in rags. What they can never be, he already is, the man who can topple British prime ministers, revile Americans as "greedy imperialists," consort with Khrushchev. It's heady stuff, for ragheads.

At first one is struck by how little, these days, he talks about Egypt's problems. Yet, in a roundabout way, he does. Just as getting the British out of Egypt was his original program, today getting the West—Britain, France, Israel, the United States—out of the Middle East is the new panacea. According to the gospel of Bandung, the Western nations made themselves rich, and kept the colonial peoples poor, by the simple process of stealing their raw materials. In this naïve and hate-loaded statement of complex world economic history, we have the emergence of the Have-and-Have-Not-Nations thesis in a new form. It is Nasser's propaganda trump.

How far can Nasser go, and how long can he get away with this simplistic solution to Egypt's problems and those of the Middle East? In Cairo today, among Western diplomats, there are two conflicting schools of thought. Many debunk Nasser as an extremely lucky adventurer, a born gambler who enjoys drawing to inside straights, and who sooner or later will go for broke. As his internal caldron boils up, when his loans and mortgages fall due, he will lurch into some mad adventure and destroy himself.

But there are other diplomats, more skeptical, who argue that in the harsh light of the Middle East, glaring faults often become shining virtues, and that Nasser knows how to do it with mirrors. They feel history may be moving in his direction. What to Western minds seems blackmail, the sullen East regards as the retribution of history. As one old Cairo hand put it, "Yesterday it was Egyptian ownership of the Suez Canal, tomorrow it will be the Arabness of Arab oil."

From the common premise of adventurism come quite opposite conclusions about his future. There is, however, a curious point of agreement about his past. Contrary to the popular portrait, Nasser is not a man of action, but a man of reaction; in boxing terms not a puncher, but a counterpuncher. Those who have been studying his career most closely stress how at every critical point, as he moves from one crisis to another, the pattern repeats itself. He does not create a situation, but reacts strongly to a situation created by others. Even Col. Anwar Sadat, one of the *Bikbachis* who



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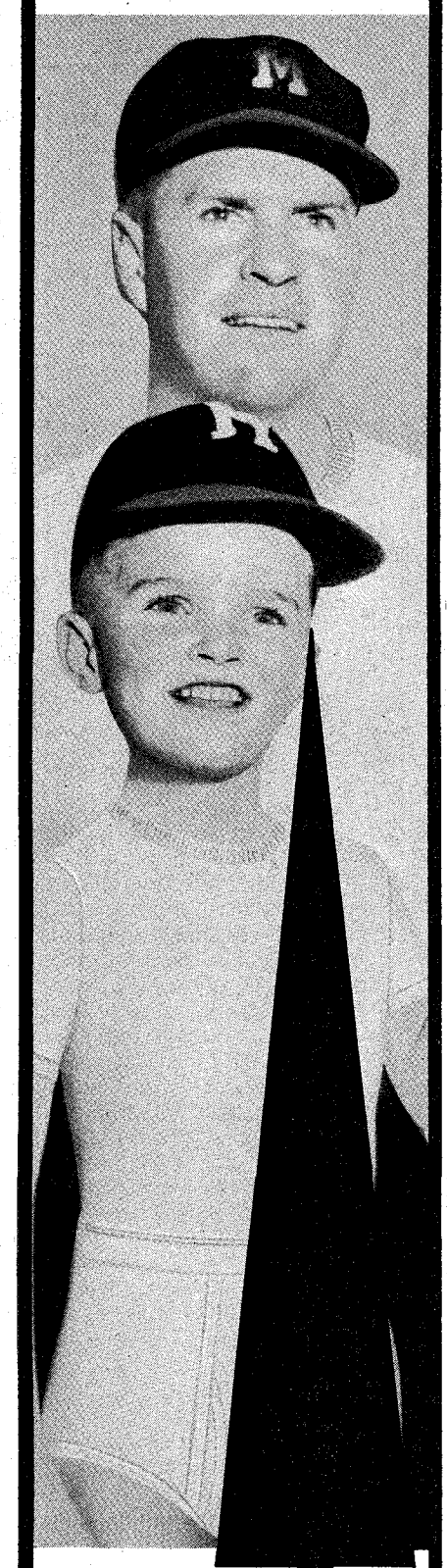

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have been closest to Nasser since cadet days, admitted to me: "Gamal is like a wonderful desert animal, a black panther. But often we have to poke him to get a response."

The instances are many. For ten years, off and on, Nasser skillfully plotted the revolution of July 23, 1952, but he gave the signal on that day only because the plot had been discovered; in his internal struggle with the Moslem Brotherhood (1953–54) he moved against them only after they tried to assassinate him; until 1955, when an Israeli military force split the Gaza Strip, he was not a fanatic on the topic of Israel, and this border incident in turn really led to the Russian arms deal; the seizure of the Suez Canal Company was actually an impulsive reply to Dulles' slap in the face. This year came the strange birth of the United Arab Republic. Nasser did not really grab Syria. In Damascus, Syrian politicians, who had been playing footsie with the Russian bear, suddenly got cold feet, pulled back and came running to Cairo. No one was more surprised or unready than Nasser himself, and the fusion of Egypt and Syria has become a real headache.

After the American and British landings in Lebanon and Jordan, he flew to Moscow and it was announced that he asked Khrushchev not to take warlike action. On his return he said: "If we see today that America occupies Lebanon and Britain occupies Jordan, then I say: If they call for peace we are for it."

Does Nasser really have a program or does he just play by ear? How much is the pragmatic opportunism of a born gambler pushing his luck? In one of his rare jesting moments, Gamal once admitted: "I have no foreign policy, I just react to what the British do." Looking back over the record, one sees how first he played on American sympathies to ease the British out of the Canal Zone base, then began to blackmail us on the East-West divan by dalliance with the Soviets. This May, as he flew around the Soviet Union inspecting mosques, Nasser dispatched his Finance Minister to Bonn to negotiate a loan from the West Germans. This razzle-dazzle delights the Middle East, and the problems of villages like Beni Mor recede into the background.

Nasser, the man of reaction, enjoys his new role hugely. Here probably was the original mistake of American diplomacy in coddling and building him up. Our Middle Eastern experts, realizing the jig was up for European colonialism, supported the winsome and charming colonel in the early stages of his career. His intensity and seeming sincerity, his anti-Communism, his promises of internal reform impressed us. We thought our own example, an ex-colonial nation and a non-colonial power, would inspire him. Instead, and from the beginning, this innately suspicious man was bound to suspect us of colonialism in a new form. For if colonialism had made the Europeans rich and his own country so wretchedly poor, then by a kind of fellah-logic the world's richest nation must be an exploiting nation.

For the real tragedy of the Bandung Conference in 1955, where a once diffident and rather shy Nasser hobnobbed with India's Nehru, Indonesia's Sukarno, Burma's U Nu, was its pernicious influence on his own limited world outlook. It helped feed the myth of which today he is both the product and the spokesman in the Arab world. The "new nations"—a euphemism for economically backward nations—felt that in throwing off the yoke of colonialism they had solved the main problems of national existence. The sobering fact, missing from all the Arabo-Afro-Asian oratory, is that for the first time these new leaders, men of color, must now face their real national problems, and on their own.

This is a reality, however bitter. In a world where the race is still to the swift, the advanced nations that have the know-how to master industrial techniques are still advancing. The new nations, like Egypt, most with zooming and hungry populations, are falling behind. The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. The Dutch have lost an empire and, according to Nasser's economics, should be starving behind their dikes. In fact, more venture capital flows into Holland in sixty days than has come into Egypt in the last seven years. The standard of living in the United Kingdom, for all the palaver about the decline of the British Empire, is geared to double in the next twenty-five years. In Egypt it has been falling slowly since 1925, and rapidly since 1955.

Until the year 1955, when he swerved from co-operation with the West to "Positive Neutrality," Nasser's books and budget were not in too bad shape. He had received about $125,000,000 in American largess and was able to draw on Egypt's £400,000,000 sterling account in London (a plus balance from World War II sales to "the imperialists"). He had no foreign debt, and a favorable balance of payments.

In the turbulent year 1956, he got the canal, which brings in about $35,000,000 annually. But he lost the $270,000,000 Aswan offer, broke valuable trade links with Britain and France, and got himself involved in costly economic warfare. Since then he has wangled a political loan from the Soviets, 700,000,000 rubles ($175,000,000), and two commercial loans from the West Germans ($140,000,000). The International Monetary Fund helped him with $30,000,000. But today, for all the high finance, Egypt is running an annual net deficit of $75,000,000 in its balance of payments, very high for a small, one-crop country.

The entry of the West Germans upon the Cairo stage is like the appearance of a new and major character in the middle of a play. After the Suez crisis, it was not the Russians, but the men of Bonn who had what Nasser really needed. From the Soviet loan shopping list Egypt has so far bought only three cotton factories. But from the Germans they are buying caustic-soda plants, power plants, a truck-assembly plant, pipe plant, telephone-cable factory, shipyards. In short, the West Germans have picked up where we Americans left off in 1955, trying to induce Egypt to shore up and build up her internal economy with light and medium industry.

With the Germans, too, Nasser has tried his political gimmick of playing off East against West, boxing the compass. The result was a costly economic comedy. South of Cairo, at Helwan, Nasser wanted a steel plant. So the West German DEMAG corporation bid for and won a contract to build one, the first in Egypt. But in order to bring imported coking coal by rail to Helwan, a new bridge was needed across the Nile. Nasser gave this "feeder bridge" contract not to the West Germans, but to a Hungarian firm. The eager-beaver West Germans finished the entire steel plant last spring, but the Hungarians today have the bridge only half finished. Nasser is stuck with an expensive steel plant he cannot use until next year.

Some optimists see a ray of hope in this German influence, a chance for Nasser to turn westward again for economic help, without losing too much face. Maybe, but Cairo today still seems set up to be a real Mecca of Mischief. Grievance politics has gusto, and the Middle East has more setups than a bowling alley. Nor are all the grievances imaginary. Every night Radio Cairo records the number of Moslems killed in Algeria by Christian Frenchmen. In Western Europe, statesmen ponder when and how De Gaulle can end the Algerian massacre. In Cairo, one whispers that Nasser may bring pressure on France and her allies to end it quickly—by a blockade of the Suez Canal.

Finally, and as always in the Middle East, comes the pungent odor of oil. That Nasser the Adventurer has his eyes on the vast oil reserves is the real reason so many people today have their eyes on Nasser. The Egyptian dictator seldom talks very loudly about oil, but he once wrote about it, a bit too eloquently:

"Oil is that sinew of material civilization without which all its machines would cease to function. The great factories, producing every kind of goods, all the instruments of land, sea and air communications, all the weapons of war, from the mechanical bird above the clouds to the submarine beneath the water—without oil all would turn to naked metal, covered with rust, incapable of motion or use. . . ."

Here is a most revealing pattern of a man's mind. The aspirant to Arab leadership sees Arab oil not as a bonanza of Allah, not as a link between the industrial West and the Middle East to be exploited to mutual advantage. Nor, like other Arab leaders, is he keen to haggle for a good price. Nasser sees oil as a source of power, vengeance and destruction.

Seizure of the Suez company, that was easy, it belonged to British and French shareholders. But Arab oil? One evening in Cairo I met two visiting Saudi Arabians. We chatted about Nasser and Suez, and they were all for him. When I edged the topic over to Nasser and oil, one Saudi thought for a while, and then told a story from his native Hejaz, the heartland of Arabia:

One bitter, wintry day a hunter was coming down a long ravine. A sharp wind was blowing, and it brought tears to the hunter's eyes. On a tree sat two birds, a little bird and a mother bird. Soon the little bird chirped, "Oh, mommy, look at the man crying!"

To which the wise old mother bird replied, "Never mind the man's tears, junior. Watch his hands."

Nasser's tale of the wrongs done little Egypt, we've heard all that. The time has come to watch his hands—hands that have proved to be so much faster than our diplomatic eyes. THE END

Washington Slipped Here

By Laurence Eisenlohr

You've taxed my gas, my cigarettes,
My income and my back-tax debts;
You'll even tax me when I die.
One thing you missed—I can't think why,
It has such neat and pointed beauty—
Upon my birth, an import duty.

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I Wanted to be Somebody

(Continued from Page 19)

I had the right temperament for it. I was tough. I wasn't afraid of anybody, not even him. He would box with me for an hour at a time. He did a good job on me, maybe too good.

I remember one time he got mad at me for not coming home for a couple of nights. When I finally sashayed in, he knocked me sprawling. I got up and punched him as hard as I could, right in the jaw. Daddy weighs about 190 pounds. He's fond of saying, "If I give a man one punch, he ain't going to bother me any more." But I took a shot at him just the same.

Once he got the idea of me boxing professionally out of his head, all Daddy was trying to do was make sure I would be able to protect myself. Harlem is a mean place to grow up in; there's always somebody to gall you. If Daddy hadn't shown me how to look out for myself, I would have been beaten up a lot of times.

I remember once I was walking down the street throwing pebbles at targets, like street signs and mailboxes, and this big girl came up to me and said, "What are you supposed to be, tough or something? You're supposed to be bad?" I tried to pay no mind to her. But she hauled off and hit me right in the breadbasket, and I went down to my knees, in agony. Then she just walked away, and I ran home crying. Daddy said, "If you don't go back out there and find her and whip her, I'll whip you when you come home."

So I went back and beat the tar out of her. I kept hitting and hitting, and I wasn't hitting like a girl either. I was punching. Every time I hit her in the belly and she doubled up with the pain, I straightened her up again with a punch in the face. She never bothered me again.

I had one terrible fight with a boy. There was a tough gang on 144th Street called the Sabres. The leader of the gang and I used to pal around together; we played stickball and basketball and everything. No loving up, though. I wasn't his girl. We were what we called "boon-coons," which in Harlem means block buddies, good friends.

Well, this one day I'd been up visiting my Aunt Sally, and on my way out I saw Uncle Junie, her brother, lolling on the stairs, slightly intoxicated, and this Sabre leader was going through his pockets.

"What you doin'?" I hollered down at him. "That's my uncle! Go bother somebody else if you got to steal!"

I ran down and lifted Uncle Junie up. Then I looked back just in time to see the kid take a sharpened screw driver out of his pocket and throw it at me. I stuck my hand out to protect myself and got a gash just above my thumb that still shows a scar.

Well, I got Uncle Junie upstairs as quick as I could and went back down after that boy, and we had a fight that they still talk about on 144th Street. First he was down and then I was down, but neither of us would stay down if we died for it. We were both pretty bloody when some big people finally stopped it, and I guess you would have to say it was a draw. But at least those Sabres respected me from then on.

Except for the fights I got into, and playing hooky all the time, I didn't get into serious trouble when I was a kid. I guess about the worst thing we did was snitch little packages of ice cream while we were walking through the big stores, like the five-and-ten, or pieces of fruit from stands on the street.

I never joined any of those so-called social clubs in Harlem. None of my girl friends did either. We didn't care for the drinking and narcotics and sex that they went in for—and we didn't care for the stickups that they turned to sooner or later. I didn't like to go to school, but I had no interest in going to jail either. Mostly my best girl friend, Alma Irving, and I liked to play hooky and spend the day in the movies. Alma liked to play basketball too. We'd spend hours in the park, shooting for sodas or hot dogs.

I think my worst troubles started when I graduated from junior high school. How I ever managed to graduate, I don't know. I guess they simply made up their minds to pass me on to the Yorkville Trade School, and let them worry about me.

I went pretty regularly to Yorkville for the first year, mostly because I was interested in the sewing classes. But after a while I began to stay out for weeks at a time. Then the truant officer would come looking for me, and Daddy would whip me, so I took to staying away from home too. Mom says she used to walk the streets of Harlem until two or three o'clock in the morning looking for me.

She never had much chance of finding me. When I was really trying to hide out, I never went near the playgrounds or gymnasiums or restaurants that I usually hung out at. I sneaked around to different friends' houses in the daytime, or sat in the movies. Then, if I didn't have any place lined up to sleep, I would just ride the subway all night, back and forth like a zombie.

Once, a girl friend told me there was a place on Fifth Avenue at 105th Street, called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that would take in kids who were in trouble and had no place to go. The next time I stayed out so late that I didn't dare go home, I asked them to take me in. They gave me a bed in a big girls' dormitory, and it was a lot better than riding the subway. The beds had white sheets and everything. The trouble was, they notified my mother and father, and Daddy came for me in the morning.

I promised him I wasn't ever going to run away again, but he licked me anyway, and a week later I took off again. I went straight to the S.P.C.C. I skinned off my shirt and showed them the welts on my back. They took me in again, and when Daddy came after me, they asked me if I wanted to go back with him. When I said no, that I was afraid to, they said I could stay.

That place was a regular country club. I had to do a little work, like making my bed and helping clean up the dormitory and taking my turn scrubbing the toilets, but mostly it was a snap. At home, the food was nowhere near as good, and somebody was always yelling at me or, worse, hitting me.

After a while, though, I got tired of the life there. So I told the head lady I wanted to go back home. She said, all right, but that if I had any more trouble they would have to send me to the girls' correction school, which is polite language for reformatory, at Hudson, New York. They sent for Daddy and released me in his custody. I was a little nervous, but I was glad to be going home.

I want to say right here that none of this is meant to say that my father was harder on me than he ought to have been. I don't hate him; in fact, I love him. I feel a lot of those whippings helped. Somebody had to knock a little sense into me.

I had no intentions of going back to school, but I was too young to get my working papers, so I had to make a deal. They let me have working papers on

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condition that I would go to night school a certain number of hours a week. I went for a couple of weeks, but then I stopped, and nobody ever came after me. So that was that. I was officially a working girl. I liked it, making my own money, buying what I wanted, and paying in a little at home. I never stayed in any one place very long. I was a counter girl, a messenger and an elevator operator. I even had a job cleaning chickens.

Out of all of them, I only had one job that I really liked, and I lost that one for telling the truth. It was at the New York School of Social Work. I was the mail clerk, and I even had a little office of my own. It made me feel like I was somebody. I was there for six months, until one Friday some of my girl friends were taking the day off to go to the Paramount Theater in Times Square to see the stage show, and I decided to go too.

When I went to work on Monday morning, the lady supervisor sent for me. "What happened to you on Friday?" she asked. I could have lied and told her I'd been sick, but I didn't feel like it. So I told the truth. For a minute, I thought she was going to let me off. "I must say I admire your honesty," she said. "But I can't have somebody in that job who would leave it untended for such a foolish reason. I'll have to let you go." It was a good way for me to learn that it pays to stick to your responsibilities.

I didn't exactly knock myself out looking for another job. I just stayed away from home and bummed around the streets. A couple of women from the Welfare Department picked me up and laid down the law. If I wouldn't live at home, and I wouldn't go to school, I would have to let them find me a place to stay with a respectable family, and report to them every week. Either that, or I would have to go away to the reformatory.

When they put it like that, I said I would do what they wanted. So they got me a furnished room in a private home, and gave me an allowance to live off while I was looking for a job. It was too good to be true. I forgot all about looking for a job and spent all my time playing in the streets and the parks and going to the movies.

I went back to see my mother and father fairly often. They figured I was in good hands with the Welfare ladies. I sure was; never better. It was during this time, when I was living in a never-never land through the courtesy of the City of New York, that I was introduced to tennis. My whole life was changed just like that.

The West 143rd Street block my mother and father lived on was a Police Athletic League play street, which means that the policemen closed the street to traffic so we kids could use it for a playground. One of the big games was paddle tennis, and I was the champion of the block. In fact, I even won some medals in the competition with other Harlem play streets.

Paddle tennis is played on a court marked off much like a tennis court, only about half the size. You use a wooden racket instead of a gut racket, and you can play with either a sponge-rubber ball or a regular tennis ball. There was a musician fellow, Buddy Walker, who's known now as Harlem's society orchestra leader, but who in those days filled in the summer by working for the city as a play leader. Watching me play paddle tennis one day, he suddenly got the idea that I might be able to play regular tennis just as well.

Out of the kindness of his heart, he bought me a couple of secondhand tennis rackets and started me out hitting balls against the wall on the handball courts at Morris Park. Buddy got very excited about how well I hit the ball, and took me to the Harlem River tennis courts at 150th Street and Seventh Avenue and had me play a couple of sets with one of his friends.

He always has insisted that the way I played that day was phenomenal for a young girl with no experience. I remember it was very exciting; it was a competitive sport and I am a competitive sort of person. One of the men who saw me play that first time was a Negro schoolteacher, Juan Serrell. He suggested to Buddy that he would like to work out some way for me to play at the Cosmopolitan Tennis Club.

The Cosmopolitan is gone now, but in those days it was the ritzy tennis club in Harlem. All the Sugar Hill society people belonged to it. Mr. Serrell's idea was to have me play a few sets with the club professional, Fred Johnson. If I looked good enough, maybe some of the members would chip in to pay for a junior membership for me and underwrite the cost of my taking lessons.

Lucky for me, that's the way it worked out. I began to learn something about

The Old Dowser

By A. D. Freeman

Dusty bracken, oak, birch, pine,
That stood around him, gave
no sign
Of water hid beneath the
ground.
With wishbone from an apple
tree
He left the hollow, labored up
The graveled rise. Then,
suddenly,
A something pulled the forked
twig down,
And promise brimmed his cup.

tennis. Mr. Johnson taught me some footwork and strategy, and he also tried to help me improve my personal ways. He didn't like my arrogant attitude. I had trouble as a competitor because I kept wanting to fight the other player every time I started to lose a match. But the polite manners of the game gradually began to appeal to me. So did the pretty white clothes. I began to understand that you could be polite to everybody and still play like a tiger.

I suppose if the club members had known about the way I was living, I wouldn't have lasted long. I was still living pretty wild, playing tennis in the daytime and having fun at night. The hardest work I did was to report to the Welfare ladies once a week and pick up my allowance. But I realize now that every day I played tennis I was changing a little bit.

One of the days I remember best at the Cosmopolitan Club was watching Alice Marble play in an exhibition. Until I saw her, I'd always had eyes only for the good men players. But the power that she had impressed me terrifically. Basically, of course, it was the aggressiveness behind her game that I liked. I had no way of knowing then that when the time came for me to be invited to play at Forest Hills, one of my biggest supporters would be this same Alice Marble.

I began taking lessons from Fred Johnson in the summer of 1941. A year later he entered me in my first tournament. The American Tennis Association, which is almost all-Negro, was putting on a New York State Open Championship at the Cosmopolitan Club, and Fred put me in the girls' singles. I won it, and I was a little surprised, but not much; by this time I was accustomed to winning games. I think what mostly made me feel good was that the girl I beat in the finals, Nina Irwin, was a white girl.

Nina also took lessons from Fred Johnson, but I think he was pleased when I won. The other members had no choice; they had to like it. I won, didn't I? Actually, even though almost all the club members were Negro, a lot of them probably were rooting for Nina because they thought I was too cocky.

Later in the same year, the summer of 1942, the club sent me to the A.T.A. national girls' championship at Lincoln University, in Pennsylvania. That was my first national tournament, and I lost in the semifinals. The girl who beat me was Nana Davis, whose name is now Nana Davis Vaughan, and I think it's interesting to read what Nana said about that match to a reporter who talked to her years later, after I had won at Wimbledon:

"Althea was a very crude creature. She had the idea she was better than anybody. And after I beat her, she headed straight for the grandstand without bothering to shake hands."

There wasn't any A.T.A. national tournament in 1943 because of the war, but I won the girls' singles in 1944 and 1945. Then, when I turned eighteen, my life began to change. For one thing, the social workers no longer had charge of me; I wasn't a minor any more. I no longer was in line for the allowance, either, but I was able to run my own life at last. I had made friends with a girl named Gloria Nightingale, and I went to live in her family's apartment. I got a job as a waitress and paid rent to Gloria's grandmother.

Gloria and I had a lot of fun together. During the winter of 1945–46, we played on a basketball team called The Mysterious Five. Whenever we weren't playing basketball, we went bowling. Gloria was like me; all she cared about was playing games and having a good time.

It was through Gloria that I met Sugar Ray Robinson and his wife, Edna Mae. Ray and Edna were real good friends to me, and I was crazy about them. Ray had a set of drums that he liked to play, and I always had an inkling for music myself. My favorite instrument was the saxophone. One day I asked Edna if she thought Ray would buy me one, and she said to ask him. So I did, and he told me that as long as I was not just fooling around, if I went to a music store or a hock shop and found one, he would pay for it.

Buddy Walker helped me find a beautiful sax for $125. Ray gave me the money for it right away, like he'd promised. I still have the sax, although I haven't tried to play it in a long time—which is a break for the neighbors. They're better off when I sing, I hope.

Being eighteen, I was able to play in the A.T.A. national women's singles in 1946 at Wilberforce University in Ohio. I got to the finals and lost to Roumania Peters, a Tuskegee Institute teacher. She had won the title in 1944. It was no disgrace losing in the finals, but I felt that I had let Roumania "psych" me out of the match. I was overconfident, and she really worked on me.

Unhappily, some of the A.T.A. people who had come out from New York were disappointed in me. I was a pretty dejected kid for a while. But I had played well enough to attract the attention of two tennis-playing doctors—Dr. Hubert A. Eaton, of Wilmington, North Carolina, and Dr. Robert W. Johnson, of Lynchburg, Virginia. They thought I was a good-enough prospect to warrant special handling.

"There are plenty of college scholarships available for young people like you," Doctor Eaton told me.

"That would be great," I said, "except I never even been to high school."

That stopped them for a while, but the two doctors decided that I was too good a tennis prospect to let go to waste. I suppose they were hoping that I might turn out to be the Negro player they had been looking for to break into the major leagues of tennis and play in the white tournaments.

The plan they finally came up with was for me to go to Wilmington to live with Doctor Eaton during the school year, go to high school there, and practice with him on his back-yard tennis court. In the summer I would live with Doctor Johnson in Lynchburg, and travel with him to play the tournament circuit. Each doctor would take me into his family and take care of whatever expenses came up. It was an amazingly generous thing, and I can never repay them.

Not that it was an easy decision for me. I liked city ways. How did I know what it would be like in a small town, especially in the South? I'd heard enough stories to worry me. Up north, the law may not be exactly on your side, but at least it isn't always against you just because of the color of your skin. I might have turned down the whole thing if Edna and Sugar Ray hadn't insisted that I should go.

"You'll never amount to anything just bangin' around from one job to another," Ray told me. "No matter what you want to do, tennis or music or what, you'll be better at it if you get some education."

In the end, I wrote Doctor Eaton and told him I was coming. This was in August of 1946. He said I should get there by the first week in September.

I must have been a sight to behold when I walked into the Pennsylvania Station, with a suitcase in each hand and Sugar Ray's saxophone hanging from a strap around my neck.

I sat up all night in a coach from New York to Wilmington. Fortunately, I was able to stretch out and get a little sleep. Mostly, though, I just thought about what I was getting into. I hoped I would do everything right, so they wouldn't be sorry they had started the whole thing. But that didn't stop me from worrying about whether I would like it living in with the family; would the movie houses refuse to let me in because I was colored; would I have to get off the sidewalk if a white person came along, and things like that. I was as nervous as a cat.

But when I got off at Wilmington and this chauffeur came up and asked if I was Althea Gibson, I began to feel better. Then, when I leaned back against the cushions in Doctor Eaton's big car, I thought, *Ain't this a blip! This shouldn't be too hard to take.*

Mrs. Eaton was busy getting lunch, but she took time out to introduce me to the Eaton children and the maid and to show me to my room. I was still in my room, putting away my things, when Doctor Eaton came home from his office, a little after three o'clock. He stood at the foot of the stairs and called, "Althea! Althea!"

I hurried into the hall and said how beautiful my room was and how glad I was to be there, and he said, "You feel like hitting any, or are you too tired?" I said, "Oh, no, I feel fine." And in just a few minutes I was out with the doctor on his handsome (*Continued on Page 72*)

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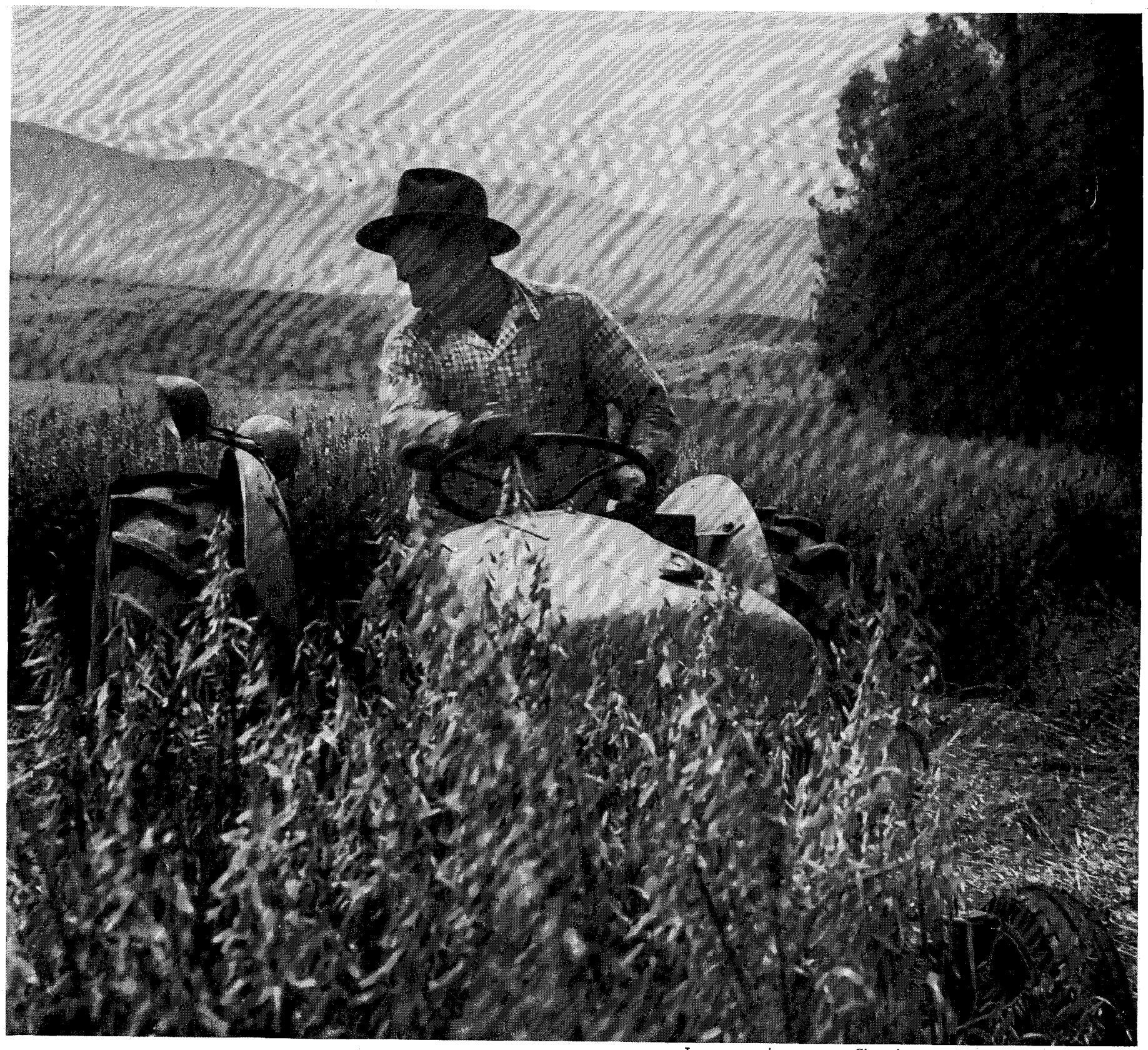

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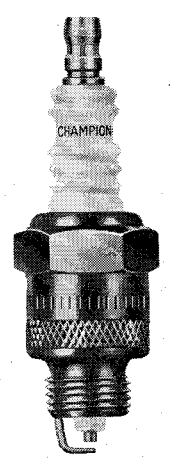

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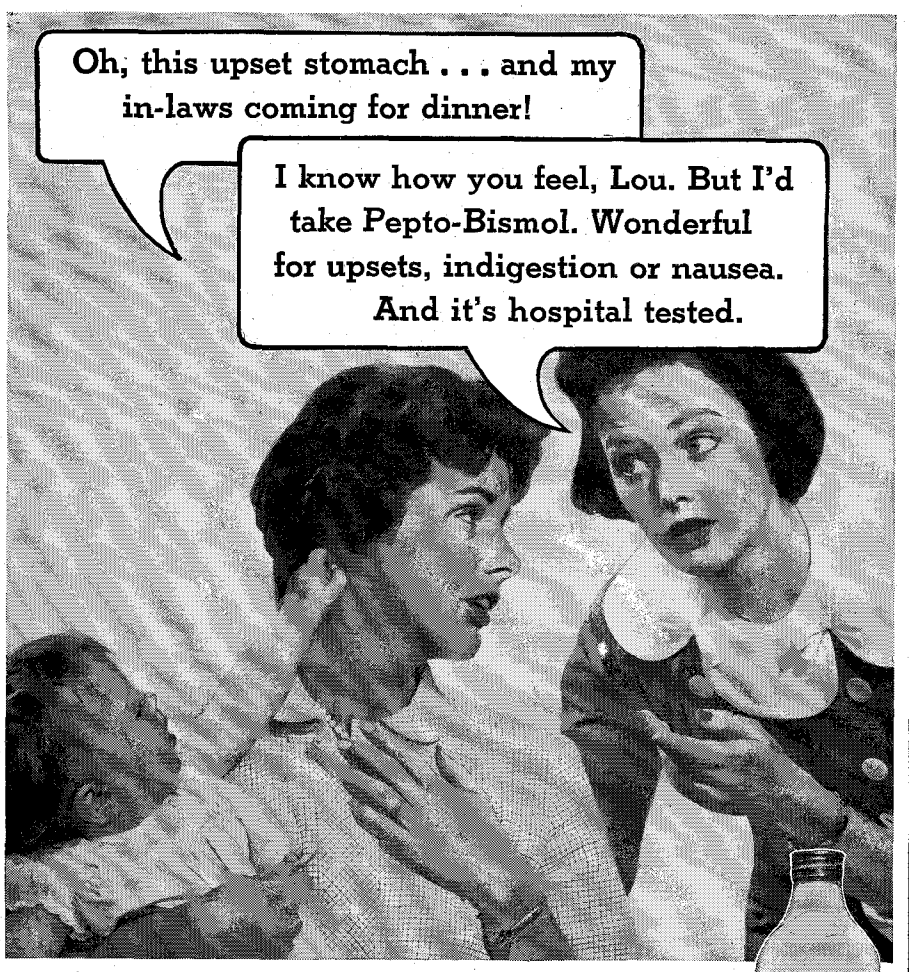
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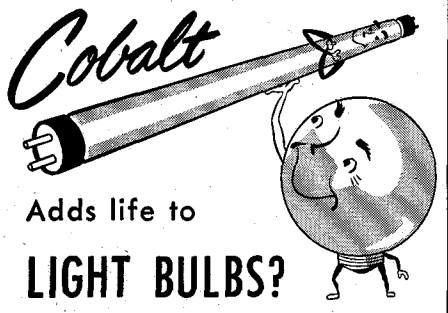

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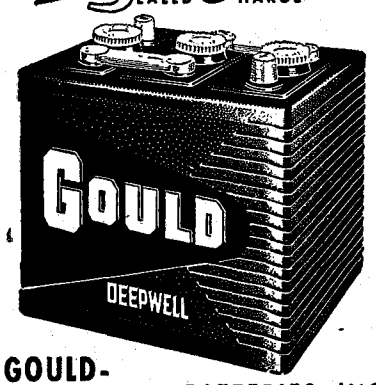

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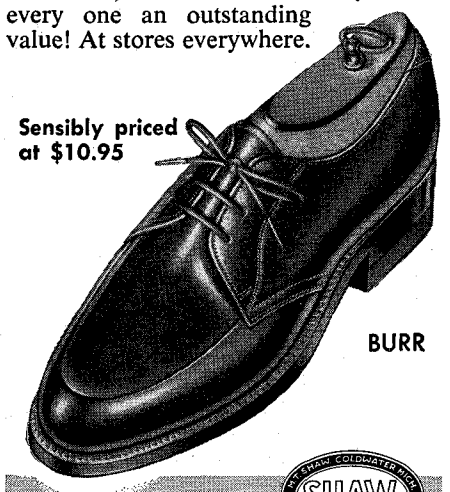

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(*Continued from Page 70*)

en tout cas court, and my home life with the Eatons had begun.

The first big problem was school. I didn't have enough legitimate credits to get into the seventh grade, much less the second year of high school. But they gave me an aptitude test, and said they would assign me to the sophomore class and give me a chance to stick there if I could. So I really hit those books. I don't mean I was an angel. I still ducked off to the poolroom every chance I got, to relax a little.

Gradually, living in Doctor Eaton's house as one of the family, I learned how to obey rules and get along with people. It was the first real family life I had ever known. The rules that applied to the Eatons' children applied to me too. I even got an allowance every week, so I could see that the good came with the bad. I chafed under the discipline, but I never did anything really bad. The worst was the night I borrowed Doctor Eaton's mother's car.

I'd joined the Williston Industrial High School band and got in with a group of fellows who had a little jazz combo. The trumpet player had a big eye for me, and I liked him too. Well, this night Doctor and Mrs. Eaton went out with the doctor's mother, who left her car in the driveway. I kept thinking how easy it would be to take a little joy ride. I finally yielded to temptation and took off. I headed across town to this trumpet player's house and tooted the horn. We went for a quick ride, parked a few times and did a little necking, and then I dropped him off and shot back to the Eatons'. I parked the car exactly where Mrs. Eaton had left it, but somebody saw me and told the doctor. The next morning I could tell he was angry.

"Althea," he said, "did you take my mother's car out last night?"

"Yes, sir," I said pretty sheepishly.

"You're aware that you don't have a license, aren't you?" he said, real mad.

I just stood there and looked at my feet. "I'm sorry, doctor," I said. "I just thought I'd take a little spin."

He was so angry he just walked away from me, and I guess I came close to being sent away. I tried to make sure Doctor Eaton would never be sorry he had given me another chance. I worked hard on both my schoolwork and my tennis.

The doctor's court was a gathering place for all the Negro tennis players in the district, as it had to be. There wasn't anyplace else for them to play. Quite a few fine white players came to Doctor Eaton's to play with the good Negro players, and I often heard some of them criticize the segregation laws.

The local segregation setup wasn't quite as bad as I had feared, but it was bad enough. I'll never forget my first bus ride downtown. The first thing I saw was the sign, WHITE IN FRONT, COLORED IN REAR. I was burned up. It made me feel ashamed in a way I'd never been ashamed in New York. Then there was the thing about not being able to eat a hot dog at the food counter in the five-and-ten. You could buy a hot dog—they didn't mind taking your dime, no matter how black you were—but you had to take it out to the street. You couldn't eat it inside.

I made up my mind that I was never going to live anyplace in the South, at least not as long as those laws were in existence. My daddy thinks I'm wrong. He says he would like nothing better than to go back to Silver, South Carolina, and raise chickens. He says that things are already a lot better down there and they're going to get better all the time. When I say something about the Jim Crow, he points to the slum tenements in Harlem, with the plaster falling down and the plumbing stopped up and the kids getting killed in the streets, and he says, "Is this better?" It makes you wonder what's right.

The other big problem I had in Wilmington was the girls in school. Most of them didn't like me at all. I was captain of the girls' basketball team, but that wasn't enough action to keep me happy, so I used to go out to the field during football and baseball practice and play with the boys. It used to hurt me real bad to hear the girls talking about me. "Look at her throwin' that ball just like a man," they would say, and they looked at me like I was a freak. I hated them for it.

At least I had my saxophone. I stayed in the marching band and in the small jazz combo as long as I was in school. Then, during the vacation months, I went to Lynchburg and spent the summer playing tennis with Doctor Johnson. I really worked there. I practiced with a robot machine that fired tennis balls across the net at me in a steady stream, and with every player who was willing to take me on.

I played in nine tournaments that first summer, 1947, and won the singles championship in every one. Doctor Johnson and I won eight mixed-doubles tournaments. One of the singles titles I won was the biggest that was open to me, the A.T.A. national women's singles, which I took by beating Nana Davis, 6–3, 6–0. For whatever it was worth, I was the best woman player in Negro tennis.

Both the doctors were mighty pleased when I won the A.T.A. nationals. I don't guess any of us had any idea then I would win the thing ten years in a row. I finally stopped playing in it in 1957. The A.T.A. people would rather see their tournament develop some new champions.

I was lucky to have high-type men like my two doctors looking out for me. Doctor Eaton is tall, about six feet, and slim; Doctor Johnson is short and husky. Doctor Eaton, who is a graduate of the University of Michigan, is a quiet kind of man who likes tennis, golf and photography. Doctor Johnson, whose nickname is Whirlwind, was a famous football player at Lincoln University and likes to fish and hunt. Both of them are physician-surgeons with private clinics of their own. And last, but not least, both of the doctors are ardent poker players.

As far as I'm concerned, one of the best hands they ever played was dealing me into the big leagues of tennis. Even today I'm hazy on all the details, but I guess what happened was that the top officials of the A.T.A., men like Bertram Baker and Arthur Francis, had decided that the time had come to press for the acceptance of a qualified Negro player into the U.S.L.T.A. setup. They felt that the time was right, historically, but they hadn't wanted to kick up a fuss until they knew they had a player good enough to back up their argument.

The first I heard about it was when Doctor Eaton sat next to me at the A.T.A. championships in the summer of 1949 and said very casually, "Althea, how would you like to play at Forest Hills?"

All I said was, "Huh! Who you kidding?" He knew I would give my right arm to play against the white girls. I had talked about it often enough as something that rankled me and ate at me.

"Well," he said, "I'm not saying for sure you're going to, but I'll say this much. It could happen. People are working on it."

"I'm ready," I told him. "I'm ready any time they are."

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles by Miss Gibson. The second will appear next week.

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I Married Murder (Continued from Page 41)

up I'd let her have my gin-and-tonic full in the face, and then I walked out; I went home."

"That's why she wanted to apologize last night," Phil said. "See?"

"George Duncan is engaged," I said. "His girl is away for the summer; that's why he's here in Menasset so much."

"I know," Gladys said. "I told her that."

"I don't understand that woman at all," I said. "And I don't understand her husband. You know them pretty well, Phil. Why does he let her go on like that?"

Phil shrugged, said, "Roberta rules the roost."

"It seems to me that when anybody makes as much noise as she does they're hiding something," I said. "You say she has hypertension, but that doesn't explain her to me. I'm curious what's under the surface there. I think there must be some reason for this one-woman vendetta."

"She's always sorry afterwards," Phil said. "She just can't control herself."

"Her husband and Jim Prescott were mixed up in some kind of shady deal, you said. Maybe that has something to do with it."

"Say, while we're on that subject," Phil said, "I want to clear up something about what I said last night. Remember, I told you George Duncan sold out his Sundown Petroleum stock just before the big deal and was sore at Jim Prescott for not tipping him off? I had that all wrong. I happened to mention it to Charlie Wharton this morning and he told me George had sold that stock for an estate he was liquidating. His firm was executor under the will, see, and he was distributing the assets, so he didn't lose any skin off his nose. I didn't want you to get the wrong impression, Mike. I mean George had no reason to be sore at Jim Prescott."

"But Norman Allison cleaned up on that deal, didn't he?"

"There's not much doubt of that."

"And Jim Prescott had formed a stockholders' committee to upset the whole deal, hadn't he? Norman Allison would have stood to lose plenty."

Phil grinned. "Let's not be naïve about this, Mike. Prescott was in it up to his neck. That committee was just a blind."

Gladys said, "We'd better get along home with these groceries, Phil. They're needed for dinner."

"Good night, you two," I said, and walked back to my car.

I sat bent over the wheel, scowling at the road ahead as I drove away. This matter of the deal between the Cobb Oil Company and the Sundown Petroleum Company interested me; at least it was a straw to clutch at. If I could find another motive for the murder of Jim Prescott, if I could uncover a suspect, the death of Mousie would not loom so large. There must be a chink somewhere in this armor of circumstance.

When I reached home I found George's car parked in the driveway. He was with Stella, standing out on the sea wall.

As I approached they turned together and George said, "Well, here you are at last. What did the lieutenant want, Mike?"

"Lieutenant Gray is a pretty smart guy," I said. I moved up beside Stella and folded my arms on top of the fence, gazing across toward the yacht club; I could still make out the black yawl in the failing light. "He's a great fellow for forging a chain of circumstantial evidence," I said. "In that respect we have a problem."

"Have they found Mousie's handbag yet?" George asked.

"No."

"Was her handbag missing?" Stella asked. "You didn't tell me that, Mike."

"It was," George said. "So it's obvious she was robbed and killed. I wouldn't worry about the lieutenant, Mike."

"I am worried," I said. "He's alert and tough-minded, and he simply won't accept it that Mousie was killed by a robber."

"Why not?"

"Why would a robber take her over to Oyster Creek? Why would a robber try to make it look like suicide?"

"I feel confident it was a robber, whatever the lieutenant thinks," George said.

"First Jim," Stella asked in a low, dry voice, "and now Mousie?"

"Lightning does strike twice," George said.

She looked at me; it was the very analogy she had used when she said she felt like someone who had been struck by lightning and now sees the flash of another bolt. I took her hand and held it.

"I hope you're right, George," I said. "I pray you're right, but I think we ought to consider the alternatives. I know of only one way to clear up this situation. We have to find out who murdered Jim Prescott. We have to assume that it wasn't a robber in that case. I think we have to be ready with some kind of answer for Lieutenant Gray, and the only straw I know of to clutch at is that case Jim Prescott was working on when he was shot—that Cobb Oil deal. Norman Allison was treasurer of the company and Prescott helped put over a big stock sale. According to Phil Hunter, it was crooked as hell. . . . Stella, what do you know about it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hey, Jack, where's the nearest brokerage house around here?"

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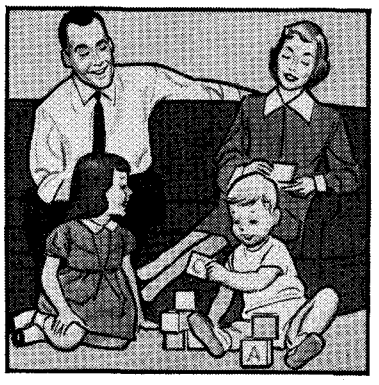

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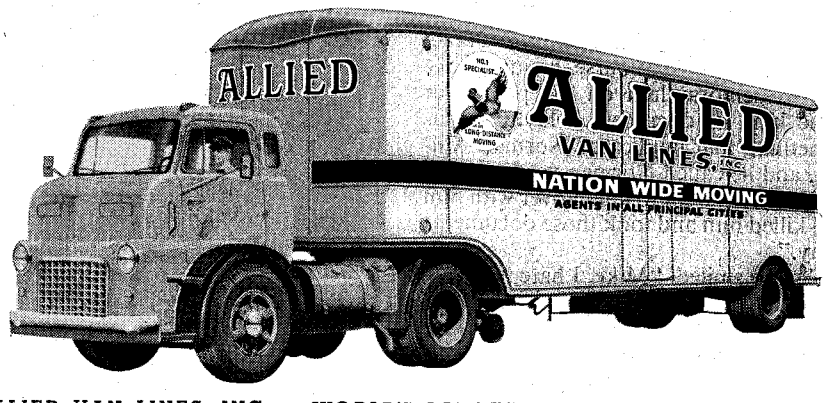

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"I know that Jim thought something was very wrong," she said. "He was trying to put it right."

"But wasn't he actually mixed up in it?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Jim was a very upright man. He felt responsible in the Cobb case because he had helped push the sale of the company's stock and he was trying to do something. I don't know what. Proxies or something like that, to get control."

"Look over there," I said. "Look at that black yawl. It's been hanging around here for no good reason. Norman Allison cleaned up in that crooked deal. Phil Hunter said so. Maybe Jim found evidence incriminating Allison, and Norman shot him. I've had the thought that Roberta Allison may have been making a big noise to divert suspicion from Norman or herself."

"That theory might interest a psychologist," George said with a smile. "But not the police, I'm afraid."

"Not only that, Mike," Stella said gently. "But Jim advised Norman to resign his job with Cobb Oil and even gave Norman a job in his own firm, so he definitely didn't think Norman had done anything wrong."

"But maybe he found out different," I said.

George shook his head. "The truth is that nobody was crooked, Mike. I know something about that deal. The directors were criticized for paying a high price for the Sundown Petroleum holdings, but they were acting on geological information supplied by Roscoe Cobb, the president, and he was right as rain. The big news is that they've brought in a discovery well down there on the Sundown leases, so that deal will pay off with a new oil field." He glanced at me with a rueful grin. "I let some Sundown Petroleum stock go, you know, just a few weeks too soon."

"But that wasn't your stock, was it? Phil Hunter told me you were liquidating an estate."

"True," he said, "but I would say that it reflected on my judgment as an executor."

"But Prescott thought the deal was crooked," I said. "He was taking action. He was investigating. . . . Stella, what happened to all his things—his papers and records and all that?"

"George took care of all that," she said.

I looked at George, who said, "I was executor under Jim's will, Mike. Thought you knew that."

"Then you took charge of the assets," I said. "You opened the safe-deposit boxes and all that?"

"Yes, but I didn't find anything out of the ordinary."

"But we know that Prescott was investigating the deal," I said. "Maybe he found out something."

"I think he would have told me," Stella said. "But of course that last trip he made had something to do with Sundown Petroleum. Their offices were in Chicago."

"Then he must have learned something!" I cried. "Of course, he must have had a memorandum on his person or some kind of document. Maybe it was something that implicated Norman Allison, and he called Norman up that night and Norman went to talk it over with him and killed him and took those documents away."

George smiled. "Mike, I hate to throw cold water, but the deal was on the up-and-up, so nobody was incriminated. Jim couldn't have found any evidence, because there was none. So I think we have to forget that Cobb Oil matter. We have to rule it out."

I had only been firing scatter shots at a stone wall and I knew it. There was no hope of penetration; it was a stone wall.

"Bernice is calling us to dinner," Stella said. "It's never a good idea to keep Bernice waiting."

But as we walked across the lawn toward the house I saw my mother backing her car out of her garage. She stopped it in the drive and made a motion to me. I excused myself and went toward her over the wet grass. My mother's gardener had mowed the lawn that afternoon and turned on the sprinklers and the turf was soft and wet underfoot.

"I didn't feel like staying home tonight," she said as I approached. "I'm going over to the Bevanses'. Gladys called and asked me to have dinner and spend the night. She and Sam have been most solicitous."

"Mother, I'm sorry. We should have asked you over to dinner, but George is here and ——"

"Yes, I saw you out there on the lawn," she said. "I had thought that George would come over and say a word. He was with Mousie so much, after all. But of course she wasn't his real interest, was she?"

"Marion Peyton is his real interest," I said.

"Is she? I wonder what ever happened to Marion?"

"She's spending the summer in New Hampshire, as you know."

"To be sure," she said. "She's a fine match for George. Old family. Daughter of the head of the firm. Scads of money."

I only shrugged. I knew how my mother was when her mood was vitriolic, and I knew there was usually a reason. In this case it was Mousie. She had been genuinely fond of Mousie and I knew this tragedy had affected her deeply.

"How is Stella, son?" she asked.

"She's had a bad day. I'm going to tuck her into bed right after dinner."

"Better give her some of those pills she's always taking," my mother said. "What are they, barbiturates?"

"I think so. They're red capsules."

"That would be seconal," she said. "She takes a lot of them, doesn't she? It's a shame when you're so young not to be able to sleep at night."

I said stiffly, "Good night, mother," and turned away.

I went into the house through the rear door, and as I passed through the kitchen Bernice said severely, "You're tracking wet on my kitchen floor, Mr. Stewart. Was it you tracked the wet in the house last night?"

I stopped short and slowly turned. "Was there wet in the house last night?"

"There were mud specks on the living-room rug," she said. "I had to get down on my knees this morning and wash out them specks."

Was it memory or was it an imagined observation? I moved out the door and wiped my feet on the mat. Last night something had lodged in my memory without conscious perception, and now I remembered it; or did I? Yes, I did. Since college days George had been the best-dressed man I knew. He was always immaculate, always perfectly dressed for whatever activity was in progress; his shoes usually looked as if they had just been taken from the store box. But last night the shine had been dulled; last night there had been moisture on the instep of his right shoe, there had been a trace of mud on his right heel.

It had crossed my mind before and now it lodged there—the question: how about George? He was my friend, my college classmate, the man who had introduced me to Stella, but how about George? He had given Stella the corsage of orchids the night before Jim Prescott was killed; he was a frequent visitor here in Menasset; he and Stella had spent long hours together; he was supposedly interested in Marion Peyton, but he was hardly a persistent suitor.

He and Stella were close, and often I had felt like an outsider, because they discussed matters in which I had no real interest, because they—yes, because they had so much in common, almost as if they shared a secret. I had never been jealous of George and I felt no jealousy now; I felt only that they had a bond that excluded me. Of course, in some ways that was a good thing, I reassured myself. A husband or wife should have refreshing friends, a husband or wife should have interests outside the close and personal ties of marriage. But I found myself staring at the right rear wheel of his car, parked only a few steps away; it was a Road-Roller tire.

A very common tread, Lieutenant Gray had pointed out. There were Road-Rollers on my car also, and on Stella's. And I recalled that George had telephoned me from New York at nine o'clock last night and had arrived in Menasset only a few minutes after ten. It generally took me an hour and a half minimum to make the trip; obviously he had not had time to drive over by the yacht club—to Oyster Creek—and by all the rules of common sense it was out of the question. He had no reason to silence Mousie, so why was I staring at his tires? It was because I was jealous, after all, I thought. It was because I did resent his friendship with Stella. It was because deep down I viewed that friendship with a husband's suspicion.

Bernice was calling, "You coming in to dinner, Mr. Stewart? They're waiting."

George was already in the dining room with Stella. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Don't look so glum, fellow."

His eyes were the friendly instruments of communication they had always been; they showed sympathy, companionship, loyalty. We had roomed together at Yale and we had been close. He had been better at scholarship than I and had helped me in the busy autumns when I had had to spend long hours on the practice field and drudge to retain that precious eligibility. He had always been brilliant, and even before he was out of law school he had been chosen by Peyton & Chase, one of the most solid law firms in New York; already he was a junior partner.

People change with the years, and character flaws that at first seemed hardly noticeable tend to stand out; one either learns to accept and even cherish them as an integral part of the bond or the friendship dies. George's flaws were vanity, which dissipated itself harmlessly in an interest in clothes; self-centeredness, which is traditionally the mark of the bachelor; and an overemphasis on the importance of money and social position, which was only natural in a man who came from fairly modest circumstances. These were more than balanced by a genuine gregarious nature, by wit and charm and, as far as I was concerned, by a good and loyal friendship.

As I sat down to dinner with him I tried to dismiss the memory of his muddy shoes, but it was significant that they had become muddy shoes in my thinking. At first I had almost doubted the validity of my remembered observation, but now it was set in my mind that George had come in last night with muddy shoes; George had come in, looking pale and distraught. Once the small suspicion had been raised it snowballed; I could not check it. It was George who had told me that Mousie had rented a car, I thought, George who had told me Mousie had threatened to turn on the gas, George who had suggested that Mousie was a paranoid personality, George who had decided that she had killed Jim Prescott, George who had locked the doors and windows last night. Could I believe anything that George told me?

Now he was looking across at me with a friendly smile as he asked, "Everything going O.K. at the brass works, Mike?"

"Yes," I said. "Sure."

"You're not the indispensable man?"

"Hardly," I said. "Joe Downs is the indispensable man."

"Then why don't you two go away somewhere?" he asked. "Get away from all this. Take a long vacation. I was talking to Stella about it before you came back. She's never been to Mexico. Have you?"

"How would you like to go into politics?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Yes," I said.

"But you haven't been abroad since the year you were graduated," he said. "Let Stell show you Europe. She's just come back from there. You can afford it. You can take the time off. . . . Wouldn't you like that, Stella?"

Her eyes met mine across the table. "It's up to Mike."

"We'll think about it," I said, and George met my eyes, then immediately glanced away.

I felt sick. They had stood out on the sea wall talking about a trip abroad; it looked too much like flight, and I was more acutely aware than ever of the bond that seemed to exist between them. Stella had said that if I believed she had killed Mousie she was ready to destroy herself. She had held up her two hands to demonstrate their innocence. Her eyes had clung to mine. I had believed her, had cast aside all doubts and reservations, but they had returned like refuse scattered on the ebb tide. I did not for a moment believe that Stella had shot Jim Prescott or killed Mousie, but how about George? I could not meet their eyes again and I finished the meal in silence, with my head bent over my plate.

When dinner was over, Bernice served the coffee in the living room, and after she had returned to the kitchen, George said, "I have a rugged day in court tomorrow and I want to start home pretty soon. But before I go I want to ask you something, Mike. You puzzle me. Why can't you accept the fact that a robber killed Mousie? What did the lieutenant say that worries you so much?"

"He has an interesting chain of circumstantial evidence," I said, and went to pour myself a second cup of coffee.

I remembered George's asking me if Mousie's handbag had been found, but how had he known it was missing? I hadn't mentioned it to him on the telephone, and Stella had not even known about it. I had a certain kinship with Lieutenant Gray, I thought; a husband's eye was not altogether different from a policeman's eye. And how would a policeman react to what I knew? Mousie had made an appointment with George for six-thirty yesterday, which she had not kept. That is, George had said she had not kept it. Would Lieutenant Gray have accepted his word for it? If I had told the lieutenant about that appointment, police machinery would have been set in motion. Determine the facts and let the facts disclose the motive, a policeman might say, and I thought with a start of shock that I must broaden the base of the facts; I must not go on brooding over the facts I did know. If George was guilty—and I could not believe it—then Stella was surely implicated.

I glanced across the room and met her eyes as she sat deep in the wing chair, then I took four slow steps and bent and kissed her. It was a token of trust or perhaps it was a search for a token of belief. I straightened again, knowing only that I loved her.

"Lieutenant Gray knows that a shot was fired here Sunday night," I said bluntly. "He thinks it was Stella who fired it."

She started, stared at me. "Why does he think that?"

"He sees you in the role of an injured wife," I said. "Actually he suspects me of killing Mousie."

"So that's it," George said. "I knew something was eating you, Mike. Are you worried about your own skin?"

"No," I said stiffly. "I'm not worried about my own skin."

"Then what are you worried about?"

"I'm worried that he may fit the circumstances together in another pattern," I said.

Stella looked up at me and George demanded, "What if he does? He couldn't prove anything except through one of us; and anyhow, there's nothing to prove. Or do you think Stella killed Mousie, perhaps?"

Stella said, "George!" and I said angrily, "You know I don't think that, George."

"It's just as well to get it out in the open," he said. "As your lawyer, I want to know where everyone stands."

"Stella and I stand together," I said. "And don't forget it."

George grinned. "All right. I'm glad I smoked that out of you. Now let's proceed. Why does Lieutenant Gray suspect you?"

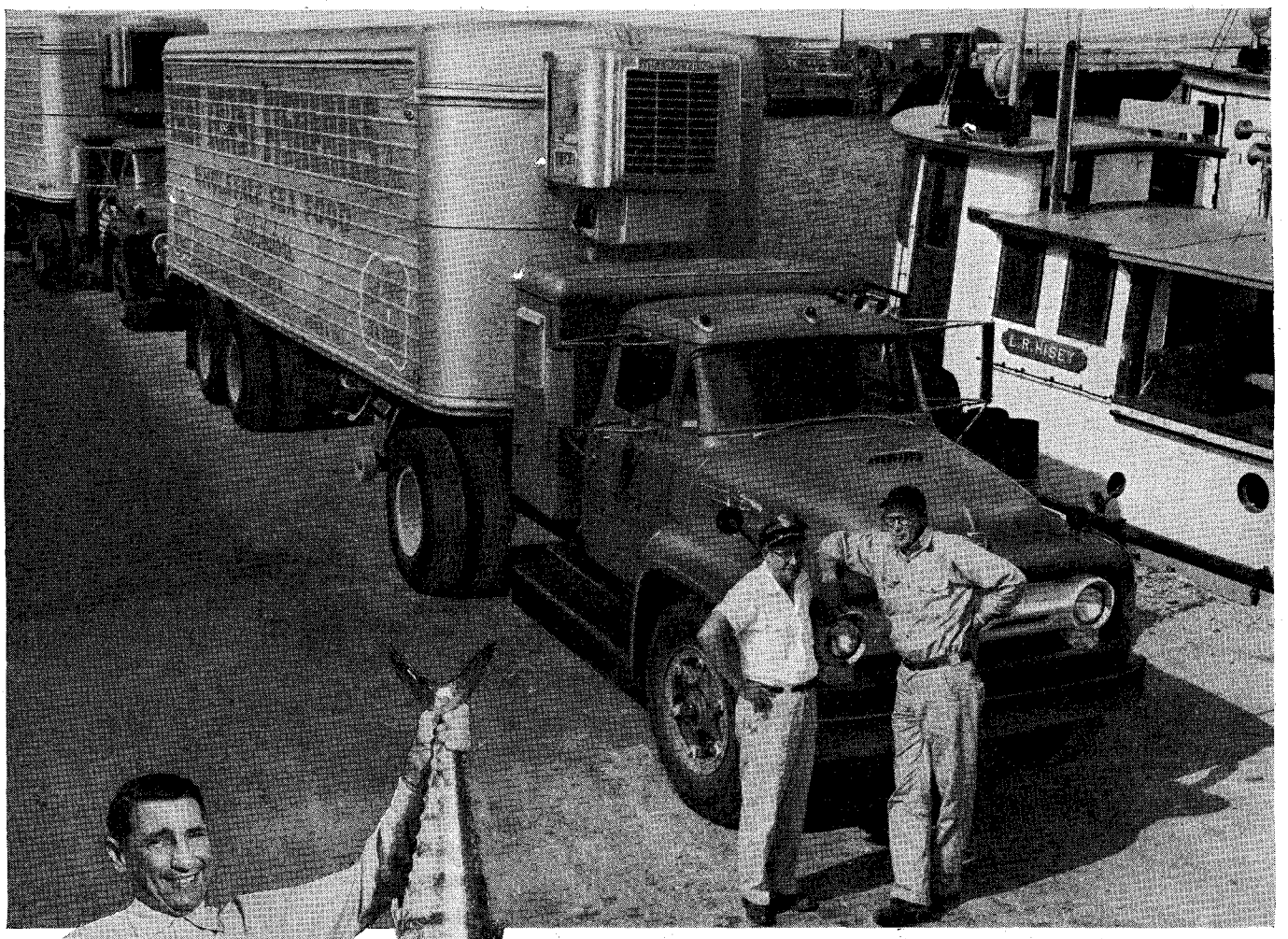
"He knows that I had lunch with Mousie in New York yesterday," I said. "He knows that I went to the station last night, asking if she got off the nine-ten. He attaches a lot of importance to the fact that I took her sailing and dancing and all that, and kissed her on the sea wall over at the yacht club." I glanced at Stella. "It was just a friendly kiss. As a matter of fact, Gladys and George saw us. Maybe George mentioned it."

"Why should I mention it?" George said. "I'm your lawyer."

"Somebody mentioned it to the lieutenant, at least," I said. "Gladys said she didn't tell him, but who else saw me?"

George smiled. "I'm afraid you were pretty conspicuous out there, Mike, and there was a dance going on. I'd say offhand that not more than twenty or thirty people saw you."

"I suppose everybody knows it's a glass bowl but the goldfish," I said, and frowned as I *(Continued on Page 77)*



Driver Jess Howard *(at right)* helps haul the 10 million pounds of sea food that East Coast Fisheries annually ships to its customers. "I've never had a bit of trouble with an Eaton 2-Speed," says Mr. Howard, "and the unit I'm driving now has more than 132,000 miles on it."

"Eaton 2-Speed Axles shrink trip time and expenses"

REPORTS JOE SWARTZ, VICE-PRESIDENT, EAST COAST FISHERIES, INC., MIAMI, FLA.

"Fresh fish from Key West docks is brought to our Miami plant for freezing and packing," says Mr. Swartz. "After processing, the sea food is loaded onto our Eaton-equipped Ford trucks and delivered to our many customers around the country. Gasoline consumption, engine wear, maintenance expense, trip time—they're all down because of our Eaton 2-Speeds.

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Eaton 2-Speed Axles help you save more, help you truck more efficiently. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

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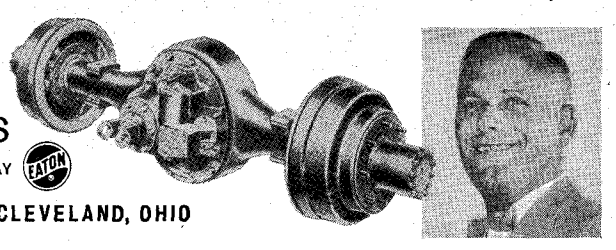

FORD TRUCK Sales Mgr., Pat Haney, of Fred Warnock Ford, Inc., Homestead, Fla., says, "Fleet owners who haul perishable goods long distances know an Eaton 2-Speed will get the truck through on time, and cut maintenance and repair expenses to the bone. No wonder Eaton-equipped trucks are big-sellers around here."

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(*Continued from Page 75*) remembered that Mousie had a goldfish named Pedro, remembered Mousie on the sea wall telling me that the corsage of orchids had been not hers, but Stella's, remembered her words, "George sent me out of town. He rushed me back to college." Why had that corsage of orchids been so important if there was no other man?

"So Lieutenant Gray thinks you're his man," George said. "O.K., let him think it. Your shoulders are broad enough, aren't they?"

"The point is that I don't know how long he'll continue on that tack," I said. "He wants to talk to Stella tomorrow."

"You were cleaning your gun," George said. "That's your story, and both of you stick to it. Mousie was an affectionate kid sister-in-law and Stella never had a moment's doubt. Just leave it to Stella, Mike. She'll carry it off. She'll send that lieutenant out of here feeling like a left-footed boor. . . . Right, Stell?"

"I'll try, George," she said.

He took her hand. "You look tired, baby, and I don't think this discussion is getting us anywhere. I expect they'll turn up that handbag somewhere and find a perfect set of fingerprints on it." He turned to me. "If anything comes up, Mike, you call me. I'd better shove off now."

There was a signal in his eyes, and I followed him out to his car, where he turned and said, "Mike, we've known each other a long time. Remember those bull sessions back in freshman year, when we used to discuss our plans? You felt frustrated because your life was furnished for you in solid brass and I was full of beans and wanting to set the world on fire."

"Sure I remember," I said.

"I think we've remained pretty good friends," he said. "And as a good friend, I want to urge you to take Stella away. Get her off to Mexico or Europe. Don't come back until all this blows over."

I drew in a deep breath and asked in a low voice, "Why do you keep insisting on that, George?"

"Because I'm your friend," he said. "It's the same situation all over again—same as the Jim Prescott case. Will they find the robber? Mike, what worries me is that Lieutenant Gray may get together with that district attorney over in Jersey, and God knows what they'll come up with. I think you'd better face it, Mike. Mousie may have been telling the truth about Jim. That suicide threat was made a couple of weeks before he was killed, and plenty could have happened after that. As I told you before, Jim was a susceptible man, and she could have won him over."

He got into his car and pulled the door shut; then said in a low tone, "If anything happens, you get on the telephone without delay. And after the funeral Thursday you take my advice—get out of town. Mexico is beautiful this time of year. Go down there and relax."

I stepped back on the gravel and watched him drive away. Doubt had closed in on me like a fog at sea—the wet, enveloping doubt in which a man can hear his own thoughts, and danger can loom like the bulk of an ocean liner bearing down at thirty knots. That Stella had done murder was impossible, my own loyal voice said, but out of the fog came the booming question, *If not Stella, who?* Two people close to Stella had been killed. *If not Stella, who?*

I went back into the house through the kitchen, and my eyes were drawn to the hole in the door of the refrigerator. We knew now that it was Mousie who had shot at me Sunday night, Mousie who had put the corsage of orchids there. I stood staring at the bullet hole, remembering Mousie on the sea wall saying, "George rushed me back to college." Why had that corsage of orchids been so important if there had been no other man in Stella's life? I drew in a deep breath, and a light dawned, a star shell went off, a rocket exploded.

George had been protecting himself, not Stella! He had initiated the lie about the corsage. If he had admitted to the district attorney that he had given it to Stella, he would have come under investigation as the other man. He would have had to explain where he had been at the time Jim Prescott was shot. This was it, I thought. This had to be it, or I must abandon love, hope and sanity.

I went flying up the stairs, two at a time. Stella was already undressed and in negligee, and stood with two small red capsules in her palm. I waited at the door until she had swallowed them with water; then I asked as casually as I could, "Stella, where was George the night Jim Prescott was killed?"

"He came as soon as I reached him, Mike," she said. "He was at a dinner of the bar association in New York, at the Hotel Westbrook. I left word and he called back in about half an hour. . . . Mike, what do you think about George's idea to take a trip somewhere? I'd like to."

"Then we will," I said. "We'll make our plans tomorrow. . . . So there was a little delay before George got there that night?"

"Of course. It was about an hour's drive from New York, but he got there within two hours of the shooting. Believe me, I needed him that night."

"Honey, you get into bed and let those pills work," I said. "I'm going to stay up awhile."

I went back downstairs. Determine the facts, I had told myself earlier, and let the facts disclose the motive. George had known about Mousie's handbag, but I had not told him. His shoes had been muddy. There were Road-Roller tires on his car. He had rushed Mousie out of town a year ago after he had lied to the district attorney about the corsage, and yesterday Mousie had been threatening to go to the district attorney; he would have pumped every detail out of her.

He had arranged to meet Mousie at half past six at the French restaurant where Stella and I had dined with him and Marion Peyton the night we met. He was known there. The Madame would know if he had met a young lady. I went out to my car, and after I had started the motor I sat with my hands clenched on the steering wheel, questioning whether I should follow this road that might lead to disillusion and horror. I had to face the fact that any road that led to George might also lead to Stella. But she had told me there had been no other man, and I believed her. Stella had told me she was innocent, and I believed her. If the road led to George, it could not lead to Stella. There must be another reason, another motive.

I drove away, and once on the highway and turned toward New York I bore down; it was not yet nine-thirty when I found a parking space only a few doors from the Boule de Suif.

It was a small French restaurant presided over by a plump Frenchwoman dressed in black and known to all as Madame, and she might have been a later-life representation of de Maupassant's character, the *boule de suif.*

"I'm looking for Monsieur Duncan," I said. "Has he been in tonight?"

"No, not tonight, but he was here only last night."

"For dinner?"

"Of course for dinner," she said. "But no, he did not eat. Some young lady is a big fool. She did not appear."

"He waited a long time for her, I suppose."

"A long time for Monsieur Duncan," she said. "Until eight o'clock."

"You mean nine o'clock," I said.

She raised her eyebrows, turned her head and spoke to the barman, "Pierre, what time did Monsieur Duncan leave last night?"

"Eight o'clock," the barman said.

"So he waited from six-thirty until eight?" I asked.

"Six-thirty? No, seven-thirty."

"It must have been six-thirty," I said.

"Monsieur, must you contradict everything?" She turned her head again. "Pierre, what time did Monsieur Duncan come in last night?"

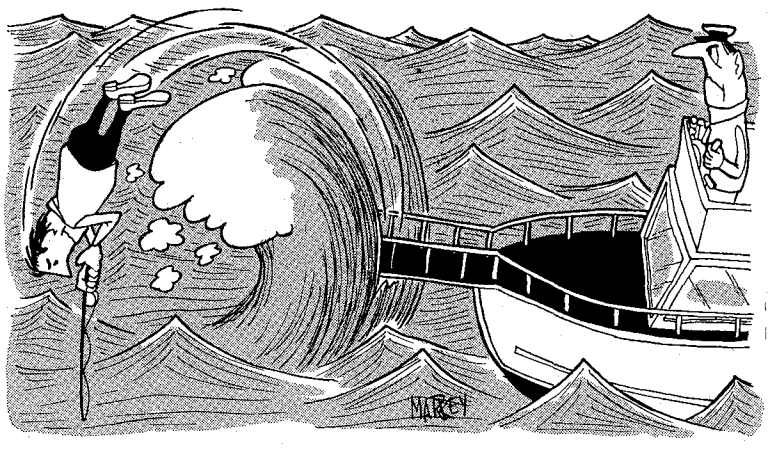
"Seven-thirty," the barman said. "He drank two cognacs and went out again at eight."

It was the information I had sought, but also dreaded. George had not appeared at the restaurant until an hour after the time for his appointment with Mousie, and he had left there at eight o'clock, not nine. Which meant, I thought, that when he called me, George could have been near Menasset, although he had told me he was still in the restaurant. And at ten o'clock he had come into my house, white-faced and anxious, with mud on his shoes. Today he had made a slip about Mousie's handbag, and how could he have known it was missing unless he had taken it away himself?

I went back to my car and drove slowly downtown. I had to follow it through now.

I parked a block from the mews where George lived, and walked to his house in the summer night. The mews was privately owned—not a city street—but it was as wide as a New York side street and was paved with cobblestones. As I walked over the cobbles I saw his car parked close to the wall of his house. There were two other cars parked in the mews, but I saw no one about. The street was hardly thirty yards behind me, but it could have been a mile; this was a byway of New York where there was no traffic, and pedestrians were few.

I recalled now that on the telephone George had asked me if Mousie had told me where they had arranged to meet yesterday, and when I said she had not, he had named the Boule de Suif as their rendezvous. The conclusion was inescapable—if he had planned to kill her he would have met her here in the mews; he would have killed her here in his house and gone on to the restaurant and made his first call to me from there. He would have waited until night fell, then returned in darkness to smuggle her body out to his car. He would have driven to Menasset, stopping on the way to telephone me before he slid her body down the muddy bank into Oyster Creek. And at ten o'clock a sympathetic friend had appeared at my door, with mud on his



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Reggie, a stranger to deep-sea fishing, decided to risk a boat trip offshore. Made confident by a run of some miles through calm water, he persuaded Captain Jack to let him perch in the "pulpit," a hand-railed platform projecting twelve feet from the bow. The captain consented, but failed to warn Reggie of what a sudden wave might do to him. Sure enough, a big comber swept him overboard. Captain Jack saved him, but Reggie developed pneumonia. Later he sued because of the pneumonia and the shock.

"As we set out on a smooth sea, I was completely unprepared for what happened," Reggie asserted. "The captain was neglectful in not warning me of the danger of being washed overboard, so he should pay damages."

"Reggie, being a big boy, should have realized that he took a risk in perching in the pulpit rather than sitting safely in a deck chair," Captain Jack replied. "I didn't warn him because he should have known he was taking a chance."

If you were the judge, would you pay water-soaked Reggie?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Reggie collected. The court held that it is the duty of a fishing-boat captain to safeguard his passengers and to warn them of unexpected dangers, such as rough seas.
Based upon a 1942 Connecticut decision.

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THERE'S AN EXCITING NEW WORLD FOR YOU in the FABULOUS SEPTEMBER

HOLIDAY

Magazine!

Portrait of Long Island

Here you'll find swank estates and truck farms, world-famous yacht clubs and hardy fishing fleets, crowded slums and the expensive Piping Rock Club. Plus Flatbush, polo, Little Neck clams, sports cars and one of the pleasantest summer climates in the temperate world. In September Holiday Magazine James Warner Bellah portrays Long Island in all its amazing diversity. Many magnificent photographs!

The Rockefeller Family

Young John D. was obsessed with work. At night he would whisper into his pillow, giving himself pep talks. He would rise in the dark, confer with his partners over breakfast and was at work before dawn, rolling wheelbarrows, running up and down the tops of box cars, going hungry because he literally didn't have time to eat. Read how his vast fortune was made and how the Standard Oil trust was broken.

Spendthrift Tour of San Francisco

High-living Lucius Beebe is given unlimited funds and orders to spend as much as he can in a four-day tour of San Francisco. He does, riotously, while enjoying such famed gastronomic specialties as Halekulani Paradise, crab legs au gratin Mornay, snails bourguignonne, rex sole meuniere. Total tab? Only $930 for four days, not counting his Rolls-Royce.

Switzerland in Wisconsin

Author Herbert Kubly returns to the family farm in the Swiss-American village of New Glarus, Wisconsin, at the time of the *Wilhelm Tell* celebration and enjoys the yodeling, the *Chaeferfest* and a nostalgic visit with old friends.

Plus: *Marblehead*—Massachusetts' pretty, character-filled beach-resort town; *The Himalayas*—distinguished novelist John Masters takes us to visit "the best mountains in the world"; *Leningrad*—the magnificent, tragic and enchanting city of Dostoevski; *Teenagers Here and Abroad*—A biting comparison of American teen-agers to Europe's, by Frederic Morton. Be sure to get the September issue!

Now on sale!

HOLIDAY

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

shoes, urging me to lock the doors and windows for fear of a mad and desperate little mouse.

I faced another moment of decision as I stood at his door with my finger touching the button of the doorbell. I could still turn back. I stood there remembering Stella's eyes, remembering her pleading voice as she had sworn her innocence. If I did not believe her I should turn back, I thought, and face a life of torturing doubts. But I did believe her. If George had killed Jim Prescott he must have had another reason, a reason of his own. I did not know what it was, but I would find it. I would confront him with the facts as I knew them. I pushed the button.

Mrs. Morgan opened the door. She had been George's housekeeper ever since he moved into the mews—a pleasant, middle-aged woman who was a passable cook and a devoted servant to George's wishes. As I spoke to her, forming the words in my mind, I thought that it was a devious thing to do, an underhanded way to treat an old friend, but I said, "Where were you last night, Mrs. Morgan? Since when do you take Monday off?"

"I don't generally," she said. "It was extra. Mr. Duncan gave me the day off because it was my sister's birthday and I spent the day with her over in Brooklyn."

Another damning fact, I thought, further confirmation. From the living room, George called, "Who's that, Martha?"

"It's Mr. Stewart."

"Mike!" He came quickly to meet me. "Has something happened?"

"It's time we had a talk, George," I said.

He gestured, and I went ahead of him into the living room under the high studio skylight. He took a bottle of Scotch and two glasses from a cabinet, but I shook my head. Mrs. Morgan was on her way to the back of the house and I waited until I heard a door close before I said, "I see you have Road-Roller tires on your car, George."

"Do I?" he said, turning toward me with glass in one hand and bottle in the other. "I never noticed. They came with the car. Why?"

"It's a very common tread," I said.

"Yes, I suppose it is." He poured the Scotch and added ice from a silver bucket.

"The immaculate George," I said, looking at his tailored back and the crease in his pants and, as he turned, the narrow, perfectly knotted necktie. "The best-dressed man I know," I said. "I wonder if you even noticed that you had mud on your shoe last night?"

He smiled. "Yes, I did. I must have stepped in something wet. I can't think where."

"I can think where," I said.

"Yes?" The smile was gone and his eyes met mine steadily. I was the first to look away, as it had always been.

"George, how did you happen to know that Mousie's handbag was missing?" I asked. "I don't believe I mentioned it, and Stella didn't even know."

"Do you live in a vacuum out there, Mike?" he asked. "Didn't you see a newspaper today?"

"No."

"The evening newspapers were full of it," he said. "They printed every last detail. Road-Roller tires and handbag and all. There's one there on the table."

I shook my head; I did not want to see the headlines about the Orchid Wife.

"What's on your mind, Mike?" he asked.

"I've always trusted you, George," I said. "We've been friends since freshman year at Yale. I find this a heavy burden, but I've got to ask you: how about it?"

"How about what?"

"You didn't go to the Boule de Suif to meet Mousie at half past six last night," I said. "You didn't go there until seven-thirty, and you left at eight. You telephoned me at nine o'clock and told me you were at the Boule de Suif, but you weren't. Were you on the road to Menasset?"

"As you said, we're old friends, so I'm not going to take offense," he said. "But I'm disappointed in you, Mike. What's behind these weird questions?"

"The fact that you lied to the district attorney about that orchid corsage," I said. "Why? Was it because you didn't want the police to investigate your whereabouts the night Jim Prescott was killed?"

"Is that what's bothering you, Mike?"

"That's what's bothering me."

"And you think I may have killed Mousie. Is that what all this means?"

"Did you, George?"

He showed a tight smile. "Why, exactly, would I kill Mousie?"

"I'm asking you why?"

"This is your production, not mine," he said. "Give me a reason."

"She was about to go to the district attorney," I said. "He would have found out you lied about the orchids."

"And what if he did?"

"He would have investigated your actions the night Jim Prescott was killed."

He was still smiling. "And why did I kill Jim Prescott, Mike, since you seem to have pegged me as a mass murderer?"

"I don't know why," I said. "But if there's a reason I'll find it. I only set out to determine the facts."

"So you were determining the facts?" he said in a dry, pitying voice. "It's all right. I'll let it pass. But, Mike, you poor lost soul, it's sad; it's so damned pathetic."

He was so smooth in manner, I thought, so securely in control of the situation. I felt the bolstering heat of a quick anger, and I said, "It will be sad when the police check on where you were the night Jim Prescott was killed. It will be sad when I tell Lieutenant Gray about the mud on your shoe and about those telephone calls and your appointment with Mousie at half past six."

"Are you planning to take this fantasy to the police?"

"You can bet I am," I said.

He shook his head. "Don't do it, Mike."

"I intend to do it."

He shook his head sadly, sighed again, and said, "Mike, you'd better forget about determining the facts, as you called it. If you determine the facts you'll send your wife to the electric chair. That isn't what you want, I think."

My muscles stiffened, the tension returned, and as I looked at his composed, unworried face, I felt the confidence ebb out of me. I stood waiting to hear what he had to say.

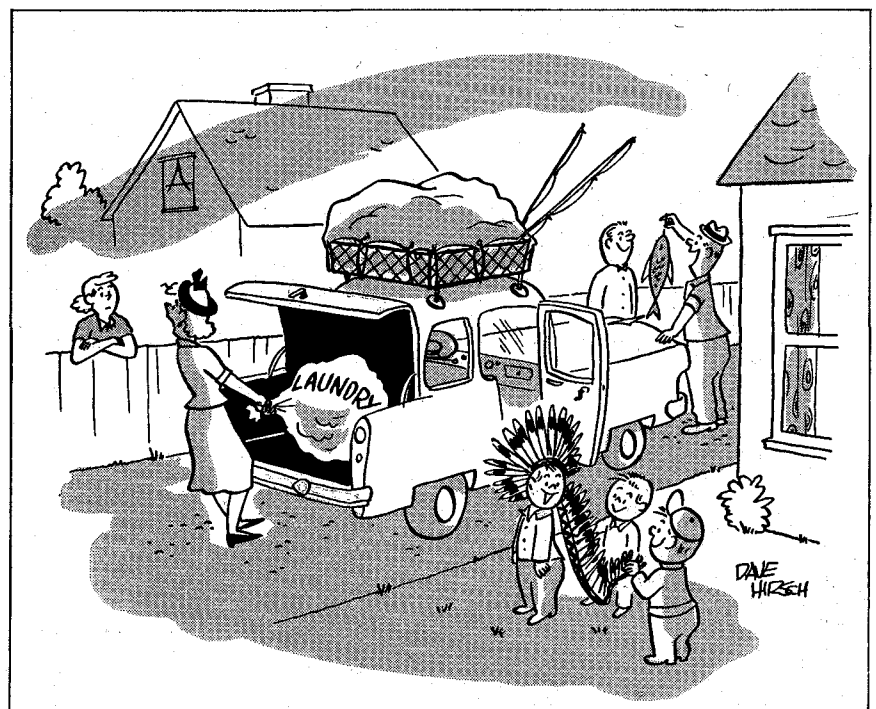
"Mousie called me yesterday and canceled the appointment," he said quietly. "She said she had decided to have it out with Stella instead. She wanted to give Stella a break, I believe she phrased it, and she said she was on her way to Menasset."

"When was that?"

"About half past four. I had just come back from court. So I finished up my work at the office and came here to wait for word from you. Finally I went out to dinner, and I called you from the restaurant to ask you if Mousie was there. Do you remember? When you said she wasn't, I thought it was possible she had changed her plans and might still show up at the Boule de Suif, so I tried to get her at her hotel, but there was no answer. I waited in the restaurant until eight o'clock, on the chance she might show up, after all, and then I came back home, thinking she might call me here. When I called you again at nine o'clock—here from this room, by the way—I was worried. I didn't know what had happened, but I didn't want to communicate my fears to you. I knew she must have gone to see Stella, and I had an ugly suspicion of what had happened to her. Mike, I've tried to protect you all along and I hate like hell to tell you this. I tried to prepare you earlier tonight, but I wouldn't tell you even now if you hadn't talked about going to the police with that wild story of yours. For God's sake, man, whatever you do, you can't go to the police! They'd send Stella to the electric chair!"

I felt like a man who had been driven by devils to the edge of a precipice, and now saw the deep abyss. My whole theory, constructed out of desperation, collapsed about me and shook the foundations of my reason.

TO BE CONCLUDED



"My vacation souvenir."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Joe's Secret Plan (Continued from Page 31)

By and by he went outside and climbed the windmill tower. From the top of it he scanned the countryside, but the kids were nowhere in sight.

Toward the west the land rose in a series of folds or ridges to a plateau that was still called "the Kennedy place," although it had been abandoned for years and the title had reverted to the government. It had—tantalizingly for Joe, in view of his need—over a thousand acres of good upland grass, but it was not under grazing lease because there was no water on or near it. One of the reasons Tom Kennedy had abandoned the place was that he had never been able to get a good well on it. The Circle H and the 2B did not need the grass badly enough to go to the expense of drilling a deep well and installing a pump and windmill or gas motor. And Joe, who did need the grass, could not afford to drill and maybe get a couple of dry holes before finding water.

This upland drained into a coulee on Joe's most westerly quarter, so that, in the spring, a torrent of water rushed down the coulee, a torrent wild enough to grab and drown a couple of too-venturesome kids.

"It would be just like them to pick the coulee to play in," Joe muttered.

He climbed down the ladder. It was now more than two hours past noon. Babe's doll carriage was sitting on the back porch where, right after breakfast, Babe had put her doll out in the sun to sleep. The doll was tucked up neatly under a blue coverlet. Joe felt a sudden tightness in his throat.

"Oh, no!" he said, in the husky voice of a man saying a prayer. For it came to him all at once how the sight of the doll and carriage would wring his heart if anything happened to Babe. And suddenly all his worrying about grass and cattle seemed trivial by comparison.

"I better go look for the kids, Pete," he called.

Uncle Pete came out on the porch. He was a wizened-up and bowlegged ex-cowpoke, weather-beaten as an old diamond-willow fence post. His bleary eyes fell on the doll carriage, then lifted furtively to Joe's face. Without a word he followed Joe out to the stable.

They headed west, Joe riding bareback on old Dan, Pete on his buckskin cow pony that he called Good Enough. The buckskin had a smooth running walk that covered the ground with a deceptive speed, so that old Dan had to break into a lumbering gallop in order to stay abreast. Joe was a strapping-big man and handsome, in a dark bushy-browed way, but he always looked stiff and awkward on horseback. Whereas Pete, who looked like a scrawny old tramp when afoot, rode with a nonchalant ease that made him and the smooth-gaited buckskin a pleasure to watch.

"I should've told 'em to keep away from that coulee," Joe said again.

A man gets kind of careless. Joe had always done his best for Babe and Little Joe since their mom died. He studied how to watch their manners and morals and bring them up the way Emmy would have wanted, in spite of the bad example set by their Uncle Pete, who was a rascal in lots of ways. But a man could not be always nursemaiding kids, the way a woman did.

Each time they topped a rise they anxiously scanned the country beyond, then swept down the far side, detouring about the clumps of brush that dotted the low ground. In such low places the sun was so warm that Joe would unbutton his smock. But on the high ground there was a cold wind that made him button it up again.

Good Enough topped the last ridge and stopped. A moment later old Dan lumbered to a halt at the buckskin's side.

"Just like you figgered!" Uncle Pete said. Because of his asthma he usually had to clear his throat noisily before he spoke. And even then his voice came out with a harsh, rasping sound, as though his vocal mechanism needed a grease job.

Sure enough, Babe and Little Joe were down there. At the place where the wide and shallow trough that came down from the Kennedy place narrowed and deepened to form the beginning of the coulee, a tree trunk had become wedged and a torrent of water was boiling over and under it. After what must have taken hours of heavy work, the kids had collected a pile of rocks from the boulder-strewn slope above them. The pony drooped indifferently nearby, and Babe's dog, Brownie, as wet and bedraggled as the kids themselves, was squatting beside them, head cocked on one side, watching them tolerantly.

As Big Joe sent his horse charging down the slope, he saw Little Joe teeter out along the tree trunk with one of the boulders in his arms. Big Joe bellowed a warning, but the splashing noise made by the cataract drowned the sound of his voice. The boy dropped the rock into the stream and came skipping back to the bank just as his father reached the spot.

"What in the aitch are you kids up to?" he stormed, throwing himself off the horse and confronting them angrily.

They looked up at him, startled by his sudden appearance as much as by his wrathful words. They had taken off their rubber boots and had their pants rolled high. They must both have fallen into the water at one time or another, for they were obviously soaked to the hide. Wet strands of fair hair straggled over Babe's forehead, and her hands and face were mud-smeared. But there was always something about Babe—no matter how grimy she got, she still looked cute and cuddly.

Joe's anger evaporated in a welling thankfulness that they were safe. He never could be cross with Babe for very long. She reminded him so much of Emmy. He could be more stern with Little Joe, probably because the boy was like Joe himself. He had his pop's sturdy build and the same black hair and eyes. Babe, on the other hand, was daintily made; and blue-eyed and fair, the way her mom used to be.

"We're buildin' a dam, pop," Little Joe explained, shouting to make himself heard above the splashing of the water.

"Git on the pony," Big Joe shouted back. "It's 'way past dinnertime."

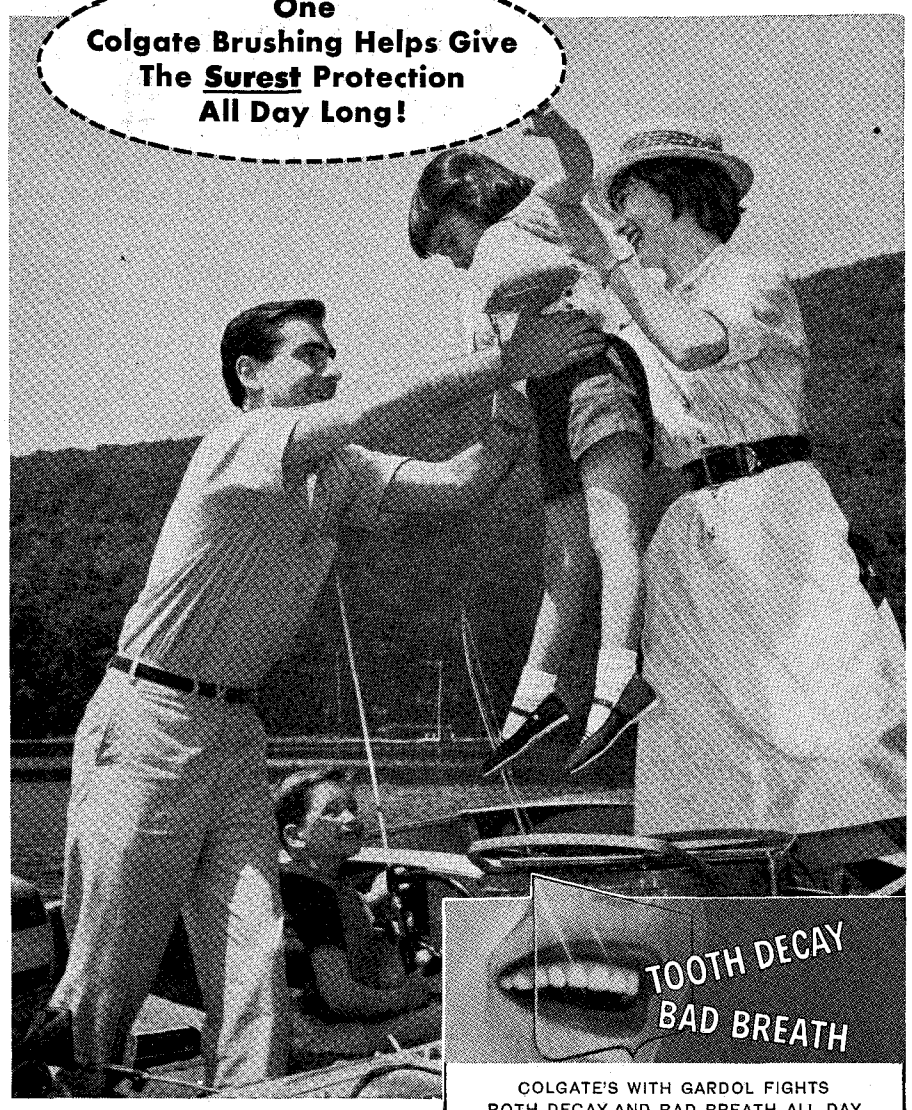
He lifted Babe to old Dan's back and led the horse up the slope. Uncle Pete picked up the kids' boots and followed, Little Joe and the pony and Brownie bringing up the rear. Gradually, as they climbed, the splash and roar of water sank away beneath them.

"We got scared when you didn't come home for dinner," Big Joe said. "You keep away from the coulee in floodtime. You could easy get drownded."

"We want to make a dam, pop, so we can have a lake," Babe said. "With boats on."

"Steamboats, maybe!" Uncle Pete's voice cackled derisively behind them. "The things kids dream up!"

"Anyway, Baby," Joe said, "this is no time to build a dam. It's like tryin' to shut the pigpen door just when the old sow is halfway through it."



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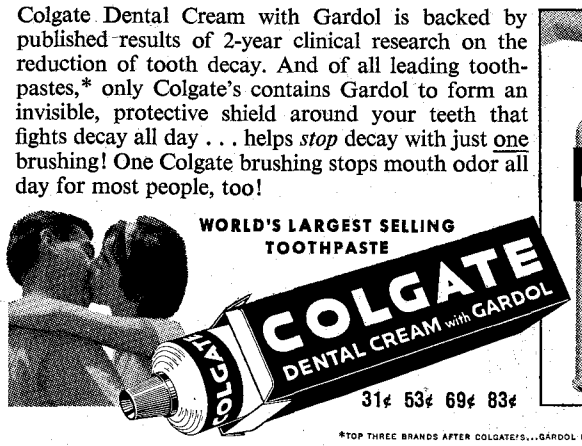

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At the top of the slope he climbed on the horse behind Babe. She was a precious little bundle, bedraggled though she was at the moment—and shivery, too, now that the wind hit her. Joe wrapped his smock about her.

"We want to make a lake, pop," she insisted.

"Lake!" he scoffed indulgently. But even as he said it something flashed in his mind, like a light being turned on in a dark room. "Doggone!" he ejaculated after a moment

"What's the matter, pop?" Babe asked.

"Nothin's the matter, Baby, so long as you're O.K.," he answered. "You kids gave me an idea, that's all. A real heller of an idea! I think I'll build that dam for you."

"You mean it, pop?" Little Joe cried.

"What's more," his father went on, "the gover'ment will pay me for doin' it!"

He was amazed that the idea had never occurred to him before. All this time he had been wishing he could use the grass on the Kennedy place, but unable to do so because, for most of the year, there was not a cupful of water anywhere on it. And yet, each spring, enough water rushed away through the coulee to last through the driest summer if it could be trapped behind a dam, built at the narrow beginning of the coulee. Furthermore, the federal government encouraged such water-conservation schemes and, if the site was approved, would assume a sizable portion of the cost of building the dam. All that Joe would need to do then would be to open a gap in the line fence between his quarter and the Kennedy place, so that his cattle grazing there could get to the impounded water.

Presently, as they rode homeward, Uncle Pete began to chuckle hoarsely. He said that Bill Housman would sure be burned up when he found out about the dam. Housman would have leased the Kennedy place long since except that he had thought it unnecessary to pay lease rental until he actually needed the extra grass, figuring that Joe could not afford to drill for water. The prospect of outsmarting Bill Housman was in itself enough to make Pete enthusiastic about the dam. He and Housman were bitter enemies. Pete claimed that Housman was a rogue, and Housman said that Pete was a rogue. In lots of ways, Joe had to admit, they were both right.

The way Babe and Little Joe chattered and dreamed up things all the way home, you would have thought that the lake was already in existence. Big Joe had to point out to them that the dam could not be built in time for this year's runoff, which meant that there would be no water to form their "lake" until the following spring.

"Aw, heck!" Little Joe grumbled. To a kid, a year seems a very long time to wait.

But now it was Joe's turn to dream. Quite inadvertently, the kids had solved the problem that had been bothering him for months. And when they reached home, Babe's doll carriage, sitting on the back porch, was just a doll carriage instead of something to bring a lump to his throat. He sure felt happy.

He got an unpleasant jolt, however, when, just as they reached home, Bill Housman turned in the gate, driving his new red-and-white convertible. The sight of Housman gave Joe a premonitory chill. It was like seeing a black cat crossing his path. It reminded him that Housman was always at hand, ready to block any scheme for expansion that Joe dreamed up. Housman was a dog-in-the-manger type who had built up his Circle H spread with ruthless disregard of the needs of his neighbors. If he suspected what Joe was planning to do, he could—and, without a doubt, would—dash off to the municipal office and lease the Kennedy place himself.

The Circle H owner sat in his car for a moment, regarding Joe's ramshackle buildings with the air of a wealthy tourist surveying a slum. Then he climbed ponderously from the car. He was a big, red-faced man, wearing a cream-colored hat and a chocolate-brown shirt with bright pearl buttons on it. His gabardine pants were tucked into fancy boots that had probably cost more than the entire wardrobe of Joe and his family.

A trailer was attached to Housman's car, a low-slung trailer with a horse-high box that was used for transporting a horse or other critter, although, as far as Joe could see, it was empty at the moment.

"Howdy, Joe! Hi there, kids!" Housman called, giving Pete no more than a surly glance. He had a booming voice and a jovial manner. But his blue eyes were a mite too small and set too close together in his heavy-jowled face. For all his loud and friendly pose, he could be plenty mean with anybody who crossed him.

Joe just about had heart failure when Babe piped up, "We've been making a dam, Mr. Housman!"

Little Joe started to add, "Pop an' the gover'ment's goin' to help ——" but got no farther because Big Joe interrupted him.

"You kids change to dry clothes an' get washed for dinner," he ordered. "Scoot, now!" As they scampered toward the house, he turned to Housman with a deprecating shrug.

"Kids always gotta be puddlin' around in water," he said, watching Housman narrowly, wondering if the word "gover'ment" had made the rancher curious. Housman would know that if a dam-building scheme rated government assistance it had to be either an irrigation or a stock-watering project. Housman also knew that Joe had plenty of water everywhere but on his most westerly quarter, and that building a dam there could have one purpose only—that of making the Kennedy grass available for Joe's cattle.

"That sure is a swell car, Bill," Joe said, hoping to switch Housman's attention to a safer subject.

"Likely, if the truth was known, all the neighbors helped pay for the car," Pete put in sourly. It was a fact that Housman and his men were mighty careless about whose stock they slapped the Circle H brand on.

"Listen who's talkin'!" Housman sneered, because Pete himself was never above stealing an unbranded calf.

It always reminded Joe of a couple of snarling dogs, the way Pete and Housman wrangled. But that day he was glad of it. Because one thing led to another until finally Housman got so sore under Pete's needling that he jumped into his beautiful car and took off, without getting curious about the dam or even mentioning why he had called.

"Hey, Bill! You lost the trailer!" Joe called. But Housman went sailing out the gate and along the road without noticing that his trailer had come unhitched and was still sitting in Joe's yard. Joe noticed then that Pete had the bolt from the trailer hitch in his hand.

"You done that on purpose, Pete!" Joe erupted angrily.

Pete did not deny it.

"Ain't you got no sense?" Joe stormed. "He'll know you done it. When he gets home an' finds the trailer's missin', he'll come back here an' ——"

"He'll be madder'n hell!" Pete put in complacently. He always took a malicious delight in making trouble for Housman. He stepped up on the trailer wheel and peered into the box.

"Right now we don't want trouble with Housman," Joe scolded. "The less reason he has for comin' here, the better for us."

"Tell you what, Joe," Pete said thoughtfully, as though all at once he saw the force of Joe's argument, "I'll hook on to the trailer an' haul it down the road a coupla miles. Housman'll think it broke loose there instead of here."

"Let's hope so!" Joe answered.

Pete at once hooked the trailer to Joe's pickup and started westward along the road that ran past the Kennedy place and then turned south to the Circle H Ranch and the river. Joe, meanwhile, took the precaution of warning the kids.

"Don't go blabbin' to people about the dam," he said. "If Housman gets to hear about it, I might just as well not build the dam."

That evening he wrote a letter to the government agency concerned, asking for financial assistance with the dam project. Uncle Pete seemed to be in an unusually mellow mood. Not that he ever had much to say. He would sit for hours with his chair tilted back against the wall, never saying a word—never even thinking, to judge by the blank expression on his dead-pan, liquor-mottled face. But that evening he would break into wheezy chuckles now and then. It made Joe wonder what Pete had to chuckle about—aside, of course, from the dirty trick he had played on Bill Housman.

"You oughta lease the Kennedy place, Joe, before Housman finds out what you're up to," Pete said once.

"If you quit rilin' him, an' the kids keep mum about the dam, he won't find out," Joe answered. "He ain't a mind reader. Why should I pay a whole year's lease rent when I can't use the grass until next year?"

"The dam won't do you no good if Housman beats you to the lease," Pete warned.

But that, Joe figured, was a risk that he had to take. He did not even know whether or not the government would approve of his project and assist him with the cost of it. Even if and when he got the dam built, there was little chance of Housman's discovering it, since it would be in a spot remote from Joe's home place.

A period of waiting ensued. Then a government man called and, after looking over the ground, had Joe fill out and sign an application form. A few weeks later a couple of engineers arrived to make a survey and draw up a plan for the dam. By that time Joe and Pete were busy with the seeding, but as soon as the wheat seeding was over, they went to work on the dam.

Joe was agreeably surprised when Pete, after driving off somewhere on the tractor, turned up at the damsite with a bulldozer blade attached to the tractor.

"I borried it," Pete said, "from a guy lives over Sanford way."

"Nice goin', Pete!" Joe applauded. The tractor-attached blade was not as big and effective as a real bulldozer, but it was much better than the old-fashioned, horse-drawn scraper that Joe had planned to use, and with it the work proceeded rapidly. Fortunately, there were lots of boulders in the vicinity for rock-fill. Eventually the job was completed to Joe's satisfaction. As soon as it was passed by a government inspector, Joe could expect to receive the government grant. After that the dam would await next spring's runoff—unobserved by Housman, Joe hoped. Pete removed the blade from Joe's tractor and left it at the damsite, to be returned to its owner at the first opportunity.

The wheat was several inches high when at last the inspector arrived. It was unseasonably hot that day, with storm clouds building up threateningly in the west. Joe and the kids rode out to the dam in the government car. The inspector was a stout, partly bald man who perspired profusely. It turned out to be so hot in the coulee, with the sun blazing down and not a bit of breeze, that the man gave the dam only a cursory inspection. He kept watching the gathering clouds and worrying about getting back to town before the storm broke.

"You've done a fine job, Joe," he said after a few minutes. "Let's get out of here before the rain starts."

Everything had worked out fine, Joe thought happily as they rode back to the house. The kids chattered all the way about the fun they were going to have on their lake. But when they got home, Bill Housman was there, engaged in a noisy altercation with Uncle Pete.

"Why would he have to come here now?" Joe muttered in exasperation.

... ...

Skipping Rope

By Elias Lieberman

There is a chant that goes with skipping rope,
A nonsense rhyme as playful as a breeze
That shakes the rain from trees, a lilting hope
Designed of fantasies.
All in together
The sheep's in the meadow

These jingles of her skipping ritual
Are runes to ward off sorrow. They must hold
When fallen leaves will mold against a wall
And winter winds grow bold.
The cow's in the clover
All jump over

The slack rope swings
And through its looping arc
A child who sings
Has leaped beyond the dark.

... ...

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The government car was plainly marked, and its presence might make Housman suspicious.

At first, however, Housman seemed not to notice the lettering on the inspector's car as it pulled up beside the convertible. Because of the stifling heat, Housman had the convertible's top down, but he looked all hot and bothered in spite of it.

"Lookit, Joe," he boomed out angrily. "You remember me callin' here a while back with a trailer?"

Joe nodded. He and the kids piled out of the government car, and Babe's dog threw himself on her, welcoming her home as if she had been away for a month.

"Well," Housman went on, "I had a bulldozer attachment for my tractor that I was bringin' from town in the trailer. When I got the trailer home the equipment was gone."

"Tough beans!" growled Uncle Pete, showing no concern whatever and no sympathy either.

Oh-oh! thought Joe, remembering that his tractor was the same make and model as Housman's. So the blade that Pete had "borried" could have been Housman's.

"I'd naturally figger right away that Pete took it," Housman said, "only I couldn't see how he could've done it, with me here all the time. I still don't know how he worked it, Joe, but he did. I hear he's been tryin' to sell a blade attachment for that make of tractor."

Joe was ready to admit anything and to promise restitution. His one thought was to smooth things over and get rid of Housman before the latter discovered what they had been using the blade for and why the government man was present. But the inspector himself spoiled everything, moved to action by a sudden, terrific crack of thunder. The clouds had long since blotted out the sun.

"I'd better get going," the inspector said nervously. "The government check will come along soon, Joe. You did a good job. That dam will hold enough water for all the stock in the district."

"Dam?" Bill Housman asked sharply as the government car moved off. "Where's this dam at?"

"Listen, Bill—about that tractor attachment ——" Joe began, in a forlorn attempt at heading Housman off. But Housman was obviously putting two and two together, checking over what the inspector had said about "government check" and "dam" and stock watering.

"I get it!" Housman said slowly. Then suddenly he pressed the starter button on the convertible's dash. Joe had a wild notion of grabbing Housman and restraining him by force until Pete could get a start to town in the pickup. But a scream from Babe brought him up short.

"Brownie!" she shrieked.

The dog was lying in front of the convertible's front wheel, gnawing at a bone which he had resurrected from somewhere. At the sound of Babe's voice he wagged his tail, but did not look up. And from where he sat at the wheel, Housman could not see the dog. Babe started running, but Joe leaped ahead of her and grabbed Brownie by the scruff of the neck, dragging him aside as Housman's car spurted forward. It made a tight turn and headed out the gate.

"Now see what you done, Pete!" Joe stormed as the convertible shot away toward town like a red-and-white rocket. If it had not been for Pete's thieving trick, Housman would never have turned up at Joe's place and found out about the dam. It was hopeless for Joe to try to overtake the convertible with his old pickup. Housman would lease the Kennedy place, and then what good would the dam be to Joe? Next spring the impounded water would be no more than a swimming pool for the kids.

But it turned out that, during all the excitement over the dog, Pete had disappeared.

"Come in the house, kids," Joe said thickly as a deafening crack of thunder warned him that the storm was getting close. He wished that it would rain so hard that Housman would be unable to make it to town. But, perversely, the storm did not break until Housman's speeding car had been given plenty of time. Then there was a preliminary clatter of hail, followed in a moment by wind-driven sheets of rain. It grew so dark that Joe lighted a lamp. The thunder kept pounding, shaking the house. Joe took Babe on his lap because the thunder frightened her.

"Everything's O.K., Baby," he kept saying. He tried to remind himself that everything really was O.K. so long as Babe and Little Joe were safe. But all the time he kept reproaching himself because, in trying to save a hundred and fifty dollars in lease rental, he had ruined his chance of getting hold of the Kennedy grass.

"Uncle Pete will get wet!" Babe worried.

"An' serve him right!" Joe muttered to himself. But he comforted Babe by saying that Pete was probably out in the stable, waiting for the rain to let up. And the rain did not let up.

"It's a reg'lar cloudburst," Joe said after a time. "I ain't seen such a rain in years." The yard was flooded with water, boards and sticks and other debris all crazily afloat. Joe reflected glumly that

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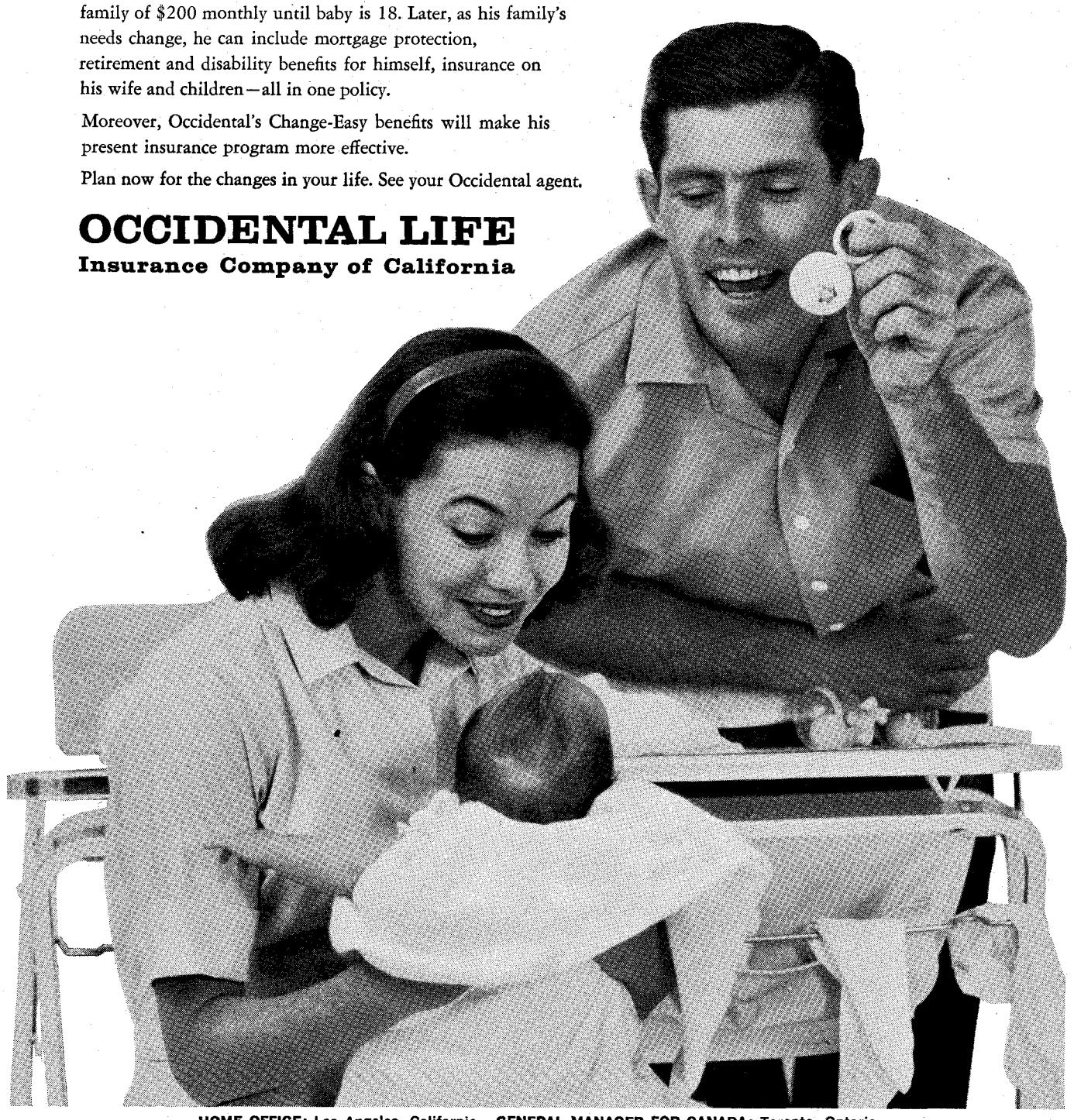

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after such a rain there might be enough water behind the new dam so that, if he had only taken out the lease, he could have used the Kennedy grass this very summer.

You just can't win, he thought bitterly. *Not with a man like Pete around, anyway.*

It was still raining—more quietly, but steadily—when, along toward suppertime, Mark Parsons' old jalopy came slithering along the muddy road. It stopped at the gate, and Uncle Pete got out. Presently he came stamping into the house.

"Where you been?" Joe asked dully. By that time he was too depressed even to summon up enough energy to bawl Pete out.

"Me an' Mark had a hard time gettin' out from town," Pete said. "Lots of places there's water right over the road. Never seen such a rain."

"What d'ye mean, town?" Joe demanded. "How'd you get to town?"

Pete chuckled. "Housman couldn't understand it either," he said. "I was comin' outta the municipal office when Housman come up the steps. He looked at me like he was seein' a ghost. 'How'd you git here?' he says. 'I rode with you,' I says, 'on the floor in the back seat.'"

"You which?" Joe broke in sharply.

"I hopped in when Housman started the car," Pete explained. "I scrunched down on the floor an' he didn't see me. In town, there was a bunch of cars parked in front of the municipal office. Housman cruised along slow, lookin' for a place to park. He didn't notice me hop out. Then he waited to put the convertible's top up an' close the windows because it was startin' to rain. So ——"

"For cryin' out loud!" Joe exploded impatiently. "Ne' mind all the details. Did you ——"

"An' so," Pete went on, "by the time Housman come up the steps I had the lease all sewed up. I took it out in your name, Joe. . . . Where you goin', Joe?"

"Out to the dam!" Joe answered, grabbing his slicker and heading for the door. "To see if there's any water there."

Uncle Pete and the kids hurried after him. Joe took Babe with him on old Dan, and they all rode out through the rain to the west quarter.

"There's your lake, kids!" Big Joe cried jubilantly as they topped the ridge overlooking the coulee. He had been hoping that there would be at least a small slough. Instead, there was an expanse of water that reached almost to the top of the dam.

"Who'd ever have thought it?" Uncle Pete muttered, thinking about the tractor attachment that was now under ten or fifteen feet of water.

"Will you help us make a diving board, pop?" Little Joe asked eagerly.

"And a raft?" Babe added.

"Maybe you could build us a boat, too, pop?" Little Joe suggested.

"I'll make the raft first," Big Joe said. "Me an' Pete need it to grapple that blade, so we can give it back to Housman."

The mere thought of restoring the equipment to Bill Housman kind of ruined the day for Uncle Pete. But everybody else was happy.

He Runs a Bird College (Continued from Page 37)

than 10,000,000 amateur ornithologists. More field glasses are sold for bird watching than for any other purpose, and the sale of telephoto lenses for bird photography is booming. Between Boston and Washington alone, 2,000,000 persons have set out bird-feeding stations. People bitten with the bug will do strange things indeed. For example, one retired bank president who is almost eighty years old still scales cliffs and lofty trees to band America's national emblem—the bald eagle. It is small wonder that someone described bird watching as "a mild paralysis of the central nervous system which can be cured only by rising at dawn and sitting in a bog."

Certainly no one in the country is more effective at inoculating people with the bird virus than Paul Fluck. One of them, a successful electronics engineer by the name of Edward Noll, fell so completely under the spell of Paul's proselytizing that he attended every one of the lectures for a year without even speaking to the teacher. They finally met when Noll brought Paul an injured sparrow hawk which some hunter had shot. Paul fixed the bird up, and Noll gratefully sent him a check for ten dollars.

Says Paul, "I had been doctoring sick birds for years as an amateur, but that was the first time that anybody ever paid me. The check turned me into a professional bird doctor."

After that, Noll became Fluck's assistant in gathering the birds. Finally, he had enough experience to apply and get a permit from the United States Fish and Wildlife Service to band them. He would still be running around the trap line today with Paul if his job hadn't moved him to Reading, Pennsylvania. There he bought fifteen acres of land which he and his wife and child have turned into a bird sanctuary. Whenever he can, however, he returns to Washington Crossing to brush up on his knowledge and absorb some of Paul's enthusiasm.

An even more sturdy example of Paul's persuasiveness as a bird man occurred right in his own home. He has made a rabid disciple out of his wife, Jeanne. How many women would voluntarily give up building their dream house to finance a bird college? What's more, Jeanne likes it that way.

Six years ago, when Paul started banding birds at Washington Crossing, he had $12,000 in the bank as a nucleus around which to finance that dream house. Today the bank account is all gone—mostly for bird food, traps and equipment—and Paul and Jeanne are still in the tiny, cramped, white frame house he has practiced in for twenty-one years. Furthermore, the house seems to have got smaller over the years as the Flucks' interest in wildlife got bigger. Current tenants include a gray squirrel, a scarlet tanager, a flying squirrel, a bowlegged grackle, a baby goldfinch, three blue jays, two rose-breasted grosbeaks, an evening grosbeak, a ground hog and a deodorized skunk.

Since the Washington Crossing venture, free time is a thing of the past. This is partly because, in addition to his bird college, Paul has acquired a permanent bird hospital which he set up in an abandoned garage in the park. He had no intention of tying himself down in this way until an eight-year-old boy came in one day lugging a huge, wounded blue heron which he had rescued two miles down the river after a hunter had shot him. Paul couldn't refuse. The heron, which had no idea he was founding a new hospital, will never fly again, but is otherwise healthy. A permanent patient at the hospital, he has shown his gratitude by refusing to eat anything but thirty-five-cents-a-pound smelts.

> Nothing breaks up the family circle quicker than father tossing the car keys on the table.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

Apart from the expense of supplying food—which runs to about $1000 a year—the birds must be watered and cared for every day. In order to find time to do bird doctoring between people doctoring, Paul has had to cut out lunch. The Flucks have an early dinner instead. Missing a day at the hospital might mean death for some of the birds, but Paul hasn't missed a day in six years. On several occasions when heavy snowstorms made driving impossible, he has covered the distance from Lambertville—three and a half miles each way—on foot.

Jeanne, besides being a nurse for Paul's human patients, has also become an expert bird nurse. One day a youngster rang the Fluck doorbell with a crippled blue jay in his hand, its bill completely snipped off by a washing-machine motor. The doctor took the bird in his hand and got a piece of oxidized cellulose to stop the bleeding. He held the cellulose to the blue jay's bloody face for almost half an hour. When the bleeding stopped, he trimmed off most of the cottony stuff and looked hopelessly at the patient. The bird's eyes were inflamed and its tiny tongue flicked in and out in pain. Paul thought seriously of putting the bird out of its misery with some chloroform, but his wife wouldn't hear of it.

"But how will it eat?" he demanded.

"We'll see about that when the time comes," Jeanne said.

When the time came, Jeanne chewed up food and the bird picked it from between her lips. For three weeks, the bird ate everything in this way. Then it began to eat mashed potatoes and milk by itself, and finally the bill grew back far enough to cover the tongue. Now it can eat just about everything and has become a permanent fixture in the household.

Jeanne is also a member of Paul's weekend bird college, and has never missed a session. Open benches can accommodate only 200 persons, and there is room for another 100 standees. Paul considers this his limit, because larger crowds would make close showing of the birds difficult and would overtire them. On fine days hundreds of people are turned away. Those who want good seats come early. A good portion are Sunday drivers, weary of watching bumpers and anxious to watch a downy woodpecker instead.

While the "class" is gathering and Paul is collecting his birds, he plays a tape recording he has made. In this way, he explains to the audience that they are sitting on historic ground, the spot where Washington decided to attack after a long series of retreats, crossed the Delaware River on Christmas night, 1776, and snatched a stunning victory which marked a turning point in the Revolutionary War. He also talks about bird banding, and explains that only persons with experience may apply to the Department of the Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service for a permit to do this work. (There are about 2000 active bird banders in the United States.)

When the tape is turned off, Paul appears. He is a healthy, young-looking man of forty-seven, and is carrying a large, burlap-covered suitcase with cages for about a dozen birds. He walks up and down the aisles with each bird before banding and releasing it. While doing this, he keeps up a stream of talk about the life and habits of each exhibit. Beneath the fun and excitement and the whir of wings, a keen student can easily detect the sermon on conservation.

First he may show a brilliant blue jay. He explains that there actually is no blue color in a blue jay. "The bird looks blue," he says, "because of a refractile substance on its feathers which creates a blue effect. Incidentally, the blue jay doesn't rob nests. It does lots of good. It has planted almost every oak in Pennsylvania and New Jersey."

Next comes a downy woodpecker. Paul opens its strong beak and shows a youngster the bird's harpoon tongue. "The woodpecker picks grubs out of trees and thereby saves forests and prevents floods," he adds.

Then comes a starling. "Starlings are economically our most valuable bird. They have done more than any other bird to combat the Japanese beetle."

Next a ring-necked pheasant. "They're not native to America, but were introduced into the country by Benjamin Franklin's son. Pheasants don't fly much in the gunning season. They're too smart."

Next a sparrow hawk. "It's really a small falcon, and can fly over a hundred and fifty miles an hour. A hawk has eyes five times as powerful as a human's and can spot a mouse at a mile. Most people think they prey on birds, but they eat only diseased or injured birds. In this way, they keep flocks healthy by eliminating those with foot pox."

Next a screech owl. Paul lets the children pet the owl's head. He explains that an owl has a swivel head which turns 270 degrees, and that it possesses an extra pair of eyelids that move horizontally across its eyes, like a windshield wiper. "A pair of screech owls will eat a thousand mice in a year and are therefore important in rodent control."

And so on. A typical lecture may include these birds plus numerous others. To date, 125 species have been banded in the park.

A few years ago, the most popular exhibit was Barney, an ugly but enchanting barn owl which, because he was crippled and a permanent resident of Paul's hospital, was a steady performer on the program. He was ready and waiting at the door of his cage every Saturday and Sunday at the precise hour—four P.M.—the lecture started. His fan mail was tremendous, and he even appeared on television.

Paul acquired Barney when the bird flew down the wrong chimney and almost got scorched to death. When brought to Paul, his eyelids were burned completely off, the toes on his left foot were gone, and his wings were burned to the flesh. He never recovered his sight, but was otherwise restored to health.

Barney was a finicky eater, and would swallow only calves' liver. In twelve months he cost the Flucks a whopping $127.65 to feed. However, they feel he was worth his keep. Audiences adored him, and many families traveled hundreds of miles every (*Continued on Page 84*)

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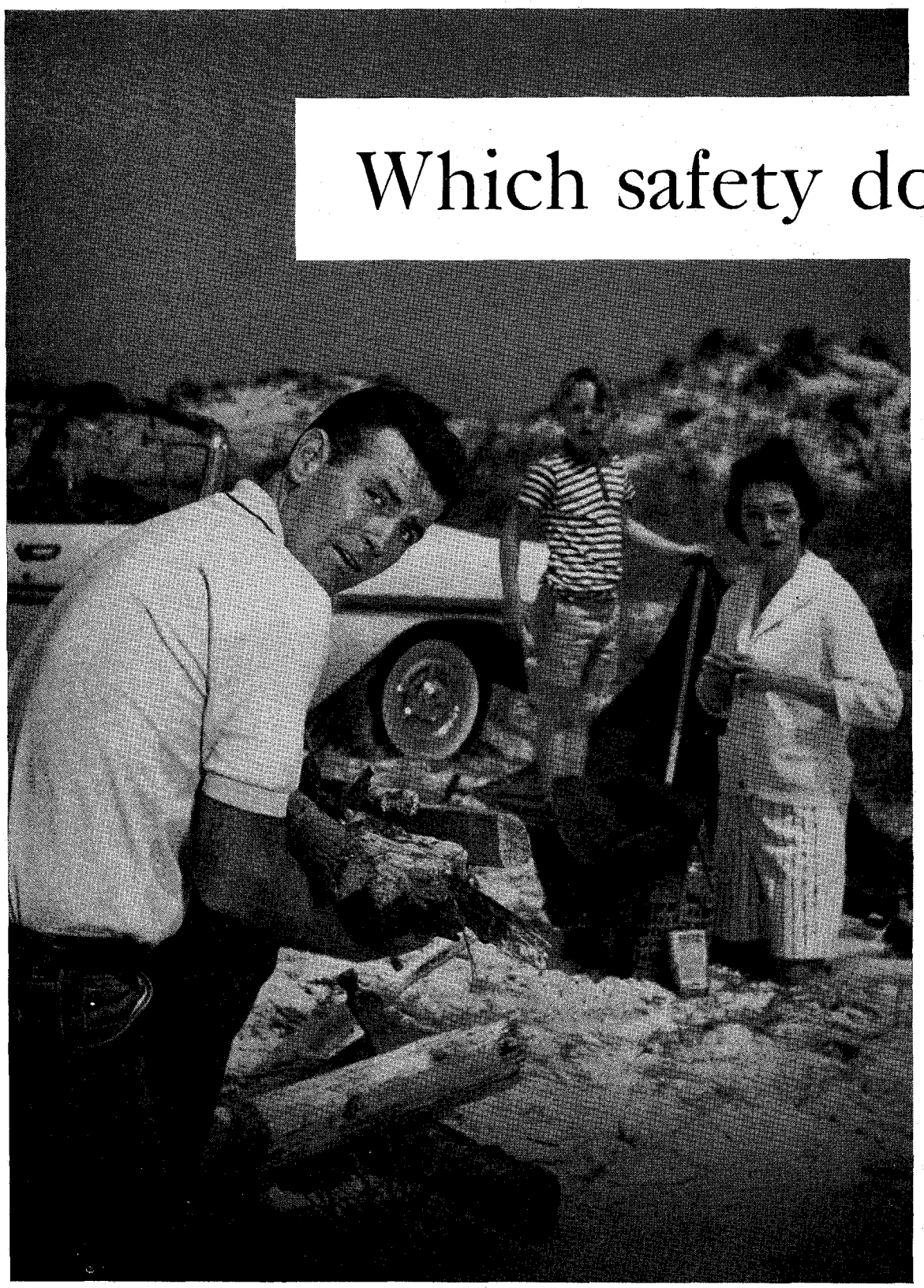

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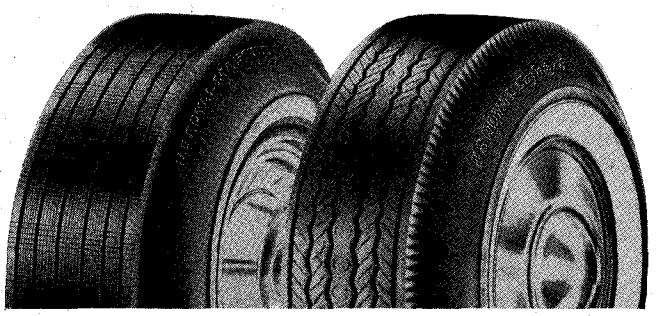

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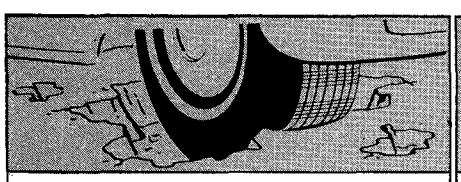

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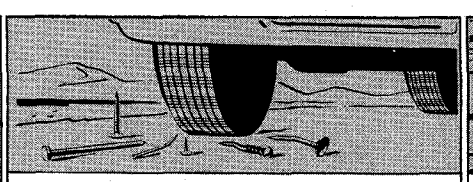

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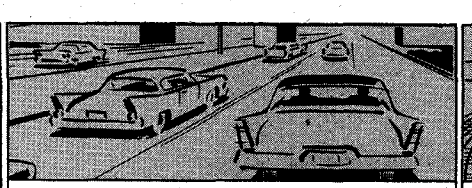

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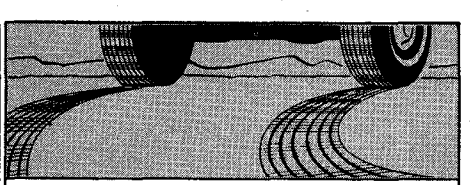

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(*Continued from Page 82*) weekend to stroke his ugly head. One small boy, after viewing Barney, wrote Paul a letter which he feels is itself worth the $127.65 for Barney's feed.

"Dear Dr. Fluck:" it read, "I had a good time at the banding station. I liked the barn owl best. I hope he grows up and has children. (signed) Johnny."

After a year and a half, Barney died on Halloween, 1955. No barn owl has been more widely mourned.

When Paul's lectures are over, a few enthusiasts are apt to linger. Jeanne generally has a vacuum bottle of tea and a pie she's baked, and there's an impromptu picnic. Norman Fisher, superintendent of the Washington Crossing Park, and his wife are apt to be along, or a young couple like Neil and Betty Knorr, of Union, New Jersey, who dropped by once to hear Paul and have been coming ever since. They live in a built-up area and have a back yard no bigger than a small room. Nevertheless, they've managed to band about 2000 cowbirds there this past winter. Paul and Jeanne generally stay until dark, but on one occasion they were there long past midnight—detained by a baby tanager.

At the end of his lecture, Paul had heard the young bird hollering by the roadside. He and Jeanne walked over and found its mother dead, crushed by a passing car. The fledgling was just able to fly, but couldn't feed itself. Nevertheless, each time Jeanne approached, it hopped away. Finally, at dark it nested at the top of a fifty-foot oak tree. Paul made slats to climb the tree, but a torrential rainstorm came along just as he was ready. He decided to wait until it was over. Knowing that without food, the baby tanager would die by morning, the Flucks waited until midnight, but the storm refused to let up.

At 12:15 A.M., Paul said to his wife, "What shall we do? Forget about it?"

"Certainly not!" replied Jeanne.

Whereupon Paul climbed the tree in the rain, and, using his flashlight, managed to get the bird. The tanager was then fed, reared, banded and finally released.

Paul's attitude toward nature has been a lifelong love affair. Raised on a farm near Pennington, New Jersey, he roamed the nearby hills as a boy, studying the wildlife. He also roamed the halls of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, carrying a pair of glasses with which to look at the stuffed birds, so that he could better identify them in the open field. After working his way through Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia during the depression by dealing in postage-stamp collections, he set up practice in Lambertville twenty-two years ago as a general practitioner. In the center of a rural area, he often tramped roads that were too muddy to drive. One night he delivered two babies within twenty minutes' time at houses that were fifteen miles apart. For five years he never took a day off.

Gradually, however, his curiosity about nature got the better of him. He became interested in our national parks and monuments, and began to collect them just as his college customers used to collect stamps. It took him seven years to visit them all (181), but he finally managed to do it. He is possibly the first person to do so. He also drove the Alaska Highway to Alaska shortly after it opened, as well as the Pan American Highway to Guatemala. In all, he visited twenty-nine countries and every one of the forty-eight states.

> The way a girl at the seashore prefers the water is full of men.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

Paul also got interested in fly fishing, tying his own flies and becoming enough of an authority on the subject to write articles about it. There was also a time when he tried to make like a bird himself, and took up flying. He obtained a private pilot's license and logged 1000 hours in the air. "The greatest waste of time and money that ever happened to me," is the way he sums up this experience.

One helpful by-product of this episode in his life is that he taught the youngster next door, Joe Bloomer, to fly. In World War II the boy bagged nine Messerschmitts.

A man with enormous energy and a wide-ranging curiosity, Paul picks a new subject each year to study, no matter how busy he is. One year it was trees, another year ferns, and now he is in the midst of learning everything he can about fungi. In addition, he paints, writes, plays the piano, and manages to be a competent carpenter.

A few years ago, he read a book—Road to Survival, by William Vogt—which changed his life. In his own words, "It induced me to hang up my fishing rods for good and enter the field of conservation." The book documents the suicidal war which man has been waging against himself and his children by rapidly devouring his natural resources instead of conserving them. "More than anything else," says Paul, "that book sent me to Washington Crossing."

He had been banding birds, using some land belonging to a friend as a site. But about this time bulldozers moved in to clear the land for houses and Paul had to look elsewhere. He thought of Washington Crossing Park, and asked for permission to operate there. Since then, he has given over 800 lectures and banded 14,000 birds. He has stimulated so much interest that in 1956 he won the Nash Conservation Award—a plaque—for his "outstanding contribution to the field of conservation education."

Paul is so interested in so many subjects that he's apt to talk endlessly to anybody who will listen. A few townspeople, puzzled by his dedication to something as strange, for example, as "watching a bunch of birds," have been apt to write him down as something of an oddball. Paul doesn't mind a bit. When he started banding birds at Washington Crossing, for example, it was whispered he was really trying to build up his pediatrics practice. To forestall such criticism, Paul decided to eliminate child patients entirely. He also decided to forgo general practice and become an eye doctor instead, a field in which he had specialized. He doesn't regret this decision a bit. For one thing, it gives him his weekends free. And by now, most of his neighbors have come not only to accept the "oddball" but to be a little proud of him.

Paul notes wryly, incidentally, that doubling as a bird man has earned him more appreciation than he ever received as a physician. In twenty-two years of medical practice, he has received only eighteen letters from grateful patients. In almost six years of lecturing on birds, he has received 900 letters from grateful people of all ages—children, mothers, fathers, grandparents, scientists, artists, priests, Boy Scouts, Indian guides, photographers and even other doctors.

If Paul and Jeanne's vision of a dream house has faded over the past few years, a new vision has taken its place. Paul hopes someday to establish "conservation units" along the highways—places where people may stay overnight and see nature at close range.

From his own studies and observations, Paul Fluck feels that the conservation battle is far from won and he wants more people to take an interest in it. He points out that topsoil is going down our rivers at a greater and greater rate, that water tables are falling over much of the country, forest reserves are being cut away, and floods are more frequent and damaging in many of our river valleys. He also believes that indiscriminate use of insecticides may, in the long run, be threatening our wildlife. Paul wants to bring people face to face with the nature he believes we should protect. By expanding his banding station into a series of nature motels along some of our major highways—each unit of which would have a nature sanctuary, a circle of outside benches, a lecture hall inside for showing color slides and movies, a restaurant with tables overlooking bird feeders, and sleeping accommodations for traveling bird fans—he feels many of the 55,000,000 persons who visit our national parks each year would turn into rabid lobbyists for preserving our natural resources. Ten such units, for example, placed 300 miles apart—an average day's drive—would see a nature lover nicely across America.

But until this happens—and even if it doesn't—Paul will go on enthusiastically preaching to thousands at Washington Crossing. Every Saturday and Sunday, with an extra matinee on Wednesday afternoons for school kids in the spring, he will continue to pick prizes out of nature's bright bag of tricks—the flash of a cardinal's wing, the rosy softness of a grosbeak's breast, the sculptured mosaic of a wood duck's head, the haunting song of a Carolina wren and the awesome sweep of an eagle in flight.

And along the busy road of being both a bird and people doctor, there will always be plenty of rewards. Who, for example, could ask for anything more exciting than what happened the other afternoon when he was showing the crowd a bluebird?

As he was walking down the aisle with the bird in his hand, an elderly woman reached wildly for it. Fearing that she would crush it, Paul quickly moved the bird away. Then he noticed something which made him pause. He reached for her hand and guided it to the bird. For almost a minute he stood still, while the crowd waited. Gently the woman's hand touched the bird from tail to bill. She said nothing, but her face had a smile that Paul will never forget. The woman was blind. All her life she had heard bluebirds sing, but until that moment she had never touched one.

That smile was Paul's real reward. It was also the reason why he doesn't mind that his and Jeanne's dream house has never been built. In a sense, he has already built a far better house out of the open benches of Washington Crossing.

She Made it the Second Time (Continued from Page 33)

will start using adjectives more appropriate to her new-found ability as a dramatic actress. "Some of the things I do in South Pacific," she says, in her slightly breathless voice, "I think I do better than anyone else in my position could have done. I have a great deal of emotion, and this is the only time that I've ever been able to perform in a way where I wasn't inhibited. I usually chew scenery—you know, huff and puff and the lower lip begins to quiver—and I used to think that was good acting. Well, one thing I did learn from Josh Logan is that the less I do, the better I am."

The trouble with Mitzi, according to Logan, is that she has "so much talent it runs over." Time and time again during the film's making he had to tell her: "Don't give me all you've got; save some."

Both the favorable reviews South Pacific has received and the merry jingle of coin at the box office seem to indicate that Logan had the right prescription—although it is true that some film critics have made unflattering comparisons between the movie and the play. These reviews distress Miss Gaynor. "We didn't do a camera-on-a-tripod and photograph the stage version," she says, wounded by such misunderstanding. "We did the movie. And that bothers me a little bit. Also the comparison between Mary Martin and me. I didn't like that, because we didn't play the part anything at all alike. I don't think you can compare salmon and anchovies."

According to Mitzi, who saw Miss Martin in the role of Nellie twice, Mary played the "little hick" from Arkansas essentially for laughs. Mitzi doesn't see Nellie that way at all. "Nellie isn't a particularly bright girl," she says. "She's not witty. Everything isn't funny to her—nothing is funny to her, really. She's such a square that—you know—if you say 'Good morning' to her, she's almost stuck for an answer."

Director Logan agrees with Mitzi's concept of Nellie Forbush; but disagrees with her about Mary Martin. As far as he's concerned, Mary played the part that same way in the Broadway show, which he also directed. He still thinks she was the perfect Nellie, opposite Ezio Pinza. But Pinza suffered a heart attack in 1956 and died in 1957; he proved a hard man to replace. Rossano Brazzi was finally chosen to play French planter Emile de Becque, the older man with whom Nellie falls in love. Unquestionably the choice of forty-year-old Brazzi was one of Mitzi's best breaks. In the towering close-ups of Todd-AO, the surest way for Nellie to look fifteen years younger than Emile was to *be* fifteen years younger.

But of course Mitzi wasn't the only girl who answered this description; and the part was widely regarded as a plum in any actress' orchard.

A number of established stars hungered for the role publicly, although as it happens, the only one of these that Logan seriously considered was Elizabeth Taylor. Her lack of a singing voice disqualified her.

"I knew that this was going to be a big property," says Mitzi's husband and adviser, Jack Bean. "I was also practical enough to know that we'd have to steal it, because Mitzi didn't have the prestige." In (*Continued on Page 86*)

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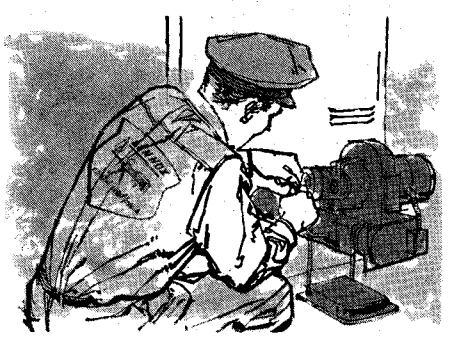

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(*Continued from Page 84*) November, 1956, Jack persuaded Mitzi to go see Josh Logan in New York.

Logan asked, rather diffidently, if Mitzi would mind screen-testing for the part. Stars do not test for parts. Mitzi tested. But even before he saw the test, Logan was convinced that Mitzi was his girl. "She *is* Nellie," he says. "She's the same kind of girl—the same background, the same lack of sophistication."

When this Cinderella choice was announced early in 1957, a palpable wave of disbelief washed over Hollywood. Hedda Hopper was aghast. Mary Martin refused to receive Mitzi backstage during the West Coast revival of the play. Starlets, wise with the weight of six months on the lot, opined that the reports were garbled: Mitzi had really been signed to play a native girl.

There was some excuse for this reaction. Four years earlier, Mitzi Gaynor had been a forgotten woman. After seven pictures for Fox, and although still under contract to them at $1500 a week, she had become a stranger to the cameras, an actress without a part. A contractual obligation to the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Association had cast her in a turkey of a play which lasted only long enough to disqualify her for parts the studio was lining up for the next year's production. For Mitzi, the experience of being benched for a year was shattering.

Frustrated, unhappy, beset with doubts, hungry for an audience, she turned into a caricature of The Hollywood Star at Play. She took care always to be seen, night after night, in all the right places—often with Hugh O'Brian, in his pre-Wyatt Earp days. She wore too much garish lipstick, too much eyebrow pencil. And she ate too much, putting on thirty-five sloppy pounds.

"I was fat and unattractive," Mitzi recalls. "I was a mess." At this point she and Jack met, on opposite ends of a double date. Mitzi found him "very bright, very funny, very caustic, very witty—an all-around fascinating man." Perhaps the most intriguing thing about him was his provokingly offhand manner with her. "I tried all my wiles on Jack and he would have none of it," she says, rather admiringly.

But her wiles must have been more potent than she thinks, because the two were shortly seeing a good deal of each other. To this day Jack can't say what attracted him to her. "She looked very plump to me," he admits. "She wasn't particularly a pretty girl when she was this way."

At first their relationship was casual, if constant. Mitzi stopped being a fixture of Hollywood's night life. She and Jack stayed home and talked. "We were talking about her and talking about me," Jack says. "Aspirations, never love, but a lot about her career. She was waiting for something that never came, trusting that something would happen. So that was the first thing we started to discuss—what would happen. And we both arrived at the conclusion that nothing was going to happen, principally because something had to happen to her first." Jack decided to help remake her.

It was a traumatic experience for Mitzi. "I didn't think I was fat," she says; "I didn't, honestly." Jack disabused her—bluntly, she remembers. "He'd say, 'Turn around. Let me see. Skirt's too tight. You're getting too fat in the can. Take it off.' I was in a constant state of shock when I was first going with Jack."

Going on a strict diet, Mitzi rather quickly sloughed off nearly forty pounds. A masseuse kept the remaining pounds in place. "And a wonderful thing started happening," Jack says. "She's a different-looking girl."

Next, he kidded her into having her long hair cut short, Italian style. "Now," Jack says, "a complete change. People didn't know her."

But the metamorphosis had come too late. Fox used Mitzi in one more picture, There's No Business Like Show Business, but when option time rolled around in the fall of 1954, they let her go. Mitzi took it hard. As Jack says, "She never quite understood that $1500 a week and a contract and the right to walk on the lot and have your knockwurst and sauerkraut at the commissary, wasn't the biggest deal in the world. She felt to the very day she left there that they were really throwing her out of the orphanage."

One thing kept Mitzi from going into a tailspin over her rejection by the studio: shortly thereafter—in November, 1954—she and Jack were married. Typically, even this happy estate was not reached without a certain amount of travail. "Jack wanted to get the license at City Hall in Downtown Los Angeles," Mitzi says. "Ordinary people go there, and we figured that a wedding was an ordinary thing." But the lady behind the counter recognized Mitzi and telephoned a photographer. Jack demurred. "Well, listen, mister," the lady said, "you're not going to get a license here unless you have your picture taken." Jack said, "Oh?" grabbed his bride-to-be and walked out.

"My feet never touched the ground," Mitzi says. "It was like the hook around the neck in a vaudeville act—bang. I was absolutely furious. I didn't take it as an insult; I was embarrassed. I said, 'Jack, if that's the way you're going to be, it's nice that I found out right now.' He said, 'That's just fine with me.' I started to cry."

Needless to say, the tumult subsided, they procured a license, survived photography and flew to San Francisco, where they were to be married at the home of friends the next day. Even then, however, all was not calm. Like many a bride on the evening before her wedding, Mitzi couldn't sleep. "I think I'll call up Jack," she decided. "He's probably just as nervous as I am." The phone rang three or four times before he answered, Mitzi remembers. "And I said, 'Jack, are you *asleep?*' He said, 'Who *is* this?' I said, 'This just happens to be your wife-to-be' and he said, 'Ah, honey, for crying out loud, why don't you go to sleep? Tomorrow's a big day.' Well, I was fit to be tied. The bride on her, you know, eve—almost jilted."

Despite this inauspicious start, the wedding went off without a single pratt-fall. "I walked in," Mitzi remembers, "and Jack—he wasn't nervous at all—Jack walked over and started to shake hands with me. I said 'Oh, Jack, don't shake hands with me' and he kind of looked at me and I looked at him, and I looked at the judge like I had been hit with a fish. That real clown smile. It was a lovely wedding."

They have seldom been apart since. When she has to travel, Jack goes along. "I wouldn't go without him—honestly," Mitzi says. Fortunately, Jack's business permits this. A few months before he and Mitzi were married, Jack and a friend hung out their shingle as Bean, Rose and Associates, industrial public-relations consultants. "I went into business for myself," Jack says, "with no accounts, very little money and a partner who knew nothing about publicity or exploitation or promotion."

Over the years, however, Jack had accumulated enough experience for both of them. As a high-school student in Min-

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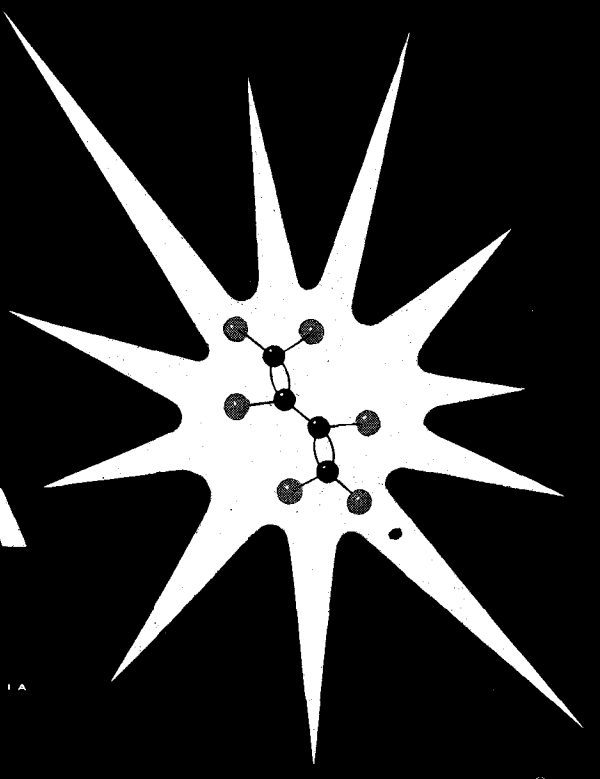

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neapolis, he had started promoting dances when he was fourteen and progressed to booking bands, making himself a pretty comfortable living. During the war, after some months as an infantryman, he was shifted to Special Services and put to work handling USO shows and the like. After the war, which he left as a Pfc., and a session at the University of Southern California, which he left in 1950 with a Master's Degree in Psychology, he went to work for C.B.S., as a censor. One of his tasks involved a live show called My Friend Irma, starring the opulently constructed Miss Marie Wilson. "Every week," Jack remembers, "I had to go down and rap on her dressing room before dress rehearsal and she'd say, 'Is that you, Jack?' and I'd say, 'Yes' and walk in, and she'd say, 'Is this too low?' That was the kind of thing I did."

In 1953, he joined the Music Corporation of America talent agency, booking bands again but hoping for a transfer to the television department. It was during this period that he met Mitzi. Both of them were unhappy about their work when they met; but there was one great difference between the two: Jack knew what he wanted—and he knew he'd have to go after it. With Mitzi, it was different.

"You see," Jack says, "she was a girl who had started working at the age of fourteen, with the Civic Light Opera in Los Angeles. She moved along so fast she seemingly never had time to get a point of view, to get some goals in life. Mitzi's the kind of girl, somehow, who is noticed: she was in the chorus, in the back line, and then she was in the front line and then she was toward the center and then she had a bit part, and so forth. She never stopped to analyze it; she just took it as it came."

And then one day she became a movie star. And she didn't know how a movie star was supposed to act. "But," says Jack, "she was certain of one thing, I'm sure: that stars weren't human beings."

Thus adrift on a sea of uncertainty, Mitzi adopted a cover act. Around the studio, on the set, she became the cutup, the prankster—the girl who gave directors the hotfoot or yelled "Lunch" in mid-morning or kicked the electricians in the seat—always kidding, anything for a laugh. It kept people from getting close enough to see how unsure of herself she really was.

"I didn't know what was me any more," Mitzi explains. "I knew what was me in my early days, when I was working on the stage. I knew what I could do, what I couldn't do. But in movies, I guess I lost my self-confidence for a little while."

She nearly lost her career along with it. The cover personality stayed with her in front of the cameras, and she worked too hard at performing. In the process she developed a whole set of stagey mannerisms—business with the eyebrows, the shoulders, the hands. She could never just stand; she had to stand in a comic way or a cute way or a sexy way. "Every time I got on the scene," she says, "I always felt like: This is it, boy; I'd better score."

"She always came on like a fireman," Jack says. "If she were a nun in a scene, she'd still walk on like a fireman."

For the first time in her life, Mitzi found show business taking on a slightly nightmarish quality. This was the hardest blow of all, for here was a girl in love with her work. As Jack says, "Mitzi's a person who ended up in the right business—because it was never a business; it was a lot of fun."

Mitzi concurs. "I enjoyed performing," she says, thinking back to her days in the chorus. "I loved to be on the stage, just loved it." As far back as she can remember, she has wanted to be in the theater. Born Francesca Mitzi Gerber in Chicago on September 4, 1931, she started "dancing," her mother remembers, even before she could walk. Pulling herself upright by holding on to a table leg, she would bounce endlessly to the accompaniment of the phonograph.

"Oh, look at Mitzi," the people would say. "They're playing music and she's dancing on her tippy-toes." Mitzi smiles, thinking back. "Now, nine mothers out of ten have this same experience," she says, "but of course my mother said it was God's gift."

Possibly Mrs. Gerber was the more disposed to detect talent in her daughter because both she and Mitzi's aunt, Francine Woodbury, who lived with them, had danced professionally. At any rate, Aunt Francine started Mitzi on ballet fundamentals at the age of four, soon after the family had moved to Detroit. From this moment on, Mitzi channeled the terrifying energy of all four-year-olds into dancing.

When she was eight, the family took her to see the Ballet Russe. It was a magic afternoon for Mitzi, the first of many such. "She sat enthralled," her mother remembers, "not moving a muscle for two and a half hours."

Shortly after this, Mitzi began studying dancing with Mme. Kathryn Etienne. She had already taken some tap and ballet lessons, but now for the first time she had a teacher who knew how to direct her exuberance. Dancing became the most important thing in her life. She suffered through school only because she had to, and never really got along with the other children. She was, she thinks, too acutely conscious that her parents were not like theirs. Her father, Henry Gerber—born Von Gerber—had migrated to this country from Budapest shortly before the first war. He had an accent. He was fifty years old when Mitzi was born. She loved him, but he was "different."

So was her mother. "My mother's quite tall, blond, very, very attractive," she says. "All the other kids' mothers were kind of motherly."

In 1942, Mme. Etienne departed Detroit for Hollywood, and the following year Mrs. Gerber, Aunt Francine and Mitzi followed. The move entailed a momentous decision—and a touchingly naïve faith in the future of a girl then not quite twelve. Henry Gerber, who strongly opposed the move, stayed in Detroit. He and Mitzi's mother were later divorced.

In Hollywood, Mitzi started to perform at USO shows, later joining a troupe which toured army camps and air bases across the country. In all, Mitzi put in almost 1000 hours doing imitations of Carmen Miranda, an Oriental dance and a comedy ballet.

At thirteen, between USO chores, she appeared in her first professional production, an operetta called Song Without Words. Mrs. Gerber was secretary to the producer, and Mitzi was the littlest ballet girl. The next year she went to see Aida Broadbent, choreographer of the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera company. Disguised in high heels and lipstick, she told Miss Broadbent she was sixteen. After seeing her dance, Miss Broadbent offered her a place in the ballet of the season's first musical, Roberta. Mitzi was on her way. In the next two years she appeared in five more light-opera productions.

The last of these was The Great Waltz. Two memorable things happened to Mitzi during its run. She lost her petticoat on stage while waltzing with Walter Slezak, and she was spotted by an assistant to Twentieth Century-Fox producer George Jessel, who was looking for a girl to star in his forthcoming picture Golden Girl. Fox screen-tested Mitzi and gave her a small part—at $1000 a week—in My Blue Heaven, starring Betty Grable and Dan Dailey, as a sort of full-length test. The studio also decided to change her name to Gaynor; Gerber, they felt, wafted a faint aroma of the corner delicatessen.

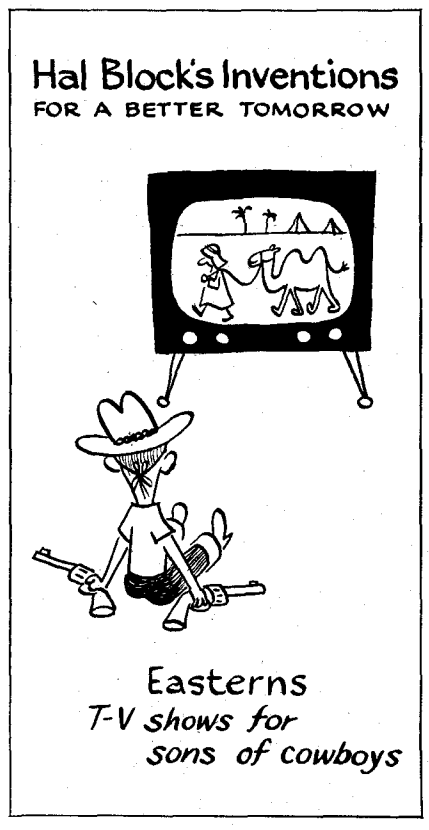
My Blue Heaven, although received with widespread critical disdain, did win Mitzi herself generally pleasant, if mild, notices, and Twentieth Century-Fox picked up her option. They kept her busy. In the three years before Mitzi suddenly found herself sidelined, six more Gaynor films were produced, Golden Girl among them. None was of any memorable significance.

"They're not awful," Mitzi reflects. "I was never awful. I was just—kind of not anything."

Jack changed all that. "He gave me direction, purpose, confidence," Mitzi says. "He holds my hand and shoves me out on the stage and says, 'Honey, don't worry about it. You're gonna be great.' Everyone needs something like that."

With Jack's moral support, Mitzi found working as a free agent, after their marriage, less harrowing than she had expected. Thanks to excellent notices for her performance in There's No Business Like Show Business—and to the rather spectacular change in herself—Mitzi discovered she was now something of a hot property. In the space of about two years, she starred in three movies for Paramount, the most recent being The Joker is Wild; and in Les Girls for M.G.M. The last of these, probably Mitzi's best picture before South Pacific, gave her a couple of stand-out song-and-dance numbers with Gene Kelly; but comedienne Kay Kendall stole the show so effectively that Mitzi was all but eclipsed. "She was on the plate, too," Jack says, "but like an hors d'oeuvre."

It was while she was working on Les Girls that Fox signed her for the coveted role of Nellie Forbush. For this final success, she gives all credit to Jack. He demurs. "The difference between being ready and being able to do it is a great one," he points out. The fact remains, however, that under Jack's ministrations Mitzi has developed into a comparatively well-adjusted young woman, with a happy love life and an extremely promising future. She is ready.



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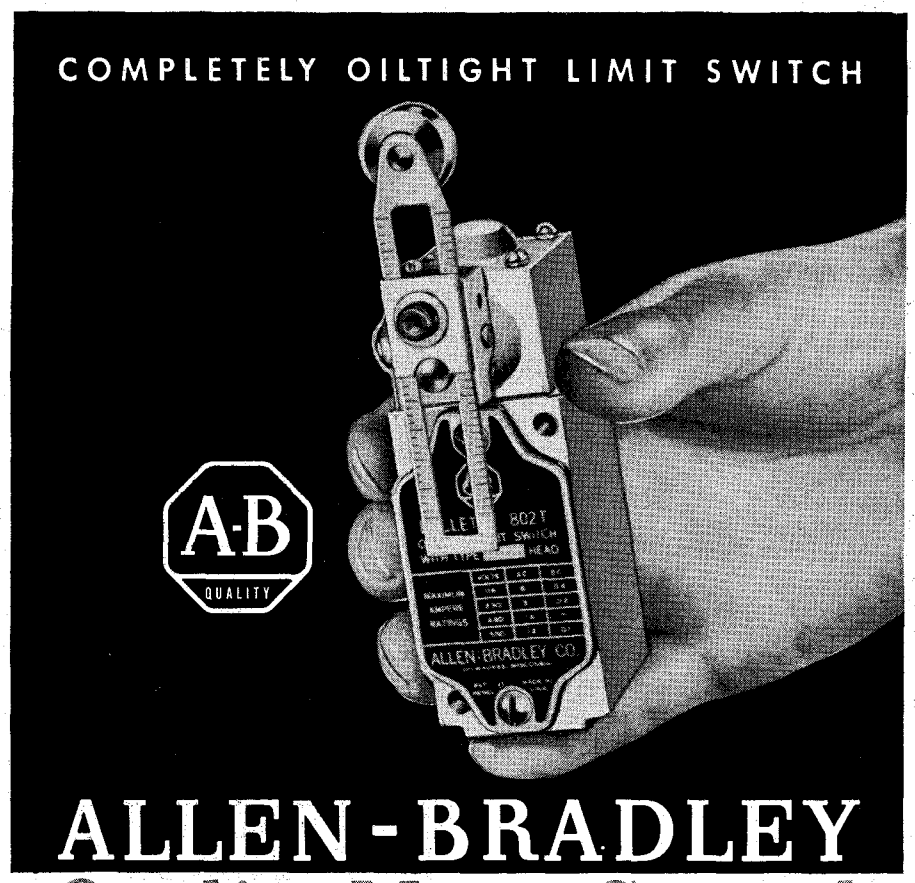

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This isn't to say that she has yet achieved complete serenity. For one thing, she is still immature in many respects. For example, the thought of having children—which she and Jack both want very much—"scares me a little, because I'm kind of childlike myself. Am I mature enough? I run around the house with no clothes on. This is very childlike."

She's never conquered an old fear of heights either; and of water. This makes a bad combination when she has to fly across an ocean. In fact, the night before she was to leave for Kauai, the Hawaiian island where South Pacific was shot, she woke Jack in the middle of the night and begged for swimming lessons. And just before they left for Europe this spring on a ten weeks' tour to promote South Pacific abroad, she suffered a terrifying nightmare that the plane would have to ditch in mid-ocean. It didn't, of course, which is just as well, because Mitzi still can't swim.

Nor is she yet quite comfortable with strangers. At a cocktail party, say—unless it's "official," for professional display purposes—"she's a little apprehensive," Jack says.

The truth is that Mitzi really isn't a party girl. She isn't particularly sophisticated; she's a Nellie Forbush. Her tastes are fairly average: she listens to daytime radio serials, watches a good deal of television, loves to go to movies. "Any movie," she says. "It doesn't make any difference."

Actually, she and Jack lead more routine lives, and much less glamorous ones, than most movie viewers would think. On Sunday, like a lot of people, they just relax, because on Monday—and the other weekdays—the alarm goes off at five o'clock. "I get up," Jack says, "and Mitzi's not awake yet. I go into the kitchen—very skillfully, stumbling, bumping into furniture—and I squeeze two glasses of orange juice and I put on the coffee and the water for soft-boiled eggs." He showers, shaves, finishes getting breakfast, brings a tray in to Mitzi. Then, he says, "I sing a little ballad called 'Get up now.'" Mitzi snuggles down in bed and begs, "Two minutes, daddy!" but Jack is not to be cajoled.

They leave for the studio at six, reaching it fifteen minutes later. By 8:15 Mitzi is ready to go to the set. "It takes two hours to get made up," Jack says. "Because I'm a piddler," Mitzi explains.

Her working day ends around 5:30. She changes into street clothes, and she and Jack go to the rushes, then home and, more often than not, early to bed. There's another five-o'clock alarm coming.

Friday is the big day. On Fridays the morning ballad is different: "Good morning," Jack sings. "It's Friday! Freedom day!" Over breakfast they plan the evening's activities: they'll go out for dinner, then on to hear that new singer. And when they get home after the day's work, it's as if a great weight were lifted off them. Mitzi and Jack have their showers, and Jack fixes them a drink—and then maybe another or so. They talk about the dinner they're going to have—and how much they've been wanting to hear that singer. "And all of a sudden," Jack says, "it's nine o'clock." And they're bushed. Mitzi will ask, "Would you like some soup or something?" And they go to bed at ten o'clock. "So we blew Friday," Jack says. "It's gone already. And it happens over and over."

On weekends—or between pictures—Mitzi practices her favorite outdoor sport, sun bathing, on their terrace. They live in a sublet apartment on Sunset Drive, a fairly unimpressive home for a movie star, for the star of South Pacific, a girl who has made $100,000 on each of her last two pictures and expects to get more next time. It's a ground-floor apartment, with five rooms. "And a little bitty basement," Mitzi adds. They have help by the day.

Like all women, Mitzi hasn't enough closet space. For an actress it's harder. "I have to have an awful lot of clothes," she explains. "If I don't wear a different dress almost every time I'm seen—I know it sounds ridiculous, but there's talk. I do one thing that I think is pretty smart about clothing: I always buy nice things and I keep them for maybe two or three years—put them away, don't touch them. Then I can bring them out and they'll be almost like new things again.

"I like hot colors," she says. "They do a lot for me. Hot orange and red and shocking pink. Hot mulberry—that's a wonderful color. And black; I like black. I wear an awful lot of black." She owns one chemise, a red one. Whether it will still be stylish in two or three years remains to be seen.

More to the point is whether or not Mitzi Gaynor will still be on top two years from now. When she left for Europe in April, she had only one definite piece of work lined up. Jack and her lawyer, Louis Blau, who does the actual negotiating for her ("I can't go in and bang on a table," Jack says), had accepted a recording date for her, an album of romantic ballads for the Verve label. This is a new field for Mitzi, and it represents something of an achievement.

"I've never been known as a singer," Mitzi says. "I never could sing a lyric before. I was always so worried about being on pitch that I would sing like the whole lyric was blah-blah-blah. Now I don't worry so much about the pitch, and the pitch is pretty good. It's not the best, but it's pretty good. And I like the lyrics now." She sings soprano.

But of course Mitzi is not primarily a singer; she's a motion-picture actress. And as such she has a problem. "After you've done South Pacific," she asks, "where do you go?" It's a tough question. At the moment, she and Jack—she has no agent—are sitting tight, waiting for the right part to come along.

"I think South Pacific introduces people to a side of my character that they never saw before," Mitzi says, "a dramatic side. And I think I did a good job."

Mitzi certainly has no prejudice against doing more musicals. "I love musicals," she says. "I'll do musicals as long as my legs hold out." But right now what she'd like most is a straight dramatic part. Unfortunately, the only such role she really wants to play hasn't yet been written in a script. For almost as long as she can remember, she has wanted to play the young queen, Marie Antoinette—from the time she arrived at the French court at the age of fifteen to, say, the start of the Revolution. "Fascinating story," she says. "I'd love to do that—while I'm young enough, you know. I'm a great believer in doing parts that are your age."

Perhaps it's a little soon to tell whether or not Mitzi really can make a success as a dramatic actress. A lot of people remain unconvinced. Not so, Josh Logan. "She's a fine, deep, serious actress," he says; "probably the most talented girl—in all directions—of anyone around these days."

During the making of South Pacific, Logan gave Mitzi a piece of advice. "You don't have to be funny," he said. "You're not the soubrette, the girl who walks out and says the funny line. You're not the friend of the leading lady. You *are* the leading lady. Act like one."

Mitzi doesn't intend to forget that.

THE END

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Boss of the Missilemen

(Continued from Page 30)

Cooke's military reservation spreads over a hundred square miles along the Pacific Coast, just north of Santa Barbara. It used to be an Army training ground back in 1942, when shaved-headed G.I.'s in fatigues and combat boots drilled on its dusty parade ground with bolt-action Springfield rifles. Deactivated after World War II, Cooke was reopened briefly during the Korean conflict, and recruits of the 44th Infantry Division sprawled prone on the former rifle range to fire their improved BAR's and M-1's at paper targets 500 yards away.

Today the twice-abandoned training post is back in business once more; but these trainees are radar specialists and electronics experts learning to operate the most modern instruments of war. Instead of a bellowed, "Hut, two, three, four!" their cadence is the measured beat of a countdown: "Minus four, minus three, minus two. . . ." Their new firing range extends 5000 miles across the open ocean.

Cooke is the future training center for all our missile teams. Maybe you didn't realize that a missile operator needs to be trained at all. Maybe you thought that all he had to do was push a button, like flipping a light switch, and the weapon fired itself. Well, General Wade will be glad to straighten you out on that one. "There are 300,000 separate parts in a missile," he told us, "and the slightest error in calculation, the least lapse in split-second timing, can spell failure. Servicing and launching and guiding an ICBM calls for the highest degree of precision training." He leaned back in his swivel chair and mused: "Hundreds of factories all over the country, thousands of engineers and scientists and billions of dollars have gone into producing the hardware. Cooke is the only plant in the United States that will turn out the missile crews."

At least, you may have thought, technological warfare means less manpower. General Wade will correct you on that too. A launch team for a single missile is several times as large as the largest bomber crew. Tens of thousands of officers and airmen in various career fields have already been earmarked for missile training. SAC estimates that its total personnel must be increased by at least a third, in order to assimilate the new program while maintaining its striking force at strength. "Sometimes in our admiration for these scientific miracles," General Wade reflected, "we forget that they are not a substitute for the human brain. Despite all this talk of push-button war, somebody always has to push the button. Our survival may depend on how well we've trained him here to do his job."

The first trainees are soon scheduled to arrive at Cooke, and contractors are working day and night to complete the operational facilities in time. The vast reservation is churning with frenetic activity. Bulldozers are gouging deep blast pits in the mesquite flats beside the ocean, trucks are hauling cement and re-enforcing steel for the launch sites and blockhouses, tractors are hacking out roads to isolated control stations in the distant mountains.

"But let's not jes' sit here and talk about it," General Wade said, shoving back his chair and buttoning his beribboned blouse. "Let's fly over it and I'll show you."

Looking down on the new construction from the air, as Dave Wade fondled the controls of a little L-27, we had the strangely reverse impression that time had come around full cycle—the future was really the past, these fresh-dug catacombs and bare white floorings were the excavations of a long-lost city, revealed again after centuries. He tilted the stick to indicate a pair of round concrete platforms directly below us, the arenas of two ruined coliseums; these would be the twin launch pads for the intermediate-range Thor.

"We're getting our first Thors this fall," he called back over his shoulder. Some thirty yards to the rear of the complex was a windowless mound of concrete blocks, the dome of a buried temple; this would be the control center from which the crew would direct the firing.

He skimmed a wingtip near the ground, so we could look up into an ancient mausoleum, exposed on the side of an embankment; here the intercontinental Atlas would lie prone, ready to be elevated into take-off position. "The Atlases will be along as soon as they've finished testing at Canaveral." The plane leveled again and pointed north toward a plateau at the base of the mountains, the future site of the satellite launching station. High above it on the summit—he pointed to a slight hogback in the ridge—the vertical underground shafts would be sunk to house the biggest of the ICBM's, the mighty Titan.

General Wade greased the wheels onto the temporary asphalt strip, soon to be replaced with a huge runway capable of handling the C-133 transports which will ferry the missile frames from the factories. "End of Cooke's tour," he sighed. Flying has always been his first love; he is a command pilot, with seven thousand hours in the air. Reluctantly he headed back to his office.

The new boss of all SAC's missile forces was born forty-seven years ago at Holly Springs, a wide place in the road near Minden, Louisiana. He attended Louisiana Polytechnic Institute, graduating with a degree in engineering and a local reputation as a college baseball star. While he was waiting for his Air Corps application to come through, he signed a contract with a Yankee farm club. He pitched one game, during spring training, and lost to Casey Stengel's Boston Bees. Dave doesn't lose easily. A year later, when he was coaching the cadet team at Randolph Field, he learned that Stengel's club was in San Antonio for preseason workouts. Dave invited them for lunch at the Air Corps mess and fed them a sumptuous banquet. After they had gorged themselves sufficiently, he suddenly challenged Stengel to a return game. Wade's team won, 4–3.

Old-timers around Minden still talk of the time that 2nd Lieutenant Wade, sporting his brand-new wings, flew over from nearby Barksdale Field and inadvertently landed his single-engine pursuit plane in Pat Johnson's cow pasture. His impressive homecoming ended ignominiously when the plane settled deep in the sticky mud, and he had to borrow Johnson's truck to haul it to higher ground for a take-off.

His first command, during World War II, was a group of heavy bombers at Walla Walla, Washington. He won the undying affection of his men on one memorable occasion, when a squadron from the adjoining Pasco Naval Air Station, filled with exuberant rivalry, bombarded the Walla Walla field with rolls of toilet paper. Wade's crews promptly collected all the garbage and trash on the base and loaded the bomb bays of eighteen B-24's for a mass counterattack. The plastering was so complete that Cmdr. B. B. Smith of the Pasco station forwarded a formal protest. Colonel Wade called in the pilot who had led the mission. "It's necessary that I reprimand you," he announced sadly. "Turn around." He directed a gentle boot to the seat of the pilot's pants. "Consider yourself reprimanded," Colonel Wade drawled, and shook his hand.

Don't let the soft drawl fool you. He led a wing of B-29's on Guam, and later won the Distinguished Flying Cross, as commander of the 98th Bombardment Wing at Yokota Air Base in Japan, for destroying key railway bridges in North Korea. He also won the Soldier's Medal when a fighter pilot attempted a victory roll and overshot the runway. Colonel Wade jumped into a jeep, sped to the scene and pulled the trapped pilot out of the burning wreckage. When they had both recovered a little, Wade fixed the culprit with a stern eye and demanded, "Where did you learn to stunt like that?"

"Back at Walla Walla, sir," was the reply. "Under you."

". . . And your name has been selected to receive absolutely free . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It's hard to put your finger on the disarming, almost casual quality that evokes such discipline from his men. One of us happened to be with the 98th at Yokota, during the Korean war, and we still recall Dave Wade at a predawn briefing, lounging informally before the target maps with pointer in hand, outlining the coming mission in his mild, unhurried voice. The combat-weary crews listened in silence as he described the expected enemy opposition along the route, the heavy and accurate flak, the remote objective on the Yalu. "Sounds like a rough mission today, colonel," a bombardier muttered.

"Oh, I hope not," he said pleasantly. "I'll be leading it."

He drives his people relentlessly, but he never raises his voice. He is into everything around a base, prowling alone at odd hours through a mess-hall kitchen or a repair hangar, making mental notes. "Trouble with me, I'm just naturally suspicious," he admits with a self-depreciating grin. "I don't believe anything till I see it for myself." When the bombing missions at Yokota fell behind, due to lagging maintenance, he ambled down to the flight line and chatted personally with the ground crews. "Not doing so well lately, are we?" he murmured to no one in particular. They worked seventy-two hours without sleep to get the B-29's back in operation.

His unassuming manner almost got him arrested when he showed up at Cooke to take command, wearing civilian clothes and driving his own car. He has always refused a staff car and driver; he claims: "Nobody else knows where I'm going as well as I do." He breezed past the sentry gate with a casual wave of his hand, parked before the wooden headquarters building and sauntered upstairs to his new office.

"Any mail for Wade?" he inquired.

"Who's he?" a sergeant asked. Meantime an outraged posse of guards had caught up with the strange car in front of headquarters, and an air policeman was writing out a ticket.

"But this car belongs to General Wade," his wife said.

"Who's he?" asked the AP.

His present quarters at Cooke is a converted enlisted men's mess hall. He doesn't get to see it much; he works long hours at his desk, while Marie Wade, as capable as she is charming, helps out by supervising the dependents' assistance program on the base. The household itself is run by Chop Chop, a small dust-colored dog that bears some resemblance to a piece of fluff under a bureau. Chop Chop was born in a Japanese prison camp, and the Wades adopted him while Dave was stationed in Manila. When the time came to leave the Philippines, Chop Chop wasn't allowed on the boat, so they bought an elaborate aluminum crate and shipped him to the States by commercial air. Dave insists he is a genuine pedigreed Zamboanga hound. "It cost me $179 to get him home," he recalls. "If that isn't a pedigreed dog, I never heard of one."

The tar-paper Army barracks were boarded up, and weeds were growing in the company streets when General Wade arrived early in January. Funds for new construction were limited, he discovered, but Congress would appropriate money cheerfully to reconstruct the condemned World War II buildings. Some of them have been reconstructed down to the last upright stud. The former open-bay barracks have been broken up into attractive two- and three-room apartments for bachelor officers. Over on the east side of the base is a brand-new government housing area, comparable to any modern industrial workers' village. Each airman's family will have an individual furnished

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home with three bedrooms, two tiled baths, an up-to-date kitchen with the latest electrical appliances, built-in garage, patio, and a sprinkler system buried in the lawn. Even the old drill hall has been converted into a mammoth gymnasium, complete with squash courts and steam baths and a large glass-doored cabinet which carpenters were building near the entrance. "Trophy case," Dave Wade said briefly.

It's no idle luxury, this effort to provide better living for missilemen and their dependents. Private industry is competing hotly for skilled technicians today, and even our improved military-pay scale cannot match the flattering civilian offers. The present turnover of trained personnel quitting the service is costing the nation some $2,000,000,000 a year. This is why Gen. Thomas D. White, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, has directed that adequate personnel housing and facilities must be given the same urgent priority as operational requirements in the missile program.

"Handling these complex devices," General Wade explained, "executes heavier demands than any other weapons system in history. When a man possesses the special mental and emotional capacity for this job, we've got to hold onto him."

"What is this special quality?" we asked him. "What makes a missileman?"

He reached absently in his pocket for a cigarette and caught himself with a frown. He gave up smoking several years ago, when he discovered three butts all going on his desk at the same time. "I didn't quit smoking cigarettes," he argues; "I just quit lighting 'em." He picked up a pencil instead and chewed it reflectively. "I guess the answer to your question," he said after a moment, "is dedication."

"Where do you find him?"

"Any good SAC man," he replied promptly and then grinned. "I mean any average youngster with enough brains to take a jalopy apart—and a willingness to learn. It doesn't take a graduate engineer with a radio antenna growing out of his forehead and a steel computer for a spine. The training is no harder, let's say, than that required to operate a B-52 or some of our latest all-weather interceptors."

He tapped an imaginary ash from the end of the pencil. "The difference—the special quality that makes a missileman—is the ability to act resourcefully, responsibly, swiftly. Launch and guidance crews will be on duty twenty-four hours a day, month after month, and they must be capable at any moment of hair-trigger reactions and decisions. A man can't afford to get rattled or tense under pressure. Once the order to launch is given, there's no time for deliberation, no margin for error. And that," he said, grinding out his pencil stub, "is where the training comes in."

He pointed to his desk, heaped with diagrams and blueprints for the new construction. "There are all sorts of plans for building a base," he said ruefully, "but there's no blueprint for making a missileman. We're creating something that never existed before. Our training program is as new as the missile itself. The trainees themselves are writing their own syllabus. The instructors are learning with their students. We're climbing a ladder—and nailing up the rungs ahead of us as we go."

To start the program—to prime the pipeline, as it were—the best maintenance men and technicians have been culled from SAC: the hard core of tomorrow's missilemen. Fields as seemingly unrelated as photo mapping or utilities or supply have been tapped for key specialists in the new weapons complex. Depending on the individual's attitude and preference, he is being trained in some particular aspect of missile operation—electronic computers, guidance systems, rocket power plants, automatic flight control, thermonuclear-warhead handling. Graduates of these schools will instruct the next trainees in turn, and out of their experience will be evolved a standard curriculum.

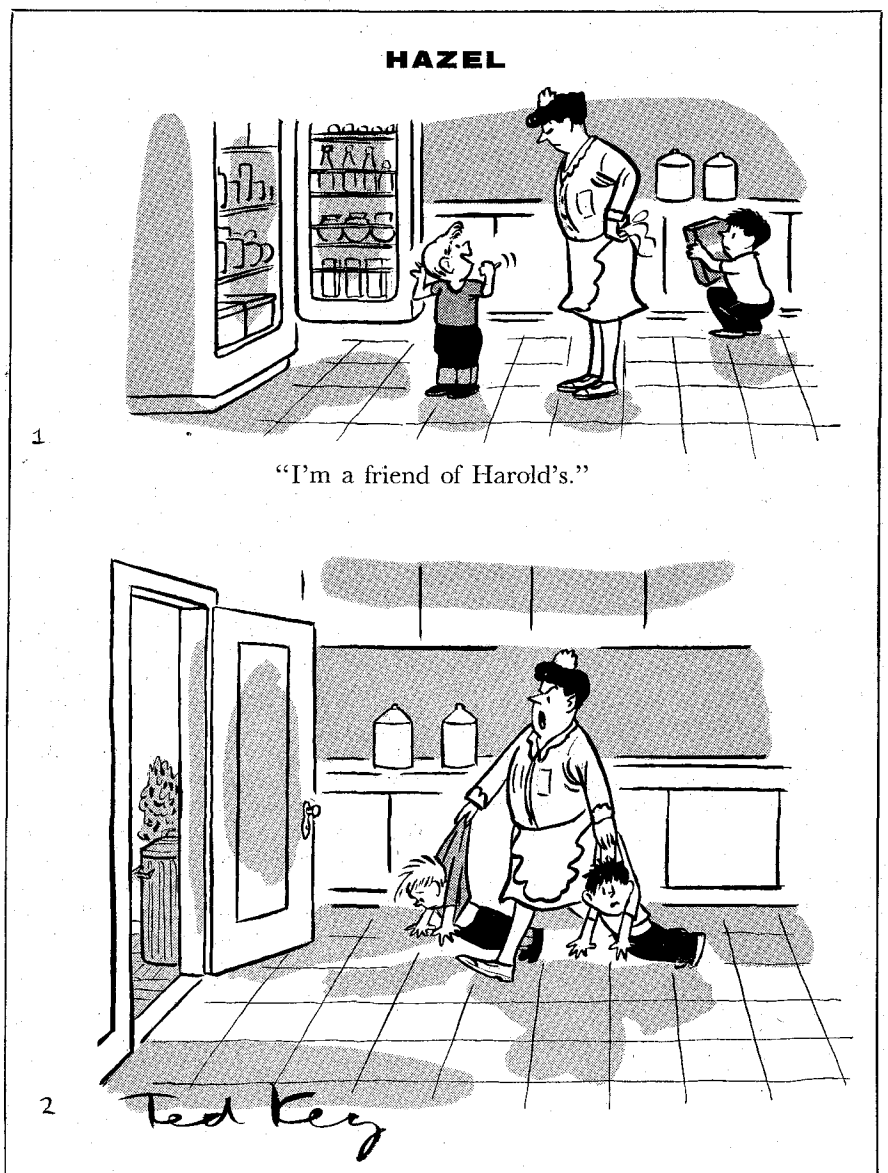
At Edwards Air Force Base in California's Mojave Desert we talked to a group of eight sergeants, the first rocket-fuel specialists in the Air Force. The propellant for a Thor or Atlas is a combination of fuel and an oxidizer, usually liquid oxygen (Lox); and handling this highly volatile substance requires extreme caution. Lox has a temperature of minus 297° Fahrenheit, and spatters like water on a hot griddle when it comes into contact with metal. Handlers wear white coveralls, in order to detect any smear of oil on their clothing; if liquid oxygen mixes with grease, it explodes. A thimbleful spilled on a polished boot would permanently disable the owner's foot. S/Sgt. Willie Jones, a colored airman from Mississippi, observed laconically, "It don't never get dull working around Lox."

We noticed that these eight pioneer trainees were studying from a printed manual; we asked one of the sergeants who had written it. "I did," he replied casually, and pointed to his name on the cover: Master Sgt. Thomas Addison. "It's easy to learn," he said, "when you study your own textbook."

Currently this phase of the training is being conducted in civilian factories, scattered all over the country, where various parts of the missile are being manufactured. At Canoga Park in California, North American's Rocketdyne Division is running an Air Force school in liquid-fueled rocket engines. General Electric in Philadelphia, producer of the Thor nose cone, is instructing future armament specialists in the mating of the nose-cone assembly to the missile frame. At the AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors in Milwaukee, guidance-control men are studying the intricate inertial-guidance system—the missile's fantastic mechanical brain which can compute and interpret information gleaned from light or heat or sound waves, make its own instantaneous computations, compare them with the desired conditions along the line of flight, and produce the corrections necessary to keep the rocket on course. Douglas Aircraft, prime contractor for the Thor, has set up a complete mock launch site at its Santa Monica plant, where airmen learn to operate the hydraulic transporter which erects the missile onto its platform launcher and supports it in vertical position. The first group of SAC crew chiefs, arriving at Santa Monica, mastered the technique in three days. On the fourth they submitted a memo to the contractor, suggesting a few modifications to improve the system.

The launch-control operators, the officers who will direct the firing, are now in training at Cape Canaveral, the Air Force Missile Test Center in Florida. Canaveral will continue to be the Air Force's proving ground, and new missiles will be test-fired here as they are developed; but Cooke is where all combat-crew firings will take place. Here the graduates of the various in-plant schools will be brought together for the first time this fall, as soon as facilities are completed, and welded into combat teams.

Here at Cooke they will go through the final and most important phase of their training, with practice countdowns and captive firings, until they are ready at last to launch a live missile. In the blockhouse the launch-control operator will stand at his console and call for a countdown check from each supporting unit. The fuel specialists will pressurize the weapon and reply, "Go." Control and guidance crews will check the system components and set their adjustments—"Go." The armament crew will fuse the dummy warhead in the nose cone—"Go." Then the launch-control officer presses the firing button, his console automatically double-checks each reply and closes the relays one by one, the circuit is completed, and the missile roars off the launch pad, out over the Pacific firing range.



From Cooke, when crew training is completed, the combat teams will be sent to their operational bases—the 1500-mile IRBM's deployed overseas, the 5000-mile ICBM's stationed in this country. Five Atlas sites have already been assigned: Cooke in California, Cheyenne in Wyoming, Fairchild in Washington, Offutt in Nebraska, and Denver in Colorado. Another squadron, equipped with the brand-new pilotless aircraft Snark, will take the field at Presque Isle in Maine. All these squadrons will be under the First Missile Division at Cooke, which will direct their operations and co-ordinate them with SAC's over-all command, making the gradual transition from an all-bomber force to a modern bomber-missile force capable of reaching and destroying any enemy aggressor on the globe.

We asked General Wade a question which had been on our minds a long time. Over and over, during our cross-country tour of the factory schools, we had heard the same question expressed by the airmen themselves: What happens when the training period is over, and the crews are stationed at these isolated combat stations? Month after month they must sit with a finger on the button—inactive, waiting. A bomber crew can fly its B-52's on practice missions; a missile crew never gets to launch its bird, save in actual combat. There is no place for individual initiative—the target is preselected, weather is not a major factor, and the very nature of the operation requires complete standardization. Monotony is bound to flourish in such an atmosphere. "How will they keep their proficiency up?" we wondered. "What will happen to their morale?"

"Oh, there'll be team competition, of course, and surprise alerts and dry-run operations to keep them busy," he answered. "And twice a year the combat crews will be brought back from their combat stations for live firing practice here. Except for the testing at Canaveral, Cooke is the only place in the world where our biggest missiles will ever be fired—short of war itself."

He tapped his pockets absently for a cigarette and reached for his pencil instead.

"But in the long run the only real answer is dedication—the motivation of an engineer who spends endless hours over his drawing board, the selflessness of a country doctor who keeps on going day and night without sleep; the kind of dedication that does the job without glamour or glory." He said quietly, "That's what makes a missileman."

A transport plane droned high overhead, and General Wade's eyes followed it out of sight. "How does it feel to be out of the flying business?" we asked him.

"But this is still the flying business," he said. "The unmanned missile is only an intermediate step. The piloted space craft is coming next. There'll never be a substitute for the human brain," he added, "or heart." THE END

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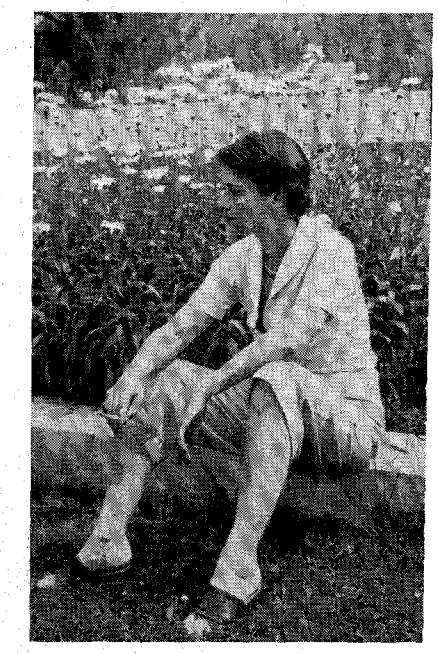
Keeping Posted

Easy if You Know How

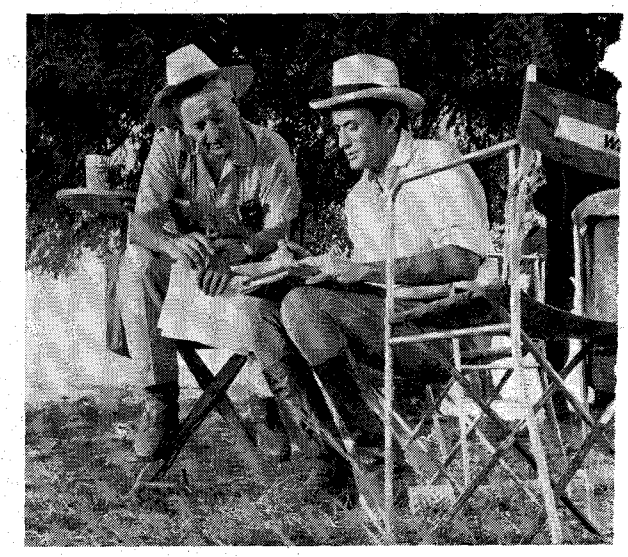
How does **Martha Albrand** get started on one of her mystery novels? In the case of A Day in Monte Carlo, page 34, first she went to Europe. Then, at a party in Paris where everybody was discussing the trouble in Algeria, "I recalled my first visit to that land, years ago, and how my Arab host had said, 'We must be independent. We'll never stop trying to win our liberty.'" A few days after the party, Miss Albrand was in a restaurant in Lyons when a bomb was thrown into a nearby café by someone whom the police never caught. A week later, in Monte Carlo, a man seated opposite her at a gambling table was suddenly whisked away by casino officials and the rumor soon went around among the players that he was linked up with Algerian rebels. At that instant the writer knew she had a novel, so all she had to do was plot it out and write it. Simple, eh?


Martha Albrand.

From the Post to the Movies

This progress report on a $5,000,000 movie begins with the publication of **Donald Hamilton's** stirring western serial, Ambush at Blanco Canyon, in the Post in February of last year. This year the Post's Face of America feature for February 22 showed the story being filmed for United Artists on a location in Red Rock Canyon in the Mojave Desert—Gregory Peck, hero, and Chuck Connors, villain, were gun dueling at the time. William Wyler, co-producer with Peck, is the director, and the other stars are Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston, Carrol Baker and Burl Ives. First-run engagements of The Big Country (that's the movie title) are set for right now.

Other late bulletins: Producer Paul Gregory and director Raoul Walsh have acquired **Cliff Farrell's** serial, California Passage (June 29–August 17, 1957, Post) to be filmed at once; and M-G-M has bought **James Atlee Phillips'** story Worthless Young Man (March 15 Post) for Philip Barry, Jr., to produce.


Director Wyler, Actor Peck while filming The Big Country.

Tales of the Authors

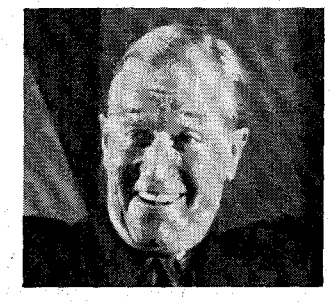
Authors Perkins and Ford collaborating.

James Perkins first became a firm friend of his page 30 collaborator, **Corey Ford,** when Perkins was in Dartmouth College not long ago; Ford's home in Hanover, N.H., has long been a meeting place of Dartmouth students who drop in to talk to him about writing, personal problems, and everything else under the sun. To get ahead of the daily rush of undergraduates, which Ford enjoys as much as they do, the veteran Post contributor starts work at the grim hour of four A.M. Perkins, who began writing for the Post in 1954, is a lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve, and Ford is a colonel in the same outfit; so their teamwork on the current missilemen article was a natural. Their method of collaborating is amazing. "We put a blank sheet of paper in the typewriter and go fishing, and when we come back the story is as good as written. Better, in fact." In the photo they are collaborating on a fish; Ford swears he caught the salmon, but Perkins is holding it.

One day **John De Meyer** (page 20) happened to glance at a scribbled poem by an eighteen-year-old lass and promptly got her permission to write a story around it. De Meyer, whose Post tales often defend "our much-maligned teenage generation," planned at first to polish the poem a bit, but finally decided it best fitted his fictional heroine just as it was. The poem by Kathy Oliver, daughter of I Meyer's secretary, Mrs. Grace I Oliver, and a sophomore-to-be th fall at Bates College, in Main Aspiring poets don't usually bre into the Post inside a short story.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Maurice Chevalier"



The great entertainer said to Pete Martin, "I'll answer you very honestly on every subject about which you want to ask."

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